A Summer Jaunt through the Old World

By The Tourjée Party of 1878 and 1879

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A SUMMER JAUNT

THROUGH THE OLD WORLD:

A RECORD OF AN EXCURSION MADE TO AND THROUGH EUROPE,

BY THE TOURJÉE EDUCATIONAL PARTY OF 1878.

By LUTHER L. HOLDEN.

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TO THE MEMBERS

OF THE

TOURJÉE EXCURSION PARTY OF 1878,

WHOSE GENIAL COMPANIONSHIP ENHANCED THE PLEASURES

OF A DELIGHFUL ROUND OF EUROPEAN TRAVEL,

This Volume

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

In submitting the accompanying volume to the members of the Tourjée Excursion Party of 1878, and to the public, the author and compiler feels that some apology for its late appearance is called for. It was designed that it should appear soon after the party returned home, but the execution of this plan was prevented by unavoidable circumstances. Duties of an engrossing nature greatly delayed the beginning of the work of preparation, and when this was at length entered upon, it had to be carried forward amid such continued cares and responsibilities, as inevitably surround a busy journalist. Thus the labor has been performed hurriedly, notwithstanding the months that have elapsed since it should have been undertaken; and the writer finds that while the ink from his pen is yet undried, he is upon the eve of a second "Summer Jaunt Through the Old World," under the same wise leadership that made the first such a constant source of pleasure and profit. In a great measure, then, the compilation of these records has been not only in retrospection of happy experiences, but, in some degree, anticipatory of pleasures yet to come.

Very valuable assistance has been given by several members of the party, who were connected with divisions other than the one of which the writer was a member; especially by Mr. A. F. Lewis, of Fryeburg, Me., who has given in

Chapters X., XI., XII., and XIII., an interesting account of the travels of the First, or "Italian" Division. Mr. E. Emory Johnson, of Moodus, Conn., in behalf of the Second Division; Mr. Frank Bolles, of Washington, D. C., representing the Third Division; and Mr. O. B. Bruce, of Binghamton, N. Y., the Fourth Division, have likewise rendered kindly aid by furnishing notes of travel, which, from necessity, inasmuch as the book has grown into large proportions, have been considerably abridged in Chapters XIV., XV., and XVI. Mr. Bruce, who was early made familiar with Dr. Tourjée's plans and purposes in connection with the excursion, has also prepared, by request, the introduction to the work.

The volume is intended as a pleasant souvenir of a delightful round of European travel, in which nearly three hundred Americans — a larger excursion party than ever before went from our shores — had, at least in part, a common experience. The writer trusts, that in spite of any imperfections hasty work may have caused, this purpose will be fully met. While in pursuance of the chief plan to present a faithful history of that excursion, much subject-matter of little interest to others may have been included in its pages; he trusts, nevertheless, that the book may prove a source of much information to the general reader, and, as such, form, in some measure, an instructive and agreeable hand-book of travel.

Boston, 1879.

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ERRATA.

Page 43. — Reference to Governor General of Canada should be omitted.

" 162. — Monument to and not burial-place of Sir John Moore.

" 202. — "W. D. Bradbury" should read W. B. Bradbury.

" 326. — "Thomas Ferguson" should read Robert Ferguson.

" 328. — "Fribourg" should read Freiburg.

" 357. — "Heinsburg" should read Heimburg.

" 436, 439, and 440. — "Uffizzi" and "Ufizzi" should read Uffizi.

INTRODUCTION.

YEAR after year, many toiling teachers, ministers, musicians, and brain-workers in other vocations have turned the wistful eye across the Atlantic to that happy tramping-ground for tourists — Europe; inwardly resolving to go *some day*, when slender purse and brief vacation would permit. Such, though lost to sight, were not forgotten. Dr. Eben Tourjée, in his wide and intimate acquaintance with these classes of toilers, had long been aware of the yearnings that tongues fain would utter, and wisely estimated the influences that a properly directed tour could effect, if brought within the limited means of such deserving laborers.

Having clearly defined in his own mind the nature, scope, and feasibility of such a project, with him, to think was to act; so accordingly, in 1876, he announced it to some friends and others for critical opinions. So well digested and practically adapted were his plans to all the wants and capabilities of such a party, that few suggestions could be given.

It is no easy task to arrange the details of a tour which, while it gives the teacher ample opportunity to personally examine the pedagogics of the lower, middle, and higher school systems of Europe, provides also suitable occasions and special facilities for those particularly interested in music, art, or science, by gaining access to galleries and collections of sculpture, painting, architecture, antiquities, &c., by visitation of various libraries, and by arranging a

series of grand concerts along the tour, at the same time omitting no places of natural, national, or historic interest.

To a fertile, energetic, and comprehensive mind expedients are plenty, means are ready, circumstances are utilized ; thus came before the world the largest "European excursion" that had ever left our shores —

THE TOURJÉE MUSICAL AND EDUCATIONAL PARTY.

That most illustrious of caliphs, Haroun-al-Raschid, not content to be shut up in his palace, where he heard only fawning sycophancy, saw only the glitterings of Oriental splendor, knew only what was communicated to him through interested and falsely colored mediums, accustomed himself to go about the streets of Bagdad disguised, that he might see with his own eyes and hear with his own ears. Thus he made himself acquainted with the cause and effect of various circumstances, learned the condition of his subjects, and often heard those salutary truths which never had reached his ears through the walls of his palace or from the courtiers and parasites surrounding him.

To no class of brain-workers is the foregoing allusion more applicable than to the teacher, who, from the nature of his calling, surroundings, and influences, is apt to be content to remain in his school-room, hearing at times only the "damning of faint praise," seeing only the day's routine done, knowing only the vague semblance of knowledge often conveyed through distorted views. Let such once go abroad, beyond his own horizon, to see with his own eyes and to hear with his own ears, — how great the change! At once his acquaintance with men and things widens, his views broaden, his intellect expands, his sympathies deepen, his aspirations kindle, his tastes become elevated, his impressions become real and vivid; thus, amid recreation, enjoy-

ment, and improvement, he becomes a new being, now feeling that a beneficent Creator has given him

> "A world made so various that the mind
> Of desultory man, studious of change,
> And pleased with novelty, might be indulged."

Though we read volumes about Europe, yet, in so doing, we fail to enjoy the peculiar advantages of a tour; especially is this true of the teacher, minister, artist, or musician. Nearly every periodical of the day, directly or indirectly, suggests the value and desirability of a personal contact and acquaintance with the distinctive social, religious, æsthetic, political, and physical features of Europe, — to move among its peoples, to study its institutions, to visit its historic places, and compare all with our own land. All know the value of observation, and he who can take in the great world without, will have a world within.

The retrospect of our recent tour is fertile in pleasant reminiscences. It vividly recalls our first meeting on shipboard, where we then were, in fact, a party of strangers, one to another, gathered from all sections of the Union and from the Dominion of Canada. We hear again the voice of friendly greeting, we feel the cordial shake of the hand, we mingle once more in impressive devotions, in inspiring music, in enlivening games and exercises that whiled the hours away as we "rolled the billows o'er." Memory dwells with joy upon generous friendships there formed; it lingers with pleasing interest upon forms and features now absent in body, but in the spirit ever present. These associations, with the special conditions and circumstances of our after journey, the glowing and cordial enthusiasm of our party, the enriching acquisitions, both in views and experiences, adorn our retrospect with a charming interest,

wherein are "reason mixed with pleasure, and wisdom blent with mirth."

From a general and intimate acquaintance with the party, and from frequently expressed sentiments of many members, we are assured that the grand aim and object of Dr. Tourjée have been attained. Whatever the *penchant* of any member, the comprehensive execution of all details brought each his own desire, whether it was in scenes of beauty, romance, history, or tradition; whether in art — music, painting, sculpture, ceramics, or architecture; in the relics of antiquity, or the wonders of mediæval or modern times; in observing civil, social, religious, or educational forms and systems, — all were provided, and all enjoyed. The results of such personal visitation, observation, contact, and experiences imbued our members with new, curious, and enduring views, feelings, aims, and aspirations that will generate a life-force in all future character, leading each to a higher, nobler appreciation of God's work and dealings among the nations of the earth; leading the heart more truly to adore its Creator, and with Job to exclaim in its adoration, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth thee."

While the perusal of this book will be interesting to all readers, it will be peculiarly and interestingly suggestive to members of the Tourjée Party, leading many to live over again the scenes and experiences in which each bore a prominent part. May such reminiscences be fraught with a pleasure only to increase with recurring reference to the recorded Tour of the Tourjée Musical and Educational Party!

"Still o'er these scenes may memory wake,
And fondly brood with miser care:
May time the impression deeper make,
As streams their channels deeper wear."

A SUMMER JAUNT THROUGH THE OLD WORLD.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE OCEAN.

Leaving New York — The steamer "Devonia" and its Comforts — The Anchor Fleet — First Night on the Ocean — Strange Sounds and Sensations — Sabbath at Sea — Religious Services — Means of Amusement — "Chalking" — "Bell Time" at Sea — A Series of Remarkable Manifestos — Musical and Intellectual Entertainments — The dreaded "Banks" — The Glorious Fourth in Mid-Ocean — A Night Incident — A Strange Fleet — The Range of Vision on the Ocean — A Burial at Sea — Land Ho! — Beauty of the Irish and Scottish Coasts — The Giant's Causeway — Evening Sail up the Charming Frith of Clyde.

THE 29th of June, 1878, was a marked day in the calendar, at least, for nearly two hundred and fifty Americans, who had united, under Dr. Eben Tourjée's leadership, for a friendly invasion of the Old World. It was the date of their departure from New York in the good steamship "Devonia," of the Anchor Line, and of the beginning of a season of novel and most profitable experiences. The term "Americans" is applied in a general, or European sense, inasmuch as our party included representatives of various parts of the Dominion of Canada, as well as of every section of the United

States. Some there were, doubtless, who sniffed the salt breezes of old ocean, and looked upon its stupendous craft, for the first time, when they threaded their way through the crowded streets of the metropolis, down to the spacious pier, where the steamer was in waiting to receive them. It was an intensely warm day, and this early sniff was less of the broad, cool sea than of the far from over-clean waters which wash the western line of docks of the great city. The party included many an old traveller, who went to the dock, and on board the steamer, in an easy, business-like way, as if crossing the wide ocean were a common sort of thing to do, and required no extraordinary amount of preparation or excitement. And yet such an undertaking, where a great ship goes out upon the tempestuous waves, laden with hundreds of precious lives, which are henceforth, for a season at least, to be divergent from home, kindred, and native land, is not to be looked upon carelessly or lightly; nor is it treated flippantly by any sensible or thoughtful person, however familiar with the ways of travelling he may have become. Modern appliances, and the utmost care and watchfulness on the part of those having life and property in their keeping, tend to make the ocean transit as safe as such things can be made, but thoughts of the dear ones left behind, as well as of personal welfare, naturally crowd upon the mind of the voyager.

On the pier, and on the decks of the steamer, all is

bustle and activity. The sailors go about their duties in a quiet, systematic way, stowing away the cargo and making other preparations for the departure. Passengers begin to crowd the deck, with troops of friends who have come to bid them adieu; and there is a constant swarm of incomers and outgoers at the gang-plank, which is gradually assuming a more acute angle under the influence of the rising tide. No company of pleasure-seekers is complete without a bridal party. We have several; and one of them, from the neighboring city of Brooklyn, is attended to the steamer by a large retinue of friends, whose floral tributes remain a fragrant source of delight in the saloon for days after. But the appointed hour of sailing is at hand. Many last farewells have been said, and the friends who wish they too were booked for the voyage, have gained advantageous places at the end of the pier, to watch the great ship as it glides out into the stream. Every passenger is on deck, and moving about amid the throngs of people and the sprawling deck-chairs is laborious. There is a slight delay for a mail-bag, or something or other, and a few minutes seem an hour. At length all is in readiness, the gang-plank is thrown off, the gates in the bulwarks are closed, to be opened the next time three thousand miles away, and the hawsers are hauled in. The captain and the pilot have taken their places on the bridge, the other officers are in their places at various points on the ship, the engineer's bell is struck,

and the great engines down in the depths of the vessel, are responsively imbued with life. There is an agitation of the water at the stern of the ship, almost imperceptibly the giant craft begins to glide away from the pier, and soon the buildings, ships, and crowds of friends on shore, recede in the view.

In the middle of a bright, sunny, summer afternoon, we course almost noiselessly from the mouth of the North River, out across New York Bay, past the docks and the forest of masts which fringe the great city, past the Battery and the other landmarks of lower New York, the basins and great warehouses of Brooklyn, the frowning forts, and the pleasant green slopes of the Staten Island and Long Island shores, to the Narrows. We are now beyond the track of the ferry-boats, and the sea craft is mostly of the larger sort. Two or three other ocean-bound steamers are ahead of us, or follow in our wake, and these, although pursuing a common course, are obliterated from all further view by the coming night. After passing through the Narrows, and out into the Lower Bay, the shores quickly recede, but a near-at-hand view is caught of Sandy Hook on one side, and Coney Island on the other, together with a far-away glance of Long Branch. The Jersey Highlands, and the Long Island hills, loom up in the distance; but the pilot has left us, bearing ashore many belated missives to friends left behind, and we are now out upon the broad ocean.

As outward things fade into distance and dimness, the passengers begin to look about them, and strike up an acquaintance with their surroundings — the ship and their companions. The "Devonia" belongs to the largest class of sea-going steamers, and in addition to all the best approved appliances for strength, safety, and comfort, contains one feature, at least, not common to ocean steamships. This is the music-room, an apartment which occupies a deck-house over the centre of the main saloon. Between the two apartments is an open space, and this contains growing plants and singing-birds. Within the music-room were a Collard & Collard pianoforte and a Mason & Hamlin organ, which belong to the vessel, a second organ generously placed on board by Mason & Hamlin, in compliment to Dr. Tourjée, and a well-filled library. Several of the steamers of the Anchor Line are provided with music-rooms of this description, and all ocean travellers who have experienced their comforts, will be inclined to look upon a steamer not provided with such a delightful place of resort as being radically defective. It is accessible in all weathers, and therefore becomes a desirable lounging-place at times when comfort on the open deck is out of the question. The "Devonia" is of 4,268 tons burden, and being 420 feet in length, her capacious decks afford ample space for promenading and exercise. The vessel is admirably arranged throughout, and sol-

idity and strength are everywhere observable. These are prime considerations in an ocean steamer, and far more important than fancy adornments and gilding. Handsome and elaborate decorations are not wanting, however, and the saloons are found to be fitted up with great elegance and richness. The appliances for steering the vessel, and for communicating between the bridge and the engine-room, and with the wheel-house, are very complete; and it is interesting to observe how easily and readily the great ship is managed. A special novelty is the mode of displaying the port and starboard lights. On the forward part of the ship are two prominent structures, closely resembling diminutive light-houses, which they are in reality. They are built of iron plates, riveted to the deck of the vessel, and stand a dozen feet high or more. In the interior of these lamps are suspended.

The Anchor fleet comprises some thirty steamships, five of which are in the Glasgow service, six in the London service, twelve in the Mediterranean service, and the rest in the Indian service. The commodore of this extensive fleet is, or was at the time of our excursion, Captain James Craig, of the "Devonia." Since the summer of 1878, Captain Craig has retired from active service. All persons who have crossed the ocean with Captain Craig will surely remember him as a kind-hearted, courteous, and genial gentleman, as well as a thorough officer. Among the others

who were connected with the administration of the "Devonia," and who will be remembered by our party with kindly feelings, are First Officer Allan, Second Officer Craig, Third Officer Millar, Fourth Officer Campbell, First Engineer Cumming, Purser Wakenshaw, Surgeon Scott, the Head Steward, Mr. Nagsmith, and the Stewardess, Miss Cameron.

If the members of our party had reason to bestow favor and approbation upon the ship and her officers, they found equally as good cause to be satisfied with themselves and each other. The passenger list was made up of teachers, clergymen, editors, lawyers, physicians, business men, students, and others, with the gentler sex largely preponderating in both the first and last classifications. As soon as the newness of the voyage wore off, and everybody had become fairly settled in his or her quarters, the company was found to be very genial and companionable. The ocean voyager, either male or female, quickly learns that there are many things to be stowed away in the trunks which are committed to that mysterious region designated "below," besides fashionable dresses and the gewgaws which go to make up stylish apparel on shore. Ill-natured reserve and conventionality are as much out of place and as difficult to manage at sea, as a ball-room *coiffure* or a flowing train. The ocean is a great leveller, and the sooner the voyager conforms to his surroundings, the happier he will make himself

and those with whom he is necessarily brought in contact. A stock of good-nature, and a willingness to contribute to the convenience, comfort, and amusement of others as well as to his own, will go far towards ameliorating many of the little hardships and asperities of ocean life. Nothing tries human nature more than travelling. Removed from the conventional forms of the society in which he or she is accustomed to move, and thrust among strangers, with a vague sense that one's rights must be stood up for, if not positively fought for, an individual is likely to bring out selfish traits which drawing-room friends have never suspected to exist beneath the artificial smoothness of conventional propriety. People who give up the best they have with cheerful resignation, at home and amid friends, will not scruple to clear the plates of the last delicacy on steamers or at hotels; or to monopolize an extra seat or two in the railway carriage, when the rights and convenience of strangers may be at stake. But what a smoothing down of rough places ensues when a contrary spirit is shown! Courtesy and politeness to strangers, with a due regard for the feelings and wants of others, are surer indications of true gentility than the mere outward varnish of fashionable society, or even the conventional customs of home life, where possibly selfish characteristics may yet exist, though hidden from the ordinary view by the

same mean instincts which cause them to be so readily exhibited abroad. In our party, to its credit, individually and collectively, be it said, this better spirit prevailed to an extent that made the ocean voyage and all subsequent journeyings pleasant and agreeable through genial companionship, as it was rendered also by Dr. Tourjée's wise planning.

The first night on the ocean is fraught with many peculiar sensations. It is difficult at first to become accustomed to the circumscribed limits of state-room and berth, and then to sleep soundly amid the strange noises which are heard in the otherwise silent watches of the dark hours; for the utter stillness which else would reign on shipboard intensifies each stroke of the bell by which the ship's time is kept, the shrillness of the boatswain's whistle, the pounding of the propeller, the rumbling of the machinery by means of which the heavy sails are hoisted, the creaking of sails and rigging, and the measured "ya-ho" of the sailors as they work in concert to tighten some line or other. In the early hours of the morning a new sound breaks on the ear, and, perchance, if the would-be sleeper has disobeyed the injunction of the state-room stewards and allowed a port-hole to remain open, he is made aware of the fresh onslaught upon his peace of mind by more violent and disagreeable means. The men are washing the decks, and if it chances to be the appointed time for scouring or

"holy-stoning" the same, the tumult is more prolonged, and even more unaccountable.

Our first night at sea was gloriously fine. The air was clear and balmy, the temperature being at the same time so high that overcoats and outside wraps were needless, the ocean had all the smoothness of a mill-pond, and the stars shone forth with unwonted brilliancy. After dinner, which was served at six o'clock, all betook themselves to the deck to catch a last glimpse of the far-away stretch of the Long Island coast, soon to be obscured in the gathering gloom. Far into the evening the solitary gleam of a distant lighthouse was seen, either at Fire Island or at Shinnecock Bay; and this was the last visible sign of the American coast we descried, until some two months later we beheld the same welcome shores in the golden morning light on our return. The steamer had remained at her dock in New York through a week of exceedingly warm weather, and as the high temperature continued to an uncommon degree on the ocean, the deck was far more comfortable for several nights than the overheated state-rooms.

The next day was Sunday. At noon we were 220 miles distant from Sandy Hook, in latitude 40.34 N., and longtitude 69.14 W., and consequently somewhere off Cape Cod. The temperature was still unusually warm, the sea calm, and, with the exception of fog into which we ran during the early part of the

afternoon, the weather was pleasant. The presence of the fog brought to all ears a new sound, — the hoarse and frequent notes of the steamer's whistle sounding as a warning to other vessels that might be in proximity.

A Sabbath at sea is even more impressive than on land. A silence rests upon all around; and the voyager is led to reflect, in the full presence of the mighty ocean, one of God's most stupendous and mysterious works, upon his own littleness; upon his dependence on the goodness and tender care of a wise Creator; and how completely he is guided by that beneficent hand. Yonder speck upon the vast expanse of waters, which seems to float like a mote in space, is a great ship like our own, freighted, too, with scores and hundreds of toiling, striving human beings. But how insignificant does it all seem in comparison with the vastness and might of the ocean, — a single one of God's creations!

Religious services were held at eleven o'clock, in the main saloon, under the direction of Rev. Robert J. Coster, D. D., a well-known Episcopalian divine, of Pittsburgh, Pa., who preached an earnest discourse, taking as his text the concluding part of the Parable of the Sower, Luke viii. 15: "But that on the good ground are they, which, in an honest and good heart, having heard the word, keep *it*, and bring forth fruit with patience." From these words was enforced the lesson of the responsibility of every one in doing

God's work, and of the need of honest and persistent labor in the divine service, from which good results might slowly, yet surely must, follow. The choir, and many of the congregation, occupied the music-room above the saloon. Mrs. O. B. Bruce, of Binghamton, N. Y., Mr. J. Astor Broad, of Worcester, Mass., and Mr. G. F. Lane, of Birmingham, Pa., filled the positions of pianist and organists during the service, and the singing, by an excellent choir, included the *Gloria Patri* to Mienke's music, the *Benedictus* from Robinson's chant in E flat, the Old Hundredth Psalm, "From all that dwell below the skies," and "Bethany," "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

In the evening there was a praise-service of song, led by Dr. Tourjée, the selections being made from Dr. Tourjée's "Tribute of Praise." A few choice selections were sung by a male chorus, and one song by Mr. Calvin M. Lewis, of Boston.

Monday came with the weather clear and pleasant, though a trifle cooler at morning and night, and a still unruffled sea. The noon temperature was seventy degrees, and the daily observation disclosed that we had advanced 274 miles further on our course, to latitude 41.35 N., and longtitude 63.20 W., which would bring us one hundred miles or more off Cape Sable. The passengers have begun to get acquainted with the ways and means of the vessel, and the more venturesome of the gentlemen have perchance carried

their investigations to the "chalking" point in the forecastle or the engine-room. To the uninitiated let me explain that "chalking" is a simple little device the sailors and other workers about the ship have of levying a little contribution wherewith to drink their "Honors'" health, if not their own. Visitors to the most remote regions of the vessel are received cordially, and all questions elicit ready and civil answers, provided the questioner knows enough not to get in the way; but anon a sailor, or a stoker, whips out a bit of chalk and draws a line around the visitor, or across a doorway. Not a word is spoken; but if the intruder elevates his eyes and goes away without responding to this mute appeal to his generosity, he will ever after elicit only gruff answers while in pursuit of information in that quarter. On the other hand, a shilling or half-crown is a sure passport to favor. In some cases a chalked boot may be made a similar badge of sufferance and freedom.

Out on the deck both ladies and gentlemen are initiated into the mysteries of "ring-toss" and "shovel-board." The latter is a game peculiar to shipboard. It is played by means of little round blocks, which are shoved along the deck into a marked enclosure with an instrument not unlike a billiard-mace, and affords good exercise and amusement when the ship is not playing too much of a game of "pitch and toss" on its own account.

Some one has written the following truthful picture of an ocean steamship :—

"What a little world a ship is ; with its high life aft, and its low life forward! Its passage-ways are its streets, lined on each side with dwelling-places, which are its state-rooms. The steward's lockers are its shops, the cabins its reception-rooms ; the smoking-rooms are its clubs, where men go to chat, smoke, and have a quiet game of cards, or make up a pool on the race-horse,—which is the ship itself, against its own time. Far down in its bowels, away from the light of day, are its miners,—the perspiration rolling off them in great drops, heaving the coal into the glaring furnaces. The decks are its promenades and ball-room, and the log of the day's run its daily paper."

Passengers on transatlantic steamers quickly learn the difficulty of keeping the correct time by their ordinary time-pieces. The difference in time between New York and an ordinary English or French port, does not vary materially from five hours. Consequently the vessel loses about half an hour per day in going eastward, and gains a corresponding amount in running westward. It is wisdom to let a watch run down and remain dormant during the voyage, and to depend solely on "bell-time," which, after all, is most reliable for all practical purposes. The following table, which commences the day with the half-hour succeeding midnight, will be a sufficient explana-

tion of "bell-time" to the uninitiated, it being borne in mind that the even strokes are always hours, and the odd strokes half-hours :—

1 bell,	12.30	o'clock,	A. M.	1 bell,	12.30	o'clock,	P. M.
2 bells,	1	"	"	2 bells,	1	"	"
3 "	1.30	"	"	3 "	1.30	"	"
4 "	2	"	"	4 "	2	"	"
5 "	2.30	"	"	5 "	2.30	"	"
6 "	3	"	"	6 "	3	"	"
7 "	3.30	"	"	7 "	3.30	"	"
8 "	4	"	"	8 "	4	"	"
1 bell,	4.30	"	"	1 bell,	4.30	"	"
2 bells,	5	"	"	2 bells,	5	"	"
3 "	5.30	"	"	3 "	5.30	"	"
4 "	6	"	"	4 "	6	"	"
5 "	6.30	"	"	1 bell,	6.30	"	"
6 "	7	"	"	2 bells,	7	"	"
7 "	7.30	"	"	3 "	7.30	"	"
8 "	8	"	"	4 "	8	"	"
1 bell,	8.30	"	"	1 bell,	8.30	"	"
2 bells,	9	"	"	2 bells,	9	"	"
3 "	9.30	"	"	3 "	9.30	"	"
4 "	10	"	"	4 "	10	"	"
5 "	10.30	"	"	5 "	10.30	"	"
6 "	11	"	"	6 "	11	"	"
7 "	11.30	"	"	7 "	11.30	"	"
8 "	12, noon.			8 "	12, midnight.		

It should be noted that the period from 4 o'clock P. M., to 8 o'clock P. M., is denominated the "Dog-Watch," and is subdivided into two parts, from 4 to 6, and from 6 to 8, in order to prevent the larboard and starboard watches of sailors from being on duty during the same hours, day after day, as would be the

case if the uniform division of time into watches of four hours each were continued uninterruptedly.

Morning services were held in the music-room, on Monday, Rev. P. M. Macdonald, of Boston, Presbyterian, officiating, and in these and the other religious exercises held during the voyage, a large number of the passengers united. At a later hour the singing element of the party was assembled in the music-room for choral practice, under the direction of the distinguished musical conductor, Mr. Carl Zerrahn, of Boston. A goodly number united in this exercise also, and several part-songs, including "Farewell to the Forest," "The Song of the Lark," and "In the Forest," all by Mendelssohn, were rung forth with inspiring effect.

In the course of the day the following remarkable announcement was posted at the head of the main gangway, foreshadowing a "grand entertainment" in the evening:—

GRAND MARINESTIC
DEVONIATIC
REVIVICATION.
THE ONLY TROUPE
TOLERATED IN WEST LONGITUDE.
☞ 3 PRIMA DONNAS
☞ IN BLOOM! ☜
☞ 2 BASSOS CONFUNDO
☞ ON ICE. ☜
8 TENORS LOOSE!
WILL EAT CRUMBS OUT OF
☞ YOUR HAND!

FOR ONE NIGHT! ! !
THE GREAT MORAL AND
COMMERCIAL MARVEL,
THE ONLY MAN IN
BOSTON
WHO PAID HIS DEBTS!
OTHER ANACHROMATISTIC
AND
PARADOXICAL DISSERTATIONS.
POST DIEM CONCERT JUST
CLOSED.
MILLIONS WITHOUT SITTINGS.
LAST CHANCE AT 8, P. M.
CARRIAGES AT DAYLIGHT.

At the designated evening hour the passengers assembled in full numbers in the main saloon and the music-room, to await the musical and literary developments. These were begun with a burlesque duet on the pianoforte, with the idea, apparently, to carry out, with some degree of consistency, the extravagant spirit of the official announcement; and then the more solid and delightful features of the entertainment were introduced. Mr. C. M. Lewis, of Boston, sang, with exceedingly fine effect, Adams's beautiful song, "Warrior Bold," and upon an encore gave an equally acceptable rendering of "Nancy Lee," by the same composer. Mr. O. B. Bruce, of Binghamton, N. Y., who it should be said conducted this and the other entertainments during the voyage with much grace, tact and humor, read an original poem, which was received with great merriment, and subsequently

quoted by many of the party in a more depressed state of animal spirits. The succeeding performance was a song by Miss Hattie A. Snell, of Lowell, Mass., whose sweet and admirably trained voice served on this and subsequent occasions to delight all listeners. Miss Snell's first contribution was "*Dormi pure*," by Scudere, and an encore being persisted in, she gave a charming rendering of "Comin' thro' the Rye." Mr. Arthur E. Clarke, of Manchester, N. H., gave an admirable recitation of "The Vagabonds," by Trowbridge, and a pianoforte piece for four hands, performed by Mr. Carl Suck, of Boston, and Miss Lizzie Tourjée, of Auburndale, Mass., brought the entertainment to a conclusion.

Mr. Bruce's poem is worth transcribing: —

SONG OF DEGREES.

The summer sun was sinking fast,
As through the Narrows proudly passed,
A ship, that bore a precious freight
Of men and women, small and great,
For Europe.

Each heart was gay, each eye was bright,
Each spirit now with courage light,
Bade head and stomach both rejoice,
While hope rang out in boastful voice,
Europe.

Below the deck some took their way
Their inner wants to fully stay,
While others struggled, weak and lone,
To stifle down that direful groan,
E-u-u-rope.

"Try not to eat," the steward said,
"But hie you to your little bed,
And there repress your *rising tide*,"
But out it gushed in spite of pride,
E-u-u-r-r-o-o-p-p-e.

"Beware the stateroom, lonely cell,
Beware of victuals' sight or smell,"
This was the doctor's kind good-night,
A voice replied in accents light,
E-u-u-r-r-o-o-p-p-e.

At break of day, as to and fro,
The faithful watch on deck did go,
A sound was heard near starboard boat
That soon disclosed that well-known note,
E-u-u-r-r-o-o-p-p-e.

A tourist by the gunwale's side,
In heaving antics they espied,
One hand a *lemon* grasping still,
To awe that dreaded ocean ill,
E-u-u-r-r-o-o-p-p-e.

There in the dawning, chill and gray,
Hollow but satisfied he lay,
While from abaft came accents queer,
That quaked his soul with boding fear,
E-u-u-r-r-o-o-p-p-e.

Tuesday, July 2, brought with it a comparatively calm sea, and a continuance of pleasant weather. At noon the observations showed us to be in latitude 43.14 N., and longitude 57.18 W.; the temperature was 61 degrees. We had made 284.7 miles in the previous twenty-four hours, and were accordingly a little short of 779 miles from Sandy Hook. The

morning service was led by Rev. William P. Tilden, of Boston, Unitarian. Choral practice was afterwards indulged in under the direction of Mr. Zerrahn; the chorus, "He watching over Israel," from Mendelssohn's oratorio of "Elijah;" the four-part song by Barnby, "Sweet and Low;" and Keller's spirited American Hymn, being among the selections sung. At 3 o'clock, P. M., Mr. A. F. Lewis of Fryeburg, Me., gave an interesting lecture in the main saloon, on "The Wonders and Beauties of the Yosemite Valley," recounting some of the incidents of a personal visit to that region, and embodying in his remarks descriptions of much of its scenery.

An evening entertainment was given in accordance with the following flaming announcement:—

FAREWELL TOUR
OF THE
CHLOROFORMATIC
REJUVENATORS.
ONE NIGHT ONLY AT
GASTRONOMIC HALL.
EVERY MEMBER IS A
MAGNITUDINOUS
SCINTILLATOR.
EXCRUTIATORY
RENDITIONS!
VOLUBILITORY
LARYNGICS!
DETESTATIOUS
HUMOROSITIES!
GALAXIAL
CELESTIETY!

The exercises were made up chiefly of music, readings, and recitations. The overture to "The Marriage of Figaro," by Mozart, arranged for four hands, was played on the pianoforte by Mrs. O. B. Bruce, and Mrs. Sarah Lovell, of Montreal; Miss Charlotte S. Thompson, of New Milford, Conn., recited "The Bridge of Sighs," and Mr. Bruce, the ruling spirit of the entertainment, propounded a series of conundrums, the answers to which were the names of authors. Then came a recitation of "The Ride from Ghent to Aix," by Miss E. K. Sessions, of Panama, N. Y.; the reading of selections from Judge Haliburton's "Sam Slick," by Mr. T. W. Chesley, of Bridgetown, N. S.; the reading of an original temperance poem, entitled "The Red, White, and Blue," by Mrs. Charles Springer, of Anamosa, Ia.; and more conundrums. The other selections were a pianoforte solo, performed by Miss Lizzie M. Clark, of Phillipsburg, N. J.; a reading by Mr. Bruce of one of W. L. Alden's humorous stories; a march, performed on the pianoforte (four hands) and organ, by Miss Lizzie Tourjée, Mrs. Ralph Ely, of Cleveland, O., and Mrs. Bruce; "The Belle of Vallejo," read by Mrs. M. B. Ingham, of Cleveland, O., and "Charlie Machree," recited by Miss Thompson.

A light "tea" generally followed, or interrupted midway the evening entertainments, and the festivities thus prolonged extended quite up to the appointed

hour — ten o'clock — for extinguishing the lights in the saloons. The ship's regulations permitted stateroom lights an hour later, at the end of which time the passengers were presumably snugly ensconced in their "little beds."

One of the early incidents of the voyage was the enrolment of our party into five subdivisions, or sections, for the journey beyond London. This duty was performed by the genial and excellent "conductor," Signor C. A. Barattoni, who had been sent over to America by Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son, to accompany us to Europe. It was through the firm of Messrs. Cook, Son & Jenkins, as the American branch of the house was then known, and in conjunction with the parent firm named above, that the details of the steamer arrangements, and subsequent tour, were planned and carried out, most of the preliminary work in this connection having devolved upon Mr. E. M. Jenkins, the American resident partner. Signor Barattoni early applied himself to the task of providing for the comfort and enjoyment of those under his charge. His persuasive eloquence led many who had not previously determined the question, to take the Italian journey, none of whom found reason to regret their decision. Both as the conductor of the general party while crossing the ocean, and at the head of the Italian division while it was on its peregrinations on land, he won many warm friends.

Wednesday, July 3, brought with it a decided change from the calm and serene condition of things which had prevailed during the early stage of our voyage. We were approaching the much-dreaded Banks of Newfoundland; indeed, were already upon them, and a turbulent sea destroyed all preconceived ideas of the fundamental principles of motion. The ship was a vast swing which seemed to go two ways at once, and each succeeding billow seemed intent upon lifting the poor passenger's heart from his mouth. There was no rush to the breakfast-table that morning, and some who responded to the steward's matutinal summons found excuse for early retirement. The racks are on the tables, and the dishes dance about right merrily. Eating under such circumstances is not the pleasantest of duties, even to those who have luckily preserved level heads and unaffected stomachs. To clamber up the reeling hatchway is another difficult feat, for the stairs have an unpleasant habit of sinking out from under you, or else rising so rapidly as to produce a sensation akin to walking up against the sharp angles of a stone fence. Out on deck there is a stiff breeze and a chilly atmosphere, but there is a sense of relief in getting out into the air. Promenading the deck is attended by many slidings and twistings, and the passengers, after a few trials at pedestrianic exercise, are content to take refuge near the smoke-stack or steam-pipes, or, enveloped in top-coats,

shawls, and rugs, under the lee of the deck-house. There is no storm, but the waters are in commotion. The ocean presents a glorious sight, tossed in surging, threatening masses, which topple after each other in a mad race. In the course of the day many fishing-craft are seen, but at no time do we run in very close proximity to them. Games and amusements of nearly every kind were given up during the day. Once, however, some life and activity were put into a row of invalids on the starboard side of the deck, by a cry from the indefatigable Bruce, — "a whale! a whale!" The company peered out upon the dizzy, rolling waste without seeing any whale, and returned to their places with a renewed sense of their forlorn condition. There was the usual announcement of an evening entertainment, but this even failed to call the sufferers from their state-rooms or deck-chairs. The bulletin read as follows :—

BENEFIT OF
THE
FLOATING HOSPITAL!
UNIFIED APPEARANCE
OF THE
LACHRYMOSICAL INSTIGATORS.
EVERY LADY TO BE PRESENTED WITH A
LEMON, PORRIDGE, SMELLING SALTS, AND TAFFY.
THE
SENSATIONAL AND
SPECTACULAR DRAMA,
E-U-U-R-R-O-O-P-P-E.
150
PERFORMERS.

The noon observations disclosed our whereabouts to be latitude 45.30 N., and longitude 51.28 W. The log showed that our progress through the preceding twenty-four hours had been 284.7 miles, making a total of about 1,063 miles from Sandy Hook; and the thermometer recorded a temperature of fifty degrees.

Thursday, July 4, was much like the previous day, as far as the surface of the ocean was concerned, only more so. The morning was cloudy, but without rain. The wind, which was from the north-west, was in our favor, and all sails were set; but the pitching and tossing of the previous night deterred us a little, so that at the hour of noon we had made a run of 264 miles, which brought us to latitude 47.44 N., and longitude 46.00 W., or about 1,327 miles from Sandy Hook — not quite half way on our voyage. It must be confessed that the glorious anniversary of American Independence was not in a fair way to be extensively celebrated by the sons and daughters of Columbia who chanced to be on board the "Devonia." A large proportion of the party were quite willing to postpone all celebrations until Neptune showed a less ruffled temper, but not so the rest; and the patriotic and jubilant few made up in noise for any lack of enthusiasm on the part of the sea-sick ones, who were unwillingly rehearsing Mr. Bruce's "Song of Degrees." Even the *charivari*, or calithumpian demon-

stration which generally ushers in the day on land, was not forgotten, although it came a little later than common; and the Americans were glad to avail themselves of the good-natured assistance of their genial Italian friend Barattoni, who came to the rescue with a harmonica, while Bruce followed with a vigorous accompaniment on a sauce-pan, and Bonnelle with an equally persistent agitation of the dinner-bell. These sounds forced smiles even from the pale and melancholy beings who had imprisoned themselves in their state-rooms. Captain Craig honored the day by a display of bunting, the American ensign being given the place of honor; and salutes were fired at noon and sundown. When the noon salute was fired, two Yankee girls, Miss Mary E. Austin, of New Bedford, Mass., and Miss E. K. Sessions, of Panama, N. Y., assisted in discharging the cannon. The noon demonstration was followed by cheer upon cheer. Rev. W. P. Tilden, of Boston, then read the following original poem, from the hurricane-deck, and the first and last verses were sung to the tune of "America," or "God Save the Queen," as it may rightfully be termed under the British flag:—

Land of our love and pride!
While o'er the sea we glide,
Far, far away;
Dear to our hearts art thou,
Never more dear than now,
While through the sea we plough,
On thy birth-day.

What though the widening sea
Lifted 'twixt us and thee,
Hide thee from sight;
Clear to our inward eye
Outlined against the sky,
Thy hills and valleys lie,
In glory bright.

Hail to thee, dear old Land!
Hail to thy rocky strand,
Washed by the sea;
Hail to thy matchless plains,
Waving with golden grains,
Where peace and plenty reigns,
And man is free.

Hail to our banner brave,
All o'er the land and wave,
To-day unfurled;
No folds to us so fair
Float on this summer air,
None can with thee compare,
In all the world.

Red, white, and blue, wave on!
Never may sire or son,
Thy glory mar;
Sacred to liberty,
Honored on land and sea,
Unsoiled forever be,
Each stripe and star.

Proud cheers for native land,
While on this deck we stand,
Pilgrims afar.
High let our voices soar,
Joining our friends ashore —
Hurrah! Hurrah!! Hurrah!!!
Hurrah!!!! Hurrah!!!!!

Now for our steamer brave,
Bearing us on the wave,
One loud Hurrah!
Now for her captain true,
His mates and gallant crew,
And for Victoria, too,
Hurrah! Hurrah!!

There was much merry-making at dinner and in the evening, and in recognition of the fact that the day's celebration had occurred in mid-ocean, the following resolution, offered by Rev. Mr. Tilden, was adopted:

Resolved, That we, as a band of temperance ladies and gentlemen, rejoice that on this Fourth of July, 1878, we are half seas over.

In the afternoon, too, there were various games on deck, including a three-legged race, a "tug of war," blindman's buff, and various feats of strength and agility. At dinner, the tables were ornamented with small American flags.

Friday, July 5, dawned more graciously than the two days preceding. We were about emerging from the "rolling forties," and the sea had resumed its composure. There was a corresponding elevation of spirits on the part of the passengers. The breakfast-table had its usual complement of attendants, and the decks again presented an animated appearance. Morning devotions were held under the leadership of Rev. C. H. Beale, of Centre Moriches, Long Island,

Methodist. At a later hour there was choral practice under the direction of Mr. Carl Zerrahn. There were still a few sea-sick sufferers, but even these were enlivened in the sunlight and invigorating air, and their faces were actually put upon a broad grin by a most amusing performance by Mr. Zerrahn and an improvised orchestra, of a remarkable composition entitled "The Musician from Bavaria."

The noon observations showed that we were making good progress, the run of the preceding twenty-four hours having reached 288.7 miles. Our position was latitude 50.04 N., and longitude 39.36 W., or about 1,616 miles from Sandy Hook. The temperature was sixty-one degrees.

The evening entertainment was foreshadowed by the following remarkable manifesto: —

TO-NIGHT ONLY.
TUMULTUOUS
CACHINNATIOUS
HALLUCINATIOUS
MANUALISTIC
DEMONSTRATION.
SURVIVING
INDIVIDUALITIES
OF
EPHEMERISTIC
HETEROGENITIES.
VOXCES NON
CELESTES!!!!
AC(SESSION)AL
ATTRACTIONS.

GROANES HUMORESQUE
FROM
NOVA SCOTIA
AND
INNUMEROUSLY
MONTROSTICAL
EXCRESCENCES.
MINISTERS IN ACTIVE
PURSUITS — FREE.
FANS FOR SALE IN
THE CORRIDOR.

The fulfilment of these mysterious promises opened with a solo on the pianoforte, after which Mr. Arthur E. Clarke gave an admirable recitation of the "Old Sergeant," by Forsyth Wilson. Mr. Bruce then read his "Song of Degrees," by request. Miss Hattie A. Snell next sang, in a very charming manner, a song by Jules Lafort, entitled "Water Cresses"; and after a fine recitation by Miss E. K. Sessions, of "The Pilot's Story," by Howells, there was an intermission for tea. Resuming the entertainment, Mr. Bruce read "The Managing Young Man," by W. L. Alden. Mr. T. W. Chesley read an extract from "The Life of an Old Judge in a Colony," by Judge Haliburton. Another song was contributed, and Mr. John K. Bucklyn, of Mystic Bridge, Conn., read a humorous poem, in which the comic side of the sufferings from sea-sickness were touched upon in a manner which elicited shouts of merriment from his interested listeners. It was in the form of a letter from a young man

to his mother, descriptive of some of the incidents of the trip. A song by male voices brought the festivities to an end.

About eleven o'clock, Friday night, after many of the passengers had retired, word came that a strange light was to be seen ahead. It was at first thought by Captain Craig that it might proceed from a steamer in distress, and the "Devonia" bore down upon the strange object. The passengers flocked upon deck and eagerly watched the lights as they gleamed afar over the dark waters. Soon other lights were seen, and as we drew nearer it became apparent that they proceeded from a fleet of some kind. The flagship carried a profusion of colored lights, while four attendant craft carried single white lights. Precisely what the demonstration was, or even the nationality of the ships, could not be ascertained, but it is fair to presume that they comprised an English cable fleet, engaged in the work of repairs, their position being on the track of one of the submarine telegraphic lines. The impending difficulties between England and Russia caused many conjectures of a different character to be indulged in by the passengers of the "Devonia," whose enforced absence from the much coveted "morning paper," and a corresponding ignorance regarding the daily doings of the great world, had made any sort of a hostile demonstration seem possible. Upon learning that the stranger desired no assistance, a conclusion that was

arrived at through neglect to answer signals of inquiry, Captain Craig resumed his course. The incident was a very unusual one, and it served to vary the monotony of the voyage, and to cause no small amount of interest and excitement among the passengers, who had strained their eyes for many days to descry the half-dozen steamers and sailing vessels which had been met with here and there on the great desert of waters.

The loneliness of a vessel on the ocean soon strikes the voyager very forcibly. The forests of masts which cluster about the wharves of our cities, and all preconceived ideas of commerce between the nations, lead the traveller to expect frequent spectacles of passing ships and steamers, at least upon the great ocean highways between Europe and America; and yet "a sail" is an exceptional sight. With this discovery comes a new realization of the immensity of the ocean — not of the ocean we see ourselves, but of the vast expanse that lies beyond our range of vision. The "boundless ocean," as seen from the deck of a ship, is really much more circumscribed than the impressionable landsman is led to suppose. The horizon, when the eye is twenty-four feet above the water, is only six miles distant, and the steamer is virtually sailing through a circular pond twelve miles in diameter. Of course, ships, icebergs and other objects are seen at a much greater distance, because they project above the surface. The "depression of the horizon" can readily be

computed by this simple rule: two-thirds of the square of the distance *in miles* is the depression *in feet*. For one mile, then, the depression is eight inches; that is, if the eye is just eight inches above the water, the horizon, or limit of vision, is a mile off. To see two miles in any direction across the water, the eye must be two-thirds of four feet (or thirty-two inches) above the surface; to see three miles, it must be at a height of six feet, and so on. The rule is accurate for all distances within the range of vision.

But if ocean voyagers have not a numerous array of ships to distract their attention, they are not wholly shut out from spectacles of life and animation. There are the porpoises, sharks, whales, gulls, and "Mother Carey's chickens" to be watched. The gulls will follow a steamer for long distances over the trackless waters, intent upon obtaining any waste stuff that is thrown overboard. Our vessel frequently ran among large schools of porpoises. At such times the surface of the water would be dotted with the black creatures, frequently for a great distance. Around the ship scores of them would be leaping forward from the water in a swift helter-skelter race with the huge dark monster beside them. Ordinarily a sluggish creature, the porpoise can make excellent time when he feels impelled to rapid movement, and a school of them will sometimes keep up with a ship for a considerable distance.

Saturday, July 6, was, like its immediate predecessor, a very delightful day, with a bracing breeze, which helped us on our way. The exercises of the day were greatly enjoyed. There were morning devotions, with Rev. O. D. Kimball, of Leominster, Mass., Baptist, as the officiating clergyman, and subsequently choral practice under Mr. Zerrahn's direction. At noon we were in latitude 52.20 N., and longitude 33.00 W., some 1,900 miles from Sandy Hook, or something less than 1,100 miles from our destination. The day's run had been 283.3 miles, and the recorded temperature was fifty-nine degrees. An evening entertainment was given in pursuance of the following high-sounding bulletin: —

PONDERIFIC LUGUBRIOSITY.
DIAPHONISTIC
REVERBERATORS
UNIVERSALLY TRIUMPHANT.
INVITED BY CROWNED HEADS
TO LEAVE THEIR REALMS.
CACOPHONATIC
CACHINNATORS.
ETHICAL DELINEATORS.
LINGUAL SONORISTS.
DUETTIC THRILLARIANS.
QUARTETTIC SYMPHONISTS.
LUNATISTICAL THRUMMISTS.
SOLODIC YAWPISTS.
JUVENILIATED SPOUTATORS.
LA FEMME DE TEMPORIBUS
ANTI-QUISSISSIMUS MUNDANE.
INTERSPERSED WITH CALM TEA
AND OTHER MILD
REFRESHMENTS.
DEVOUR AT 8.30 P. M.

The opening performance was a march, by Schubert, arranged for pianoforte and organ, and played by Mrs. Bruce, Miss Lula Butler, of Memphis, Tenn., and Mrs. Lovell, of Montreal. Rev. C. H. Beale then read a poem of a humorous character, descriptive of some of the incidents of the voyage, and filled with pleasant allusions to Dr. Tourjée, Mr. Zerrahn, Mr. Bruce, and other members of the party. Mr. Bruce next proceeded to give a lecture on "Hash," in which many new and astounding facts in regard to that mysterious subject were disclosed. The lecture was illustrated by "our own artist," Mr. Ira C. Denise, of Franklin, Warren County, Ohio. "The Two Roses," by Mendelssohn, was sung by a quartette of male voices, and Mr. A. F. Lewis read a parody on "Maud Muller." Mrs. M. B. Ingham next read an interesting account of Signor Barattoni's Observations in China, as contained in one of his published letters. Signor Barattoni, although a young man, has travelled very extensively, having twice been around the world, and many times to all parts of Europe. Miss Sessions contributed a song, "*Robert toi que j'aime*," from Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable," and then there was an intermission for tea. After this interesting exercise, the intellectual entertainment was resumed, the concluding features being a recitation by Mr. F. L. Steele, of Winchester, Mass., and a reading by Mr. Bruce, of "The Carthaginian," from W. L. Alden's "Shooting Stars."

On Sunday, July 7, occurred one of those sad and impressive scenes, sometimes, yet not often, witnessed on board an ocean steamer — a burial at sea. A poor fellow, who was working his passage among the stokers, and who was too ill to work at all, but had been given a place in order that he might reach the old country, had fallen while ascending from the furnaces to the deck, and, lodging upon a vent-hole, had been suffocated. Under the presumption that he was feigning illness, and wished to shirk his duty, he had been kicked and cuffed about by the sailors, and it is feared that he was too weak to hold on to the ladder when he was ascending from the fire-room, where he had been at work. The burial took place at noon — eight bells. Dr. Scott, the ship's surgeon, read the burial service of the Church of England, commencing:

"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

Omitting a portion, he continued:—

"We therefore commit his body to the deep, to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection of the body (when the sea shall give up her dead), and the life of the world to come, through our Lord Jesus Christ; who at His coming shall change our vile body, that it may be like His glorious body, according to the mighty working whereby He is able to subdue all things to Himself."

The folds of the British flag, which had previously covered the remains, were withdrawn, and two stalwart sailors launched the corpse, which had been sewn in a canvas bag and weighted at the feet, from a board to the waves. A plash was heard, and all that was mortal of the friendless outcast disappeared forever from human sight. The doctor closed the services by reading the Lord's prayer and pronouncing the benediction, and the sailors cast adrift the boards on which the dead body had rested. The deceased was a young Irishman, about thirty-five years old, and was named on the ship's list James Smieton.

Religious services were held in the saloon, both forenoon and afternoon, and they were rendered more than usually impressive by the sad incident just related. The morning service was conducted by Rev. A. B. Peabody, of Stratham, N. H., Congregationalist. After the singing of the hymn, "Come, thou fount of every blessing," the reading of the second Psalm and a portion of the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, a fervent prayer, in which the death that had occurred on board was touchingly alluded to, and the singing of a second hymn, "I love thy kingdom, Lord," Mr. Peabody preached a discourse from the text contained in a portion of the thirty-sixth verse of the eighteenth chapter of John: "Jesus answered, My kingdom is not of this world." He spoke of the characteristics of Christ's kingdom as manifested in our

own souls, as having small beginnings and great results. With holiness in the soul comes the kingdom of Christ. The greatness of the sea was referred to as typical of the greatness of God's work. While the nations are of the earth, God's kingdom is eternal.

The afternoon service was conducted by Rev. Geo. W. Fisher, of Peacedale, R. I., Congregationalist. Portions of the hymn beginning, "From every stormy wind that blows," were sung, and Mr. Fisher then, with much appropriateness, read portions of a suggestive "Sermon on the Sea," delivered by the late Rev. Dr. Swain, of Providence, R. I. The services were concluded by the singing of two stanzas of the hymn entitled "Your Mission:"

> "If you cannot on the ocean sail
> Among the swiftest fleet."

At a later hour a Bible-class was conducted by Mr. John K. Bucklyn, of Mystic Bridge, Conn., Baptist; and in the evening a praise-meeting was held, under the guidance of Dr. Tourjée, a large number uniting in the exercises.

The noon observations on Sunday showed that we had made 288.8 miles in twenty-four hours (about 2,188 miles from Sandy Hook), our position being latitude 54.00 N., and longitude 25.28 W. The thermometer recorded a temperature of 60.5 degrees.

There was a rain-storm during the night of Sunday, and during the ensuing day; but aside from the fact that this placed deck exercise partly out of question, for the time being, and "shovel-board" wholly in abeyance, on account of the wet condition of the decks, the weather continued favorable to health and comfort. The usual morning devotions were held, Rev. John P. Watson, of Marshapaug, Conn., Congregationalist, officiating. There was also choral practice under Mr. Zerrahn's direction. At noon it was found that we had made a glorious run — 305 miles — in the previous twenty-four hours. Our position was latitude 55.08 N., and longitude 16.58 W., which brought us about 2,493 miles from Sandy Hook, or to within less than five hundred miles of our destination. The temperature was fifty-nine degrees.

In the afternoon an interesting lecture was delivered in the saloon, by Rev. J. Thorburn, of Ottawa, P. O., on "Edinburgh." Some of the chief attractions of that beautiful Scottish city were described, and the lecturer embodied in his remarks many practical suggestions regarding the visit of the party to that and other interesting portions of Scotland.

The bulletin for the evening performances made its appearance in the following form :—

UNPRECEDENTUAL
PENULTIMATICAL
CANTABILACTORISM!

CORRUSCATIVE TONALITIES
BY THE
INDIGENACTIC COTERIE
OF
TOURJÉE-ANS
IN
REJUVENATED
PARAPHERNALIAS.
DIORAMAICAL
ILLUSITORIES.
SPEARESHAKERIAN,
MANDARINIC AND
FELINEAL ORATISTICS.
EVENTUATED AND
SENILEATIC WITTICISITIES.
☞ LET'S GO! ☜

Previous to the regular entertainment, Signor Barattoni made some explanatory statements regarding the forthcoming journey. A duet, "*Mira la bianca Luna*," by Rossini, was then sung by Miss Snell and Miss Charlotte H. Munger, of Worcester, Mass. Miss Sessions next recited a scene from Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra." Mr. A. F. Lewis favored the company with a humorous song, "The Three Sailors of Bristol City." An interesting incident connected with this evening's proceedings, was a collection in behalf of the Life-Boat Service of Great Britain. In introducing the subject, Mr. Bruce made some eloquent and feeling remarks, calling attention to the value of the service, not only to sailors, whose life was spent upon the ocean, but also to passengers, like ourselves, who might equally claim its benefits.

The contributions reached something over forty dollars. A like sum was contributed during the day, mainly through the instrumentality of Mr. Zerrahn, for a party of poor steerage passengers.

Just before breakfast-time, on the morning of Tuesday, July 9, the welcome sound of "land ho!" was heard from one of the sailors forward, and there was a general rush of the passengers to the decks to catch an early glimpse of the pleasant sight. A light mist prevailed; but the rocky headlands of the Island of Arranmore, off the the western coast of Donegal, Ireland, were soon in plain view. The clouds soon broke up altogether, and as the bright sun appeared, the gray tinge of the waters gave place to tints of deep blue, contrasting with the living greens along the coast, which were relieved here and there by little stretches of white sandy beach. Against the cliffs, or along the beach, are seen momentary flashes of white foam. Through the day we continued to sail but a short distance from the shore, and the picturesque scenery of the northern Irish coast was greatly enjoyed. The sea-sick and the home-sick were certainly revived by the beautiful panorama of green slopes and graceful headlands.

The morning services were held on the upper deck, Rev. E. S. Chase, of Hopkinton, Mass., Methodist, conducting the devotions. Our course lying up the Donegal coast, we went between the mainland and

Tory Island, and as we were at no time far from the shore, the view was enchanting. Among the early features which arrest the eye of the voyager in the approach to the Irish coast, are the ancient stone towers which are seen from time to time upon the headlands. By noon the Island of Inishtrahull, which lies off the extreme northern extremity of Ireland, was descried. Off Inishowen Head, which marks the entrance to Lough Foyle, whereon the landing-place of Moville lies, the steamer was telegraphed, but no stop was made. Between three and four o'clock in the afternoon we passed the Giant's Causeway, and Captain Craig very kindly ran the vessel as near the shore as he could with safety, in order that the passengers might obtain a near view of this interesting bit of scenery. We had already passed the little towns of Port Stewart and Portrush (the latter of which is distinguished as having been the home of Adam Clarke), the Skerries, and Dunluce Castle, a cluster of ruins which stands on a ledge of rock one hundred and twenty feet above the sea. In the appearance of the Giant's Causeway, as seen from the ocean, the traveller is very likely to be disappointed. It is not as extensive or as imposing as he had expected, and pretty much the same testimony is borne by those who have studied its various features on shore, although a close inspection of the wonderful basaltic formation must surely be interesting. Along the coast at this point are sev-

eral large caverns, one of them being directly under Dunluce Castle. Continuing on by Bengore Head, we passed between Rathlin Isle and the main coast, soon gaining a view of the Scottish coast at the southern extremity of the peninsula of Cantyre.

Leaving Benmore, or Fair Head, upon our right, we steamed across the North Channel, and in the early evening reached the Frith of Clyde, near the entrance to which, rising for a height of over a thousand feet from the water is the bleak Island of Ailsa Craig, to which the Covenanters were banished.

The evening sail up the Frith of Clyde to Greenock, where the "Devonia" cast anchor between ten and eleven o'clock, was very delightful. In this northern latitude twilight continues until nearly this hour, and the beautiful scenery in the vicinity of Arran Isle, one of the country seats of the Duke of Hamilton, Holy Isle, upon which a mountain rises from the water's edge, and at the many other interesting points, could be closely scanned. Opposite Arran Isle lie Ayr (the birthplace of Burns), and Irvine. Several picturesque little watering places are passed, and we sail between the small and rocky Cumbray Islands on the right, and the Isle of Bute on the left. The latter is better cultivated than Arran Isle, or any parts of the mainland we have passed. On the east coast of this island lies the town of Rothesay, beautifully situated, and Mountstuart, the seat of the Marquis of Bute, the present Governor-General of Canada. Far away, in the dim distance, are the Highlands of Perthshire. The Kyles

of Bute, a winding channel which separates the island from the neighboring shores of Argyle, are on the left, as are also Toward Light and the old town of Dunoon, one of the places where the Irish emigrants from the North of Ireland settled in the sixth century. From this point to the busy manufacturing town of Greenock, where the Clyde River empties into the Frith, and forms Greenock Roads, wherein we cast anchor, is but a little distance.

Friendly demonstrations were made at several points along our course, and answering cheers were sent back from the steamer's deck. Hearty cheers were also given by the passengers for Dr. Tourjée, Captain Craig, and his gallant officers and crew, Carl Zerrahn, Mr. Bruce, Signor Barattoni and others.

The noon observations on the closing day of our voyage, taken, of course, while we were off the Irish coast, went almost unheeded; but they are worth recording, more especially as they disclosed the best day's run of the whole voyage — 317.4 miles. Our position was shown to be latitude 55.20 N., and longitude 7.42 W.; the temperature was sixty-two degrees.

The closing social meeting on board the steamer, was held late Tuesday evening, in obedience to the following announcement:—

FAREWELL!
CLIMAXIAL FINALITY
EXODICIOUS
AMBULATATIOUS
ERUDITICAL
RESOLVATATORS.

EUPHONISTIC
LINGUALISMS.
PHANTOMIMIC
ORTHOGRAPHISTS.
CATNIP-TIONAL
DISSERTATIVES.
DISSOLVETETIC
PRONUNCIAMENTO.
AT 10 5-10, P. M.

The proceedings were of a somewhat different character than on previous evenings. Mr. Bruce presided, as usual, and made some felicitous remarks upon the prosperous and happy termination of the voyage, and upon the pleasant prospect the members of the party had before them. He also paid an eloquent tribute to Old Scotia, the land we had reached. In conclusion, he announced the appointment of Mr. Frank J. Bonnelle, of Boston, Rev. Dr. Coster, of Pittsburgh, and Mr. Bucklyn, of Mystic Bridge, Conn., as a committee to draw up a series of resolutions. The following resolutions were reported, and unanimously adopted :—

Resolved, That the close attention of Captain Craig, and those under his command, in providing for our wants and conducing to our comfort, as well as their uniform courtesy throughout the voyage, deserve and receive our warmest commendation.

Resolved, That the watchful care of Dr. Tourjée over the welfare of all, and the willing services of Carl Zerrahn in directing the musical exercises, call for a heartfelt acknowledgment, which we now express.

Resolved, That we thoroughly appreciate the untiring, but very successful efforts of Prof. O. B. Bruce in conducting

the series of entertainments, day and evening, and tender him our hearty thanks for the part he has taken in the many ways in which he has added to the enjoyment and improvement of the entire party.

Resolved, That we hereby return our thanks to Mrs. O. B. Bruce, Miss E. K. Sessions, Miss Hattie A. Snell, and the several other ladies and gentlemen who have contributed in a musical and literary way to our entertainment in the past ten days.

On motion of Mr. Chesley, of Bridgetown, Nova Scotia, the following resolution was also adopted:—

Resolved, That the thanks of the ladies and gentlemen comprising this present party of tourists, be cordially tendered to Mr. C. A. Barattoni, the conductor of the party, for his effective and able administration of his office hitherto, and also of their confidence in the able and effective conducting of our party to the termination of our tour of Europe.

Rev. Mr. Beale read a valedictory address, summing up some of the happy incidents of the voyage, and further remarks were made by Mr. Lewis, of Fryeburg, Me., and Mr. Bucklyn. Dr. Z. Freeman, of Cincinnati, O., proposed that a further formal vote of thanks be passed to Dr. Tourjée for his skilful and happy planning of the excursion, and this was accordingly done; after which "Old Hundred" was sung, and the assemblage dissolved to obtain a few brief hours' sleep before an early start for Glasgow and the Scottish lakes.

CHAPTER II.

SCOTLAND.

An Early Visit to Glasgow — St. George's Square, the Cathedral, &c. — A Charming Excursion through Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine, and the Trosachs — The Land of Rob Roy — The Scenes of Scott's "Lady of the Lake." — Stirling and its Ancient Castle — Edinburgh and its Beautiful Situation — Its Monuments and Historic Sites — Calton Hill — Holyrood Palace, and its Reminiscences of Mary Queen of Scots — A Walk through Old Edinburgh — The Castle and its Sights — The Queen's Drive — The University and its School of Music — A Memorial to Canine Fidelity — Reception by the Sabbath-School Teachers' Union — Interesting Addresses — The Journey to Melrose — Melrose Abbey — Abbotsford and its Relics.

We remained on the steamer all night, and were aroused at an early hour in the morning. We had hoped to reach Glasgow on the 9th, in which case we should have passed the night in that city, but the lateness of the hour when we reached Greenock, and the further delay which would have ensued at the hands of the customs officers, and in landing, rendered our detention on board until the morrow advisable. After an early breakfast, and a due attention to the requirements of Her Majesty's custom-house officials, a task which occupied little time, and put us to very little inconvenience, we were set ashore in a

small steam-tender, which had to make two or three trips to convey the entire party and the luggage. Taking the railway train at the Prince's Pier Station, we were quickly whisked up the south bank of the Clyde, through Paisley, and several smaller places, to the St. Enoch Station, in Glasgow, a distance of twenty-four and a half miles, arriving before seven o'clock.

Our visit was made before Glasgow fairly had its eyes open, and the carriage-drivers, several very courteous and civil policemen, a few market-men and the crossing-sweepers only turned out to greet the Americans on their arrival. The solicitations of the first class named were, for the most part, unheeded, the distance across to the North British Railway Station being comparatively short, and the appeals to the policemen were mainly with a view to being directed to the post-office — not yet opened, — where, in due time, the officials were doubtless much astonished at the sudden influx of American correspondence.

The principal streets and squares of Glasgow instantly impress the stranger favorably. On every hand are stores and marts of trade, which tell of the city's commercial importance. This is foretold before the city itself is reached, in the lines of manufactories and ship-building establishments that line the Clyde. Glasgow is the third city in the United Kingdom in point of wealth, population, and commercial interests. The

population, within parliamentary boundaries, at the last census (1876) was 527,553, while the total population of the city and its suburbs was 697,775. St. George's Square is situated near the centre of the city, and within a short distance of the three chief railway stations. This is the principal square in the city, and it is richly ornamented with bronze statues. The chief monument is a Grecian Doric column, about eighty feet in height, surmounted by a colossal statue of Walter Scott. The pedestal bears the simple and comprehensive inscription, "Walter Scott." There are also statues of Sir John Moore and Lord Clyde, — both natives of Glasgow; of James Watt, who made here his experiments in steam; Thomas Graham, Sir Robert Peel, Robert Burns, James Oswald, Queen Victoria, and Prince Albert. The two latter are equestrian, and by Marochetti. The statue of Watt is by Chantrey. Watt prepared the way for Henry Bell, who, in 1812, launched on the Clyde the first steamboat ever known in British waters. A monument to Bell stands upon Dunglass Rock, near Dumbarton. The early steamboat was called "The Comet," and plied between Glasgow and Greenock. Around the square are some of the principal hotels, and upon one side is the post-office. Near at hand, on Queen Street, is the Royal Exchange, a large, handsome stone building, in front of which is an equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, by Marochetti. The principal street — Argyle,

named after the noble family of Argyle, — runs parallel with the river Clyde. At right angles with this main thoroughfare run many other business streets. Argyle Street, running eastward, leads into Trongate (so called from a Tron, or public weigh-house, which formerly stood upon it), and thence on to "The Cross," where the celebrated Tontine Buildings, once the focus of business and politics, still stand, and near which formerly stood the old Tolbooth, or city prison, the scene of the midnight adventure of Francis Osbaldistone and Rob Roy. The cathedral is situated on a height in the north-east part of the city. St. Kentigern, or St. Mungo, founded a bishopric here about the year 500, and erected a church of wood where the present fine edifice was founded by Bishop Joceline in 1181. The architecture is of the early English style, and the edifice is gloomy, massive, and imposing. The Necropolis rises above the cathedral, and with its shrubbery and multitudes of monuments, forms a noble background for the ancient structure. At the summit of the hill is a towering monument to John Knox. Glasgow University, a handsome and extensive group of buildings, is at the opposite extremity of the city, overlooking West End Park.

On account of the great numbers of our party, it was found advisable to divide it into two sections for the excursion through Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine, and the Trosachs, one section being taken first to

Balloch Pier, and thence northward through Loch Lomond; and the other taking the reverse direction, via Stirling, Callander, the Trosachs, &c., and southward through Loch Lomond. Edinburgh, forty-six miles from Glasgow, was to be the destination of both divisions. It was my good fortune to be included in the division that went first to Loch Lomond. The distance from Glasgow to Balloch Pier is about twenty-one miles, and when the traveller is once out of the city, and clear of the tunnels and high embankments, the prospect is very delightful. The waters of the Clyde are at times in view, and sixteen miles from Glasgow, near the river, is the great clefted rock on which stands Dumbarton Castle. Here, it will be remembered, the hero Wallace was imprisoned, having been betrayed by the base Sir John Menteith, who invited him hither under the guise of friendship, and then thrust him into a dungeon. Mary Queen of Scots, too, lived here during the early portion of her childhood.

Arriving at Balloch, we were transferred to one of the little steamers which ply on Loch Lomond, and amid a slight "Scotch mist," a sort of heavy dew, which scarcely served to keep us from the decks, we began our trip through this beautiful sheet of water. A most tempting breakfast served much better than the moisture to clear the upper decks, and it is almost needless to add, that, with appetites sharpened by the

recent sea-voyage, and more keenly appreciative of the delights of shore-cooking, full and ample justice was done thereto, notwithstanding it was the second breakfast that had been furnished us since the early morning.

Loch Lomond, rightfully called the "Queen of the Scottish Lakes," is about twenty-three miles in length, and at the southern extremity, where it is widest, is about five miles in breadth, from which it gradually grows narrower, terminating, northward, in a strip of water. On both sides, and on the north, are mountains, some of which rise from the water's edge, while here and there, scattered along the shores, are picturesque country seats, or little villages. Balloch and Boturich Castles are seen upon the right soon after leaving Balloch Pier. The loftiest of the mountains is proud Ben Lomond, 3,192 feet in height, situated a few miles east of the lake, and some two-thirds of the way from its southern extremity. During our passage up the lake, Ben Lomond kept his brow wrapped in mist, and we caught only momentary glimpses of this monarch of the region. In the broad section of the lake, a number of small islands are passed. The largest of these is Inch Murrin (Inch, in the Gaelic, means island), which is preserved as a deer-park by the Duke of Montrose, who resides at Buchanan House, a short distance from the lake, on the eastern shore. At its southern extremity are the ruins of

Lennox Castle, formerly a residence of the Earls of Lennox. Here Isabel, Duchess of Albany, resided after the execution of her husband, sons, and father, at Stirling, in 1424. From the little island known as Clairinch, the Buchanans took their slogan, or war-cry. Inch Cailliach (the Island of Women) is so called from having been the site of a nunnery in the dim past. It also contains the old parish church of Buchanan, and the burial-ground of the MacGregors. Inchfad is the Long Island; Inchcruin, the Round Island; Inchlonaig, the Isles of Yew-trees; Inchtavanach, Monk's Isle, &c. It is said that Inchlonaig was used at the beginning of the present century as a retreat for drunken wives. The husband was wont to land the offender with a loaf of bread and a pitcher of cold water, and there she would remain captive until the forgiving lord chose to take pity on his repentant spouse. On Inchcruin was once an asylum for the insane.

The scenery upon the lake is beautiful beyond description. It is a constant succession of charming pictures, into which the expanse of clear water, dotted here and there with emerald islets, rugged mountain cliffs, verdant shores, and cosy cottages, or the more imposing manor-house, nestling amid the luxuriant foliage, enter with ever-varying form and in different combinations. Here in Scotland, as in Ireland, the moist atmosphere bestows a rich, living

green upon grass and foliage. Balmaha, near a narrow pass through which, in the olden time, the Highlanders frequently came on their raids into the Lowlands; Luss, near which the celebrated battle between the MacGregors and the Colquhouns, fraught with such fatal consequences to both parties, was fought, and near which, also, the latter family holds to-day its baronial home at Rossdhu House; Rowardennan, the point from which Ben Lomond, six miles distant, is usually ascended; and Tarbet, a delightful retreat with a most inviting looking inn (situated on the estate of Laird M'Murrich), from whence tourists ride only two miles to reach the head of Loch Long, are passed all too soon, and Inversnaid, the end of our present lake journey, is reached. Just before the pier is reached, the beautiful Fall of Inversnaid, the the scene of Wordsworth's "Highland Girl," is seen. It is at the mouth of Arklet Water, the stream which drains the little Loch Arklet, afterwards passed on the road to Stronachlacher.

It seems remarkable, when we reflect that a little over a century and a half ago — as late as the year 1712 — this district was peopled by that predatory race whose exploits furnished Sir Walter Scott with the exciting scenes of his novel of "Rob Roy." A little to the north are the ruins of Inversnaid fort, erected in 1713 by the government, for the purpose of checking the turbulence of the MacGregor clan. This

fort was at one time the headquarters of General Wolfe. Not far from Loch Arklet are several primitive huts, one of which is pointed out as the original residence of Rob Roy, and another as the birthplace of Helen, his wife. Rob Roy's cave, where the bold outlaw hid himself from his pursuers, is above Inversnaid, on the shore of the lake; and Rob Roy's prison is an almost inaccessible rock some distance below this point. Opposite Inversnaid is Inveruglas Isle, on which are the ruins of an old stronghold of the Macfarlanes. History records that in 1306, King Robert the Bruce, with five hundred followers, while fleeing before the avenging Lord of Lorn, who had married a daughter of the Red Comyn, whom Bruce had sacrilegiously slain within the monastery of Greyfriars at Dumfries, crossed Loch Lomond, near Inversnaid, their only means of ferriage being a little, leaky boat which would carry only three passengers at a time. At an earlier period (1263, in the reign of Alexander III. of Scotland) the placid Loch Lomond was the scene of an invasion by the Norwegians, who cruelly plundered and murdered the people after the latter had fled to the islands for safety.

From Inversnaid to Stronachlacher, which is situated near the head of the beautiful Loch Katrine, is about five and a half miles, and we rode thither in "brakes" over an excellent road. Here, as at Inversnaid, there is nothing except a comfortable little inn,

a gentleman's country-house, and a steamboat-landing to denote the place; but the grounds about the inn are nicely kept, while the neighboring hillsides not only teem with flowers, but afford grand prospects of lake and mountains, so that the time passed in waiting for the steamer was most pleasantly occupied. In the little steamer "Rob Roy" the other members of our party arrive, and after hurried greetings, we take their places on board to pursue our journey over the route they have already travelled.

Loch Katrine and its neighborhood are so intimately associated with Scott's romance of the "Lady of the Lake," that the work almost serves as a guide-book, and the drivers and local guides readily supply every item of information lacking in its pages, pointing out with wonderful certainty the exact spot of every occurrence there referred to. It is an inspiring place in which to read the entrancing poem; but this had better not be attempted unless the traveller has plenty of time while halting, else the pleasant occupation must surely prevent him from seeing and enjoying the scenery. The lake is small, compared with Loch Lomond, being only seven and a half miles long. The scenery is wilder and more romantic, and the same intense green covers forest and mountain-side. Ellen's Isle is a gracefully rounded and densely wooded island quite near the south-eastern extremity of the lake. Northward rises Ben A'n to the height

of 1,800 feet, and on the opposite shore, Ben Venue rears his head to a loftier height — 2,386 feet. It was a spur of the former the brave Fitz-James climbed upon —

> "And thus an airy point he won,
> Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
> One burnished sheet of living gold,
> Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled."

To leave the paths of fancy and return to the practical, it may be recorded that the city of Glasgow obtains its water supply from this lovely Highland lake, an aqueduct extending thence a distance of forty miles.

At the picturesque landing-place another long line of open wagons, or "brakes," were in readiness, and

> "Then dashing down a darksome glen,
> Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken,
> In the deep Trosach's wildest nook,"

our party were ushered into the presence of another famous bit of Highland scenery. The Trosachs is the designation of a narrow, rocky defile, from which, until the present road was made, says Scott, there was no mode of issuing except by a sort of ladder composed of the branches and roots of trees. The walls are not as high, nor the scenery as wild, as in the chief passes of the White Mountains of New Hampshire, nor do the trees approach anything like gigantic size. For all these reasons the American traveller is likely to be disappointed in its physical proportions.

Nevertheless, the spot is picturesque, and Scotland's great poet and novelist has invested it with such deep romance, that it is full of interest. Somewhere near the easterly end of the gorge, Fitz-James lost his "gallant gray," and the drivers will doubtless point out the precise spot.

We stopped at the Trosachs Hotel, a handsome and turreted edifice, overlooking the lovely little Loch Achray, long enough to get an excellent dinner, and then once more mounting the comfortable wagons, were off for Callander, nine miles distant. The road lies along the north shore of the little lake last named, and affords most enchanting visions through the trees of the neighboring mountains and the quieter scenery of the glen.

> "But nearer was the copse-wood gray,
> That waved and wept on Loch Achray,
> And mingled with the pine-trees blue
> On the bold cliffs of Ben Venue."

The old Brigg of Turk is crossed, and Duncraggan is soon reached. Northward is the lofty Ben Ledi (2,875 feet), lying east of Glenfinlas, and a little further, on the right of the road, at the head of Loch Vennachar, is Lanrick Mead, the ancient gathering-ground of the Clan-Alpine.

> 'At length they came, where, stern and steep,
> The hill sinks down upon the deep.
> Here Vennachar in silver flows,
> There, ridge on ridge, Ben Ledi rose."

On this hillside it was that Vich-Alpine's warriors started out of the ferns at the whistle of their chieftain to confront Fitz-James. Loch Vennachar is larger than Loch Achray, but its scenery is less wild and romantic. From its eastern extremity flows the river Teith, across which, near the lake, was Coilantogle Ford, the spot where Roderick Dhu challenged Fitz-James to single combat. There was formerly a fall here, but the ancient landmarks of the ford have, to some extent, been obliterated by the operations of the Glasgow water-works, which have caused the banks of the lake to be raised several feet, in order to form a reservoir for the supply of the mills on the Teith. Beyond the lake the road winds along a spur of Ben Ledi, and, at a considerable height, is a huge bowlder known as "Samson's Putting-Stone," which seems ready to roll down the hillside upon the passer-by. We cross the river Leny to Kilmahog, and ten minutes later are in Callander, where we take the Caledonian Railway for Stirling, sixteen miles distant. The railway ride takes us through two interesting towns before we reach Stirling; viz., Doune, where are the ruins of a feudal castle, for a time a royal residence, and Dunblane, with its ancient cathedral, which was founded early in the twelfth century. The Bridge of Allan, a well-known watering-place, is also passed, the latter being only three miles from Stirling.

We halted at Stirling over a train, in order to visit

the ancient castle and Greyfriars Church. The town is situated near the river Forth, and on a gradually sloping eminence, bearing externally some resemblance to the site of the old part of Edinburgh. Its ancient castle, which stands on the brow of a precipitous rock, is closely associated with the history of Scotland from an early period. The date of its foundation is unknown, but it was a fortress in the time of the Picts. Alexander I. died within its walls in 1124, and in 1304 it held out for three months against Edward I. of England, at the head of a powerful army. For ten years Stirling remained in the possession of the English. To maintain its possession, Edward II. assembled a great army and undertook the invasion of Scotland, which terminated in his defeat on the neighboring field of Bannockburn. After the death of Bruce it was captured by Edward Baliol, the aspirant to the Scottish throne, and from him it was recovered for King David, after a long and obstinate siege. About the time of the accession of the house of Stuart, the castle again became a royal residence, and it was the birthplace of James II. and James V., the latter of whom was crowned here. James VI. and his eldest son, Prince Henry, were baptized within its walls, and within the neighboring church of Greyfriars (now known as the East and West Churches), James VI. was crowned, in 1567, John Knox preaching the coronation sermon. In the same church, too,

his unhappy mother was crowned at the tender age of eight months. The church was erected by James IV. in 1494, and the castle was that king's favorite residence. The palace, which occupies the south-west part of the fortress, was erected by James V. The unfortunate Queen Mary was an inmate of the castle, and at the end of the garden is an aperture in the wall, called Queen Mary's Lookout, from whence that royal personage is said to have viewed the sports which took place on the field below. Another lookout from the ramparts is dignified by the name of Victoria View, and commemorates a visit of the present Queen and the late Prince Consort to the spot in 1842.

The view from the ramparts is indescribably fine. The vale of Menteith, a plain of great fertility, stretches to the west, bounded by the Highland mountains, whose graceful peaks fringe the horizon. To the north and east are the Ochil Hills, and the prospect on the south is closed by the Campsie Hills. Directly below is the town, the river with its ancient bridges, one of which is supposed to have been built a thousand years ago, and the turf embankments of the King's Garden, still preserved in the form they existed centuries ago, an octagonal mound called the King's Knot, and said to mark the spot of the royal sports, occupying the centre. A little distance north of the castle is the Heading Hill, where, in 1424, the

Duke of Albany, with the Earl of Lennox, his father-in-law, and his two sons, was beheaded within sight of his own Castle of Doune. The turnpike road, like a gray thread, directs the eye to Cambuskenneth Abbey, the lofty Wallace Tower on Abbey Craig, which stands like a sentinel over the beautiful valley, and the Bridge of Allan. The eye wanders over many a battle-field, including the bloody Bannockburn, which lies two miles east of Stirling. One of the most interesting parts of the castle is the Douglas Room, which, with the very closet where James II. stabbed the Earl of Douglas, in 1452, is shown to visitors. This portion of the castle was damaged by fire in 1855, but has been restored. The Douglas Room has been made the receptacle of various relics, and in the collection may be seen one of the numerous pulpits of John Knox, the Reformer, and a clock which belonged to James VI. Stirling Castle is one of the four fortresses of Scotland, kept in repair by the articles of the Union, and it is still maintained as a military station.

Greyfriars Church is more interesting on account of its historical associations, than for any beauty especially its own. Near it, however, is a cemetery with many beautiful monuments, one of which, of modern origin, is to the memory of the Virgin Martyrs, two young women who suffered death by drowning in the Solway, May 11, 1685, during the persecu-

tions of that time. They were tied to stakes and drowned by the rising of the tide. James Guthrie, the martyr, one of the ministers of the church, who was beheaded in Edinburgh, is also buried here, and the cemetery also contains statues of Knox, Melville, Henderson, James Renwick, and others.

Resuming the railway we proceeded to Edinburgh, 36 miles distant, arriving at 9.30 o'clock, P. M., but so long are the summer days in this northern latitude that it was still daylight. These long northern days are very favorable to sight-seeing, and at the same time quite detrimental to the interests of the gas companies. There are, indeed, in June and July, only a few hours of darkness. The approaches to Edinburgh are through a rich and finely cultivated region, and luxuriant fields and gardens, fine country-seats, and neat, clean habitations of a humbler sort everywhere abound. Every foot of land is tilled, and well tilled too; and there is an air of neatness and thrift, even about the cottages of the railway-station people, that is refreshing.

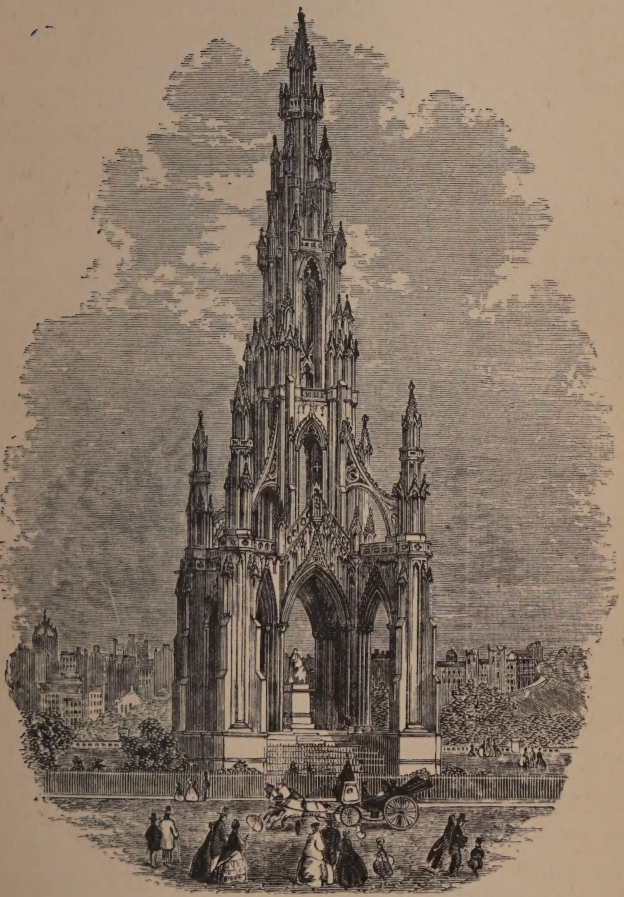
Flowers are seen everywhere, and at some of the stopping-places, the name of the station is spelled out in them on a convenient and sightly bank. All the buildings are of stone, and thus a village, town, or city, is made to look as if it were intended to stay. The contrast between a Scottish or English hamlet with its solid, substantial edifices, and one of

our American villages where the buildings are all of wood, is very marked. While coming through Linlithgow, 17 miles from Edinburgh, we had a momentary view of the ruins of the ancient royal palace, where Mary Queen of Scots was born into this world of trouble, in 1542.

Mr. John M. Cook, of the firm of Messrs. Cook & Son, excursion agents, having met our party on its arrival at Greenock, and preceded us to Edinburgh, had all the hotel arrangements completed and awaiting our coming. The other half of the party had reached the city two hours in advance of us, but were compelled to forego the pleasure of the stop in Stirling we had enjoyed. Seven different hotels; viz., the Cockburn, Darling, Alexandra, Rutland, Clarendon, Crown, and Osborne, were taken possession of, and as several, if not all these houses displayed the American flag in honor of their guests, Prince's Street presented a gay, and, to some extent, a homelike appearance. We remained in Edinburgh from Wednesday evening until Friday morning, and the time was pretty thoroughly occupied in inspecting the historic edifices and ruins, the many beautiful monuments, the institutions of learning, the museums, and the picturesque surroundings of the charming city. Hours should have been days; but the visitors made themselves exceedingly busy, nearly monopolizing the driving facilities for the period of their stay.

Edinburgh, one of the most beautiful cities in all Europe, is most picturesquely situated, upon two ridges of hills, the more elevated of which is occupied by the castle and the old town. The elevation of Castle Hill is 383 feet. Between it and the new section of the city there existed, up to the middle of the last century, a morass or lake (it was known as the North Loch); but this has been drained, and now forms a line of beautiful gardens, along the north margin of which is the handsome, wide thoroughfare known as Prince's Street. At the east end a lofty bridge connects the two sections, and the Mound is another means of communication, about midway in the valley. It is here the Royal Institution and National Gallery are situated. Along the line of the ancient lake, in deep cuts or through tunnels, one of the latter lying directly beneath the National Gallery, the railway runs, thus gaining a central terminus, and at the same time being much below the level of the surrounding streets. Railway crossings at grade are rarely met with in Great Britain, and the liability to accident is thus greatly reduced. The difference between the old and new sections of the city is very marked, in the character of both the buildings and the thoroughfares. In the old town, where, in the early days, the available space was very contracted, the streets are narrow, and are bordered by still narrower wynds or closes, while the houses, built to

a great extent upon the hillside, are very tall, in many instances extending, on one side at least, to the height of ten or a dozen stories. They build strong in the old country, else half of old Edinburgh would have toppled over many years ago. In the newer section of the city — and this has to some extent taken possession of the plains south of the castle as well as of the fields on the opposite side — the avenues are wide and regular, and the residences and business edifices are broad and commodious, though less lofty. Along the Prince's Gardens are several of the finest statues and monuments of Edinburgh, including the noble Scott Memorial, an elaborate Gothic structure, two hundred feet and six inches in height, which contains a fine marble statue of the great poet and novelist, in a sitting posture (by Sir John Steell), and a great number of niches occupied by statuettes representing his chief characters, and also other Scottish poets. The beautiful memorial was erected from a design by George M. Kemp, a self-taught young man, who unfortunately died before the creation of his fancy was put in full and enduring form. One of the most remarkable facts connected with this monument, to the American mind, is that its cost was only a trifle more than $75,000. The foundation-stone was laid in the year 1840 (the monument was finished in 1844), and there was deposited a plate, bearing the following inscription, prepared by Lord Jeffrey: —



THE SCOTT MEMORIAL, EDINBURGH.

"This Graven Plate, deposited in the base of a votive building on the fifteenth day of August, in the year of Christ 1840, and never likely to see the light again till the surrounding structures are crumbled to dust by the decay of time, or by human or elemental violence, may then testify to a distant posterity that his countrymen began on that day to raise an effigy and architectural monument TO THE MEMORY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART., whose admirable writings were then allowed to have given more delight and suggested better feeling to a large class of readers in every rank of society than those of any other author, with the exception of Shakespeare alone, and which were therefore thought likely to be remembered long after this act of gratitude on the part of the first generation of his admirers, should be forgotten.

"HE WAS BORN AT EDINBURGH 15TH AUGUST, 1771;
"AND DIED AT ABBOTSFORD 21ST SEPTEMBER, 1832."

Scott was born in a house, long since removed, which stood in what is now Chambers Street, at the head of the College Wynd, and he subsequently lived for a long period at No. 39 North Castle Street, in the new town.

Among the other statues along the line of Prince's Street are those of Professor John Wilson (Christopher North); Allan Ramsay, the Scottish pastoral poet; David Livingstone, the explorer of Africa; and the Duke of Wellington. Among the other monuments in the new part of Edinburgh, aside from those on Calton Hill, which, properly speaking, is also in the modern-built section of the city, are the Albert Memo-

rial (an equestrian statue on an elaborately adorned pedestal), on Charlotte Square, and the column and statue one hundred and fifty feet high, erected to the memory of Lord Melville, on St. Andrew's Square.

Calton Hill is a sightly elevation in the eastern part of the city, from whence a magnificent view is obtained of the city and the surrounding country. To the west are the frowning battlements of the castle, portions of the old and new towns, with the railways and gardens stretching between. On the south, and at but little distance, are Salisbury Craigs and Arthur's Seat, the latter of which is eight hundred and twenty-two feet high, while the historic Palace and Abbey of Holyrood are in the valley between Calton Hill and Salisbury Craigs, the Queen's Park stretching off to the left. In the distance, flanking Arthur's Seat, are the hills of Lammermoor. To the right, and over the main portion of the city, at a distance of a dozen miles or so, lie the Pentland Hills, the springs of which modern Edinburgh, or the "Modern Athens," as it is sometimes called, has utilized for its water supply. Turning the eye northward, it is seen that the city has spread its wings to the Firth of Forth, a broad arm of the sea, only two miles distant, along the margin of which, in either direction, are a dozen busy towns. The port of Leith is, in fact, a separate municipality, but it forms, geographically, a continuation of the larger city. Across the Firth are the shores of Fife-

shire, while further to the left are the rounded Ochil Hills, and the dim outlines of the more rugged Highlands. To the east is the open sea. Upon Calton Hill are several monumental edifices, and the Royal Observatory. Nelson's Monument, the most prominent structure of all, is a tall and unsightly shaft. The top of the monument is now used for the display of the time-ball, which falls exactly at one o'clock, simultaneously with the firing of a gun at the castle. Both operations are controlled by electricity from the Observatory. Near the Nelson column stands the National Monument, an unfortunate attempt to imitate the Parthenon of Athens. It is not inaptly styled the National Folly. Only twelve columns for the west end of the edifice, which was intended to be of imposing proportions, have been erected, and the structure is not likely ever to be finished. The other monuments are in memory of Professor Playfair, and Dugald Stewart, who was Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh from 1785 to 1820. A monument to Robert Burns is on the south-east side of Calton Hill, beyond the handsome high-school building. Directly below the summit, in the view towards the castle, are the extensive group of castellated buildings, within a high wall, forming the prison of Edinburgh.

On Thursday morning, Mr. John M. Cook assembled the members of our party on the grassy slope of Calton

Hill, and made a brief address explanatory of his plans for our future movements. He also alluded to the fact that, forty years before, the Cooks had brought their first excursion party to the same city.

After inspecting the monuments upon the hill, under the leadership of some of the city guides, and admiring the glorious view from the summit, we proceeded down the declivity to Holyrood Palace and Chapel, passing, on the way, a diminutive building in the old Palace Garden, which served Queen Mary as a bath-house. It was through this building the murderers of Rizzio escaped, after leaping from a window of the palace.

The Palace of Holyrood was distinct from the abbey or monastery, and was founded by James IV. in 1501, the religious establishment having been established by David I. in 1128. Tradition records that King David was hunting in the forest of Drumsheuch (now incorporated in the west part of Edinburgh), when he was attacked by a stag that had been brought to bay. Royalty was in great danger, when a mysterious cross was interposed between the defenceless monarch and the infuriated animal, and the latter fled in dismay. In grateful token the monarch founded and richly endowed the Church of the Holy Rood, giving it into the care of the canons of St. Augustine. The palace, much of which is of modern origin (from 1671 to 1679, during the reign of Charles II.), is in a good

state of preservation, but the ancient abbey is a mass of noble ruins. The latter structure was partly destroyed by Edward II. in 1322; burned by Richard II. in 1385; restored by Abbot Crawford about the end of the fifteenth century; again sacked by the English in the succeeding century; and rifled by a mob in 1688. The palace also suffered frequent assaults. In 1544, at the time of the "rough wooing" of the infant Mary by the English, the palace, with the abbey, and all the rest of Edinburgh outside the castle walls, fell a prey to the flames. Both the palace and abbey soon recovered from the effects of this disaster; and when, in 1561, Queen Mary landed from France as sovereign of Scotland in her own right, and youthful dowager of France, she was conducted to Holyrood. She selected for her private apartments those which occupied the north-western corner, on the third floor of what are known as James V.'s Towers (erected in 1528); and, fortunately, when the palace was subsequently despoiled by Cromwell's soldiers, this portion was saved from destruction. Holyrood is intimately associated with some of the most important events in the history of this most unfortunate queen. Here she reposed after her arrival from the gay land of France; here she was married to Darnley; here Rizzio was murdered; here was the scene of her fatal nuptials with Bothwell; and here she rested her troubled head on the eventful night before she was

committed to the Castle of Lochleven. When James VI. inhabited the palace, it was more than once attacked, and once actually surprised by Bothwell in the course of his ambitious enterprises. Charles I. was crowned in the Chapel-royal on the 15th of June, 1630. The south wing of the palace contains, to-day, the state apartments, and these have several times been occupied by the present royal family of England. The royal stables are opposite the palace, and these, too, are kept up at the present time.

The northern, or historic portion of the palace, together with the Chapel-royal, are accessible to the public every day, except Sunday, after the hour of eleven, A. M. On Saturdays the admission is free, but on other days a sixpence is charged. The visitor is first conducted to the picture-gallery, a fine apartment, 150 feet in length, and 27 feet in width. On the walls are a hundred imaginary portraits of both fabulous and reputed kings of Scotland, all painted by a Flemish artist named DeWitt, between 1684–86. There are three or four pictures of greater historic value, one of which represents James III., and his son James IV., while, on the reverse, is the Holy Trinity. Lord Darnley's rooms are next shown. These contain a number of portraits, including one of Darnley himself. Queen Mary's apartments possess the chief interest. These, as already described, are on the third floor. They comprise the audience-chamber,

the bed-chamber, the dressing-room, and the supper-room. From the bed-chamber, near the entrance to the last-mentioned apartment, a small door opens on the private staircase by which the assassins of Rizzio ascended to the royal apartments; and the spot where the murdered Italian finally fell, at the head of a staircase outside the audience-chamber, is pointed out. The visitor is even asked to believe that a discoloration of the pavement is the blood of the man murdered over three hundred years ago; but this requires rather too great a stretch of faith. Both the dressing-room and supper-room are diminutive apartments, scarcely more than ten feet square. The several chambers are hung with ancient tapestry, faded, moth-eaten, and worn, and the bed of the queen is also shown. In the audience-room, too, is shown the bed of Charles I. In the bed-chamber of Queen Mary are portraits of the unfortunate queen herself, of Henry VIII., and of Queen Elizabeth. Another apartment to which the visitor is taken after viewing Darnley's rooms, and before ascending to Queen Mary's chambers, is the Tapestry Room. This is in the part of the palace rebuilt by Charles II., and contains two large pieces of ancient tapestry, and some portraits. Of the Chapel-royal, nearly the whole of the west front, with its great tower and richly-carved doorway, is said to be a part of the original edifice. The most ancient portion, however, is thought to be a small Norman doorway,

now built up, at the back of the mass of masonry above the royal vault, and which originally communicated with the old cloisters of the abbey. It is thought to date back to 1150.

Upon leaving Holyrood, the visitor's attention is attracted, if it has not been upon his entrance to the palace, by a curious fountain in the centre of the square. It is a copy of one which stands in a ruined state at Linlithgow, and is adorned with a great number of grotesque figures. It was erected by the late Prince Albert.

From the palace, a fairly straight thoroughfare leads up the hill, through the heart of the old town, to the castle. The distance is about a mile, but different portions of the street bear no less than five different names, to wit: Canongate, the Netherbow, High Street, the Lawnmarket (Linenmarket), and Castle Hill. Every foot of the way has historic or romantic interest. Near the foot of Canongate, approached through a court-yard, is the ancient White Horse Inn, one of the oldest hostelries in Edinburgh, but now a neglected tenement-house. It was here that Johnson was entertained on his visit to Edinburgh. Near this is the Abbey Court House and Sanctuary for Debtors. The Canongate Church, the Canongate Tolbooth, and Moray House, are other ancient and interesting edifices at the lower end of this thoroughfare. At the Netherbow, we came to the house of that sturdy old

Reformer, John Knox, provided for him when he was elected minister of Edinburgh, in 1559, and in which he continued to reside until his death, in 1572. Upon the corner, near a window from which he is said to have preached to the populace, is a rude effigy of a minister in a pulpit, pointing to the name of God carved upon a stone above, in Greek, Latin, and English. The house is open to the public on certain days, at an admission fee of sixpence. Just above, on the left, or south side, is the old Tron Church, and on the opposite side of the way, No. 177 High Street, is the cellar in which the Commissioners appointed to sign the Articles of Union, in 1707, secretly met and completed their compact, an enraged mob having driven them from their first meeting-place at Moray House. At No. 155 was Allan Ramsay's book-shop. In this neighborhood are many of the ancient closes and wynds, some of which, though narrow and contracted, formerly held the abiding places of princes, cardinals, archbishops, bishops and peers. In Blackfriars Wynd, a narrow alley now modernized into Blackfriars Street, dwelt the princely St. Clair, Earl of Orkney, whose dame was attended by "seventy-five gentlewomen, whereof fifty-three were daughters of noblemen, all clothed in velvets and silks, with their chains of gold." Up through this dismal pathway, at eleven o'clock, on the evening of the 10th of February, 1567, her attendants going before with lighted torches,

passed Queen Mary, on her way home to Holyrood Palace from her last visit to the fated Darnley — just three hours before his murder. Volumes, indeed, might be written about the history of each of these little alleys. At the Tron Church is seen the march of improvement, in the two modern bridges which have been thrown across the valleys, above the lower streets, on either side.

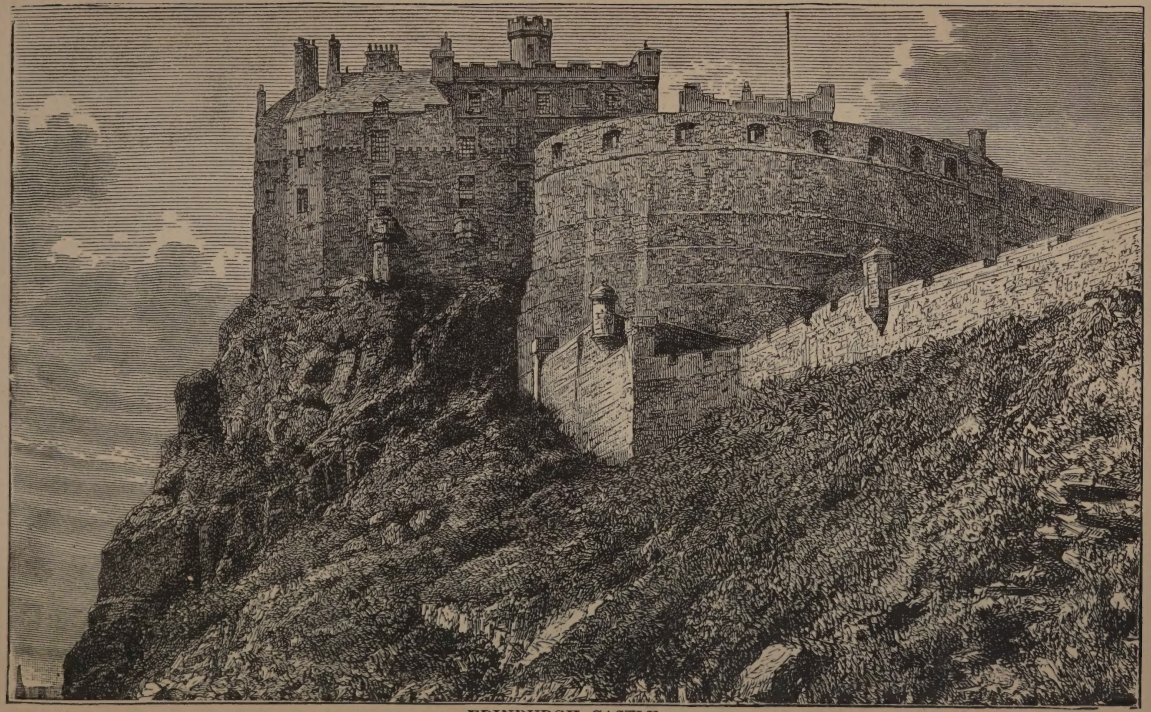
Continuing up High Street, we reach St. Giles's Cathedral, a large Gothic edifice in the form of a cross, with a massive central square tower, which terminates in open stone-work fashioned like a colossal imperial crown. This tower forms a handsome and prominent object in nearly every view of the city. The original church is said to have been founded here early in the ninth century. In 1359 it was rebuilt, and in 1466 it contained no less than forty altars. After the Reformation it was divided into four places of worship, in one of which John Knox preached. It was in the choir that the ludicrous incident occurred, in 1637, when Jenny Geddes threw her stool at the Dean of Edinburgh, on his commencing to read the new Episcopal service-book. The stool is preserved in the Antiquarian Museum. In 1643 the Solemn League and Covenant was sworn to and subscribed to within its walls. Much of the present edifice is comparatively modern, and it is now divided into three separate churches for the Presbyterian service. In one of these, at the

time of our visit, an organ of decidedly modern aspect was being placed. Sixteen years before, Dr. Tourjée's inquiry after such a musical adjunct, had been met by the custodians of the church with expressions of surprise that such an instrument should be looked for in such a place. Within a railing near one of the entrances, may be seen the shaft of the Old Cross of Edinburgh. The original cross, or pillar, stood in a spot now marked by a cross on the pavement opposite the door of the Police Chambers. The ancient custom of making public proclamations by heralds from this spot, is still continued on important occasions. In the rear of St. Giles's, the Parliament House and Law Courts are situated, and the intermediate space was originally the parish cemetery of St. Giles's Church. Many notable men were here interred, including John Knox, whose grave is indicated by a small flat stone near the equestrian statue of Charles II. The site of the old Tolbooth, or "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," as the prison of Edinburgh was called (built in 1561 for the accommodation of parliament and the courts, as well as for the confinement of malefactors, and torn down in 1817), is shown by a heart of stone—a fitting symbol, in the pathway near one corner of the church. The great hall of the Parliament House is a lofty and handsome apartment. Since the time of the Union it has served as a hall for the practitioners in the courts, and it is adorned with statues

and portraits of eminent jurists. Nearly opposite St. Giles's is the Royal Exchange, a building occupied largely as offices in the administration of municipal affairs, and just above is the County Hall, built, like many other modern edifices in Edinburgh, after a Grecian model.

At this latter point, George IV. Bridge turns southward across the little valley which becomes below, the narrow, dirty, forbidding street known as Cowgate, and farther on, below the castle, the Grass-market, which has been the scene of so many executions. The bridge leads in the direction of the University, the new and old Greyfriars Churches, and Heriot's Hospital. This latter institution, with its numerous dependent free schools, is something of which Edinburgh has reason to feel proud; while its celebrated university (founded in 1582), with its museum and library, is a source of national pride. In the churchyard of Greyfriars, rest many illustrious dead, and an innumerable company of Christian martyrs. In a desolate corner on the south side of the yard, about twelve hundred Covenanters, prisoners taken at Bothwell Bridge, were confined for the space of five months, and subjected to many cruelties.

Continuing up through the Lawnmarket from High Street, Castle Hill and the Esplanade are soon reached. The latter is ornamented with a monument, in the form of a Runic cross, erected to the memory of the



EDINBURGH CASTLE.

officers and soldiers of the 78th Highlanders, who fell in India while aiding to suppress the Sepoy mutiny, and a bronze statue of the Duke of York, son of George III.

We have now come to the most prominent and interesting object in the city — the ancient castle. Precisely when this massive fortress was built is not known, but it is supposed to have been established by Edwin, a Northumbrian prince, in the early quarter of the seventh century. The Celtic name of the town was Dunedin, and it acquired its present title from the castle, which was Edwin's "brugh," or stronghold. Old legends say the Pictish kings used the castle as a place of safe-keeping for their daughters until the time of their marriage; but might it not rather have been the safe retreat of the knights from the wiles of the Scottish maidens? The present buildings of the fortress date back no further than the fifteenth century, with the exception of the little Norman chapel, built by the pious Queen Margaret, the Saxon wife of Malcolm Canmore, and mother of David I., who died within the castle in 1093. This edifice is very diminutive, measuring only 16 feet six inches by 10 feet six inches within the nave. After a long period of neglect it was restored in 1853, and adorned with three small stained-glass windows. In the year 1074, the castle was rebuilt by King Malcolm. In the olden time, Edinburgh Castle must have been a formidable fortress, surmount-

ing as it does a rock that was well-nigh impregnable in itself, and it is still maintained as a military establishment; but with the modern enginery of warfare at command, it would not long withstand a hostile attack.

From the Esplanade, the castle is entered by a drawbridge, after passing the outer barrier. Beyond this is the guard-house, and farther up the ascent is the portcullis gate, over which is the old State Prison, where many noble captives have been held in duress. Still further on is the Armory, and at its back is the old sally-port, to which Viscount Dundee scrambled up to hold a conference with the Duke of Gordon, before setting out for the North to raise the Highland clans in favor of King James. The Governor's house and new barracks, erected in the time of Queen Anne, the latter quite bearing out the charge of Scott, that they resemble a cotton-mill, are passed before the citadel, or highest platform of the castle is reached. Here, the little barn-like structure, built for a chapel by Queen Margaret, meets the eye, and opposite, on the king's bastion, stands the famous old cannon, known as "Mons Meg," which is supposed to have been constructed about the year 1476, at Mons, in Belgium, and is known to have been used by James IV. at the siege of Dumbarton in 1489, and again, at the siege of Norham Castle on the Borders, in 1497. It ended its career in 1682, when it burst during the

firing of a salute to the Duke of York. The view from this point is grand in the extreme. Turning westwards, the visitor passes into a quadrangle, the buildings on the south and east sides of which formed for centuries the royal palace and stronghold of the kings and queens of Scotland. The east side is where the royal apartments were located, and where a long line of sovereigns were born, lived and died. On the ground floor is Queen Mary's Room, where, on the 19th of June, 1566, James VI. of Scotland, and afterwards James I. of England, were born; and the window is shown from which the infant prince was let down in a basket. The Crown Room, wherein the regalia of Scotland is displayed, is on the same side of the quadrangle, but one flight higher. These "Honours of Scotland," as the insignia were called, have an interesting history. After the union with England, they remained hidden, and it was not until 1818, when a commission, of which Sir Walter Scott was a member, discovered them in an old oaken chest, in which they had rested, in a walled-up part of the castle 110 years. The regalia consists of a crown, supposed to have been originally worn by Robert the Bruce in the fourteenth century, adorned with diamonds, rubies, and other precious gems; the sceptre, ascribed to James V.; the Lord High Treasurer's mace of office; and the sword of state presented to James IV. by Pope Julius II. The arched embellishment of the crown

was added by James V. in 1536.* Some other jewels are also exhibited, including a golden collar of the Order of the Garter, presented by Queen Elizabeth to King James VI. of Scotland, the badge of the same Order, which also belonged to James VI., the coronation ring of Charles I., and the St. Andrew jewel, which has on one side the image of the patron saint, finely cut in onyx and set around with diamonds, and on the other the badge of the thistle, with a secret opening, beneath which is a fine miniature of Anne of Denmark, Queen of James VI.

On descending from the castle, some of us paid a visit, necessarily hurried because the closing hour was approaching, to the Antiquarian Museum and National Gallery. The former contains a large and interesting collection of antiquities, both foreign and British, including early sculptured stones, arms, ornaments, implements of torture, &c. Here may be seen the "Maiden," an old Scottish guillotine, by which the Regent Morton and many others were beheaded; all the variations of "thumbikins," or thumb-screws, an instrument of torture much used against the Covenanters; the "branks," an ingenious contrivance for punishing scolding women; Jenny Geddes's stool; John Knox's pulpit, from St. Giles's Church; Rob Roy's Highland purse-clasps, with pistols ingeniously concealed, with a view to prevent filching; and hundreds of other interesting relics. In the National

Gallery are some fine paintings, chiefly the works of modern Scottish artists, although some foreign pictures, including a few productions of the old masters, have been added. There is a fine marble statue of Robert Burns, by John Flaxman, and several wax models by Michael Angelo.

The beautiful "Queen's Drive" around Salisbury Craigs and Arthur's Seat enticed nearly every member of our party, and some scrambled to the top of the latter elevation, to gain the magnificent view. On the shoulder of the hill, overlooking Holyrood, are the ruins of St. Anthony's Chapel, which belonged to the cell of a hermit, and beneath is St. Anthony's Well. An old Scottish song declares —

> "Now Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,
> Saint Anton's Well shall be my drink,
> Since my true love's forsaken me."

The ride through the southern section of the city brought into near view some of the fine university buildings, including the Museum of Science and Art, which, unfortunately, there was no time to inspect. In company with Dr. Tourjée, however, I paid a most interesting visit to one department of the University; viz., the School of the Theory of Music. This institution was founded February 13, 1858, through a liberal endowment from the late John Reid. The chair of music is filled by a distinguished musician and com-

poser, Sir Herbert Oakeley. We did not have the pleasure of meeting this gentleman, as he was absent from the city, but we were kindly shown through the various rooms. To Dr. Tourjée the school was not new, as he had received instruction there in its earliest days. Session-time is from November until April, and the number of students is usually about two hundred. The class-room is a large apartment, which contains, in addition to elaborate and costly acoustic apparatus, a magnificent organ, built by Hill & Son of London. Here Sir Herbert gives frequent recitals to the students. In another apartment is a large collection of musical instruments, both ancient and contemporaneous. The whole arrangement of the rooms seems to be precisely what is needed in a college of music, the best feature of all being the superb organ. The founder of the school, Mr. Reid, left behind him a composition which he desired to have performed once a year. This request is rigidly adhered to, and a "Reid Concert" is given annually. The parent University was founded in 1582, and has given to the world some of its greatest scholars and philosophers.

In the vicinity of the University, a section of the city that has been much improved of late years, may be seen a fountain and monument surmounted by the image of a dog. This commemorates an instance of canine fidelity worth relating. Years ago an old sol-

dier died and was buried in the churchyard of Greyfriars. His dog followed his deceased master to the spot and lay down upon the grave. For three successive days he was driven away, but his devotion was so deep that he returned, and finally the keeper permitted him to keep his sad and lonely vigil undisturbed. For twelve years and five months the faithful animal watched by his master's side, and his ward then ceased only on account of death. The monument was erected at the expense of a citizen of Edinburgh.

The environs of Edinburgh are very beautiful, and among the places of especial interest to strangers are Roslin Chapel and Castle, and Hawthornden, which was the residence of the poet Drummond.

Our party received much attention while in Edinburgh. An invitation was extended to its members to attend the Royal Blind Asylum and School Exhibition, at West Craigmillar Park, but on account of our short stay this had to be declined. Thursday evening there was an interesting gathering in the Odd Fellows' Hall, in compliance with the following invitation:—

Sabbath-School Teachers' Union. — On the 10th of July, some 250 American tourists will arrive in Edinburgh. As their leader, Dr. Tourjée, Director of the New England Conservatory of Music, of Boston, has kindly arranged that several of them shall give addresses on Sabbath-school work, a meeting of those interested in such work will be held on

Thursday, 11th of July, at 8, P. M., in the Odd Fellows' Hall; Duncan M'Laren, Jun., Esq., in the Chair.

Mr. Sneddon and his choir will aid in the singing.

The meeting was in fact a reception of those members of the American party who were engaged while at home in Sabbath-school work, either as pastors or teachers, and there was quite a large attendance of such, together with a general assemblage of the Sabbath-School Teachers' Union of the Presbyterian churches of Edinburgh. The convenient length of summer days in this northern country has already been mentioned. The phenomenon was strikingly illustrated on this occasion. Although the hall is by no means well lighted in the ordinary way by windows, it was past nine o'clock before it was deemed necessary to turn up the gas.

The meeting was opened with prayer by Rev. John Young, M. A., pastor of the Newington United Presbyterian Church, and Mr. M'Laren, the president of the occasion, then delivered the following excellent address:—

Christian Friends and Fellow Teachers,—I assume that all here are teachers, that none have come from curiosity or other doubtful motive, but from a warm interest in the work of Sunday-school teaching. I feel much gratified at being called on to preside at a meeting of Sunday-school teachers, because, while connected with a great many societies and boards for various purposes, there is no work to which I

have given more, I may say none to which I have given so much attention, as Sunday-school teaching; and there is no place where I feel so much at home, as in a Sunday School, or in the company of Sunday-school teachers. Our work is humble and unobtrusive, by the world often altogether unnoticed and unknown, and yet I know of no work likely to be fraught with greater results, for on us, to a very considerable degree, depend the characters of the future men and women of our land, our aim being to instil into their minds such principles as shall enable them worthily to discharge their duties as citizens here, and fit them hereafter to dwell in that far more enduring, far more desirable city, "whose builder and whose maker is God."

I feel specially gratified at being asked to preside this evening, and have the privilege of introducing to you, honored brethren from the other side of the Atlantic. These brethren have come for a holiday; they have visited our city for the purpose of acquainting themselves with its beauties, and the many interesting associations which connect it with the past. But in place of devoting their whole time to seeing the attractions which our "own romantic town" so abundantly presents to tourists, our friends have generously agreed to spend a portion of their limited time in benefiting our citizens, by giving us their experiences of Sunday-school teaching.

There was a time, and not far distant, when citizens of one country would never have thought of enlightening the inhabitants of another land, when no relationship was recognized between different states, unless one of enmity and jealously. Happily the more enlightened Christianity now taught, and the more frequent and easy means of intercourse between nations, have, to a large extent, broken down those walls of partition that hitherto divided them; and

I trust the rivalry between nations in future will not be as to who can gain advantage over another by sheer force or subtle stratagem, but who can do most to promote the welfare of all mankind. From most civilized countries we can learn something, and it should be our object to learn from each nation that which she is best able to teach us. I have no doubt our friends here will learn something in this land, and also on the Continent of Europe, whither they are going, which they can carry back with them and make use of in their own homes. And if they can learn something from us, there is much, very much, we can learn from them. There is no department in which they can teach us more, than in that of Sunday Schools, whether we look at their perfection of system, their enthusiastic zeal in teaching, or the great results they achieve. In all these points they pre-eminently excel.

I do not know if it would be possible for our Edinburgh Union to organize a party equal in numbers to that which is now visiting our city, and like them charter a vessel to cross the Atlantic, a party in which every Sunday School in town should have one or more representatives. If it could be done, and a month were devoted to visiting the schools of the United States, the benefit resulting to our city would be incalculable. I fear, however, that our Sunday-School Union is not sufficiently enterprising; and so if we do not visit America, the next best thing for us is to listen to what our American friends have come here to tell us.

Their ideas and ways differ from ours, and I ask you not only to listen to their statements, but when you go home carefully to consider and weigh their plans with those you have been accustomed to follow. Do not reject anything simply because it is novel. Do not not be alarmed because it is opposed to old-fashioned ideas. The Apostles were

surprised to find the Master's teaching so different from that of the Rabbis; so one day they told him so, and that the Pharisees were offended. What was the Master's answer? "Every plant which my Heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up." Those plants, those doctrines, those systems which are merely of human origin, which have nothing divine in them, cannot endure; they "shall be rooted up." But God's laws are plants of life, which shall abide for ever; the way appointed by Him, the plans in harmony with His will, cannot be overthrown. Let us then sift and examine our systems and modes of working; what is merely our own let us be willing to drop, but that which is divine let us ever "hold fast."

It will be unpardonable in me to detain you by any lengthy remarks of mine. I hasten, therefore, to introduce to you these honored brethren and fellow laborers, who, though we see them this evening for the first time, we do not regard as strangers, but "esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake."

Mr. John K. Bucklyn, of Mystic Bridge, Conn., principal of a well-known educational institution, and an efficient Sabbath-school worker, was the first of the Americans to speak. He related how work in the Sabbath School was carried on in his community, and spoke of the means employed to engage the interest and attention of both young and old, referring especially, in this connection, to the Sabbath-school concert, an institution so well known and appreciated in America.

Rev. Dr. Blythe, secretary of the Union, remarked

that the Sabbath-school concert was new to them, and expressed the wish that the other speakers might tell of the methods of work pursued in American schools.

Rev. J. Thorburn, of Ottawa, Canada, spoke of the normal school, and of the needs of a pure and elevated Sunday-school literature, and before closing his remarks, expressed the hope that an excursion of teachers to America, such as the chairman had suggested, might be carried out; in which case he trusted they would not overlook Canada.

Mr. O. B. Bruce, of Binghamton, N. Y., began a genial speech by addressing his hearers as "brither Scots," and this token of his origin was received with much favor. He explained that he was not himself a native of Scotland, but could claim that honor for his father. He said if the warmth and greatness of heart that existed in the old country were known on the other side of the ocean, the maps would be reconstructed, and certain countries would appear thereon upon an enlarged scale. He then proceeded to speak of Sunday Schools, calling attention more especially to the field presented for work among the lower classes.

Rev. N. B. Fisk, of Marlborough, Mass., made a short address upon the general topic of the evening. In opening his remarks he said that although he could not claim the honor of Scotch descent, as could his brother Bruce, he could say the next best thing: he

had made a Scotch woman his wife, and he most cordially advised his young American friends to follow his example.

Dr. Tourjée was next introduced, and in a brief address called attention to music as an important agent in the church and Sabbath School. The truths of the Bible could be sung into the hearts of the young in tender, touching melodies, better than they could be carried there in any other way. The singing of children should be made a part of the service in the church. Music was a universal language, and the power of song was great. In closing his remarks, Dr. Tourjée referred to the happiness that had been afforded to the members of his party and himself by the day's experiences, and by the pleasant meeting then in progress.

The closing address of the evening was delivered by Thomas Robertson, Esq., of Edinburgh, who said he arose to re-echo the welcome that had been extended by the chairman. The Sabbath-school movement in America reached a magnitude far in advance of what could be seen in Scotland. He spoke of a recent visit paid to the United States, and of the great pleasure he had experienced in visiting some of the Sabbath Schools there, and in becoming acquainted with some of their methods of operation. The speakers who had enlightened the meeting during the evening, in such a whole-souled way, regarding their

methods of work, were worthy of thanks. He therefore moved a vote of thanks to all who had spoken, and the same was adopted.

The addresses were interspersed with some very fine singing by the choir of the Lauriston Place United Presbyterian Church, under the direction of Mr. John Sneddon. The sacred selections sung comprised the following: —

"Psalm 72 (old metrical version) :—

'His large and great dominion shall from sea to sea extend.'
—Tune, 'Effingham.'

"Hymn 309 (United Presbyterian Hymnal) :—

'We plough the fields and scatter the good seed on the land.'

"Hymn 233, by Henry Smart :—

'Hark, hark my soul.'

"Hymn 303, by Herbert Oakeley :—

'Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear'

"Sentence :—

'Our soul waiteth for the Lord.'"

At the suggestion of Rev. Dr. Blythe, Mr. Sneddon and his excellent choir added two purely Scotch songs, which were charmingly sung, and warmly appreciated by the guests. These were, "My Dear Hieland Laddie O," by Tannahill, and an old air, entitled, "Saw

ye Johnnie comin'." "The Angel of Hope," by Reichardt, was also finely sung.

The American party was early astir Friday morning, and after a "plain breakfast," repaired by rail to Melrose, where, before entering upon an inspection of the famous old abbey, we were provided with another and more substantial repast, at the George and Abbotsford Inn, one of the three principal public-houses of that place. Our ride was over what is known as the "Waverley Route," one of the lines of the North British Railway. The distance from Edinburgh to Melrose is, to be precise, 37¼ miles, and the country through which the traveller passes, is rich both in natural scenery and in historical associations. We were approaching the beautiful home of Sir Walter Scott, his last resting-place, and the spots most revered by the great novelist. This northern enchanter has invested the beautiful border-land with romantic interest, and never did a region of equal extent supply more history and tradition for such a pen. The route is, for a little way, along the river Esk, and its chief tributary, and for a longer distance along the Gala Water, until the latter stream unites with the river Tweed, near Abbotsford. The Moorfort Hills lie upon the west, and the long line of Lammermoor Hills upon the east. The whole course is lined with ancient castles, some mere masses of ivy-decked ruins, and others still preserved as the homes of noblemen and wealthy land-holders. On

leaving Edinburgh, the traveller passes under a spur of Calton Hill, by means of a tunnel, and soon after gains a last view of Holyrood, with the rugged Salisbury Craigs as a background. Portobello is a pretty suburb situated on the shores of the Firth of Forth; just beyond is Craigmillar Castle, once the abode of Mary Queen of Scots. At Dalkeith is the palace and extensive park of the Duke of Buccleuch. Near Dalhousie Station, are Newbattle Abbey, and the seat of the Marquis of Lothian. The approach to the Moorfort Hills is very picturesque. On the right is Borthwick Castle, and on the left, the remains of Crichton Castle. The former (built in 1430) formed a retreat for Queen Mary and Bothwell, and when the barons under Morton invested the place, the queen escaped in male attire, disguised as a page. The castle was partly destroyed by Cromwell in 1650. Near Gorebridge, are observed the ruins of Newbyres Castle; near here, too, are the remains of a Roman camp. Just beyond Stow, are the ruins of Ewe Castle, on the right, and Gunzion and the Castle of Torsonce, on the left. Nennius informs us that at the Castle Gunzion, King Arthur defeated the Pagans, carrying on his shoulder a cross made at Jerusalem, after the likeness of the true Cross. Galashiels is a manufacturing place much given to the production of "Scotch tweeds," and "Gala tartans." All this and much more is seen in the hour's ride.

Melrose Abbey is by the side of the railway, and but a short distance from the station. Sir Walter Scott wrote, —

> "If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
> Go visit it by the pale moonlight."

This we did not do, but we saw it under the favoring circumstances of a bright, sunny summer morning, when all nature seemed beautiful, and when the shade of the crumbling and ivy-clad walls invited the stroller, and led him almost as well to dreams of the past, when the beautiful Gothic pile was peopled by hooded monks. The abbey is one of the most perfect, as well as most beautiful, relics of Gothic magnificence in church building. Founded in 1136 by David I., and dedicated to the Virgin, it was colonized by Cistercian monks. The other abbey buildings being razed, the church alone remains. This is two hundred and fifty-eight feet long, extending east and west, and one hundred and thirty-seven feet wide. The carvings and mouldings about the doorways and great windows are of great delicacy and beauty, and it may be easily ascertained that even the parts hidden from view are wrought with equal fineness, — a state of things which is quite at variance with the American style of construction, which generally seeks only to produce a fair exterior. Images and heads of stone, some reared in pious veneration, and others of a grotesque kind, such

as were common ornaments of palaces and abbeys in the olden time, are seen on every side; some of the statues are without arms, and others are lacking heads. In a gracefully-canopied niche, over the principal entrance, formerly stood a figure of the Saviour. Time has wrought less change in the grand old pile, and in the details of its ornamentation, than the violence of man. The English plundered the edifice in 1321, and it was four years after restored by King Robert the Bruce. Richard II. burned it in 1384. Sir Ralph Evers and Sir Bryan Latoun plundered it in 1545; and in the course of the same year the Earl of Hertford, who had come to Scotland upon the "rough wooing," by command of Henry VIII., followed their example. At the time of the Reformation it was pillaged once more; and then Cromwell battered it with cannon from Gattonside, which lies just across the river Tweed. In one place, high upon the wall, are statues of St. Andrew, and the Madonna and Child. The head of the infant is demolished. Morton, in his "Monastic Annals of Teviotdale," says: "Tradition reports that when the person who was employed to destroy the statues in the building (1649) was striking at this image, a piece of it fell and hurt his arm, which was disabled ever afterwards." "Superstition," he adds, "proved here, though rather late, an antidote to blind zeal, and to this circumstance is probably owing the preservation of the few statues that are left in the

sixty-eight niches still remaining in the different parts of this highly-finished edifice." Among the grotesque carvings are many quaint heads, and in one place a sow playing on a bagpipe, which may be taken as a piece of severe sarcasm on the national music. In allusion to the magnificent eastern window, whose delicate and beautiful tracery is yet preserved, Sir Walter Scott says, in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel": —

> "Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
> 'Twixt poplars straight the osier wand
> In many a freakish knot had twined;
> Then framed a spell when the work was done,
> And changed the willow wreath to stone."

One of the best views of the ruins is had from the neighboring churchyard, where many an hour might be spent in scanning the old monuments to the dead, although more ancient burial-places are found within the abbey. Alexander II., one of the greatest of the early Scottish kings, was buried beside the high altar in 1248. Many of the mighty Douglases lie buried here, and the heart of Robert the Bruce was deposited in this place, after the attempt of Sir James of Douglas to carry it to the Holy Land. The king's body had been interred at Dunfermline. The grave of Michael Scott, the famed "Wizard of the North," is pointed out, but it is doubtful whether he lies buried here or at Home Coltrame in Cumberland. It is

Michael Scott who stands credited with the clefts in the neighboring Eildon Hills, which lift their triform tops gracefully above the town. The remains of Sir David Brewster are buried just outside the abbey wall. Among the curious epitaphs in the churchyard, the following, singularly appropriate in such a place, is worth transcribing: —

"The earth goeth
on the earth
Glistring like gold.
The earth goes
to the earth
Sooner than it wold;
The earth builds
on the earth
Castles and towers;
The earth says
to the earth
All shall be ours."

The mode of life of the monks found much condemnation at the time of the Reformation, and there were many satires written thereon. Sir Walter Scott has preserved the following extract from one of these: —

"The monks of Melrose made fat kail
On Fridays when they fasted;
And neither wanted beer nor ale,
As long as their neighbours' lasted."

On leaving Melrose Abbey we took carriages for Abbotsford. One-half the party had already preceded us there, and they now took our places at the abbey. The ride was delightful, and the visit to the charming spot selected by Sir Walter Scott as his home during his later years, was more delightful still.

The house, pleasantly situated on the banks of the Tweed, environed by beautiful gardens, lawns, and shrubbery, remains almost wholly as the great poet and novelist left it. The contents of several of the rooms are exactly the same as when their great owner breathed his last, September 21, 1832. Abbotsford has been denominated a "poem in lime and mortar," and with good reason. Not only is its situation full of beauty and poetical suggestiveness, but the impress of the poet's hand is left on all around — in the arrangement and adornment of the house, and in the tasteful and romantic surroundings. It was a fitting seat for a great poet, and one that he himself had wholly planned. There is scarcely a tree that does not owe its existence to his planting. The Abbotsford property principally extends southward, including within its bounds Cauldshields Loch, a sheet of water from whence emanates a rivulet running through the Rhymer's Glen, the traditionary rendezvous of True Thomas of Ercildoune with his elfin love, the Fairy Queen. The walls of the edifice are largely made up of quaint and curious fragments, many of them from castles, abbeys, and historic sites, all woven into a picturesque mass of masonry.

The present proprietor, who married into the Scott family and then changed his name to that of Scott, keeps the house, or a portion of it, open as a sort of museum, and thither go thousands of pilgrims every

year. The rooms accessible to strangers are the hall, study, drawing-room, library, armory, dining-room, and a little closet-like apartment leading from his study, where Sir Walter is said to have found a quiet retreat when troublesome visitors appeared. The library is in several of these rooms, and comprises some 20,000 volumes. The lower ranges of shelves are covered by wire network to prevent the books from being handled, and perchance pilfered. An attempt was made, some years ago, to steal some valuable relics contained in a glass case. The walls, not covered by books or pictures, are adorned with ancient weapons and other relics. Among the more remarkable objects seen upon the walls, or elsewhere, are the following: A large sword found on Bosworth field; a Roman camp-kettle; a huge war-horn from Hermitage Castle; Rob Roy's gun; the sword presented to Montrose by Charles I.; a cross of pearl which belonged to Mary Queen of Scots; the pistol of Grahame of Claverhouse; the spurs of Oliver Cromwell; the hunting-flask of James VI.; pistols, a portfolio, and a half-used stick of sealing-wax found in Napoleon's carriage after the battle of Waterloo; "thumbikins," and other implements of torture; the iron mask worn by Wishart, the martyr, at the stake, to prevent him from addressing the people; relics from the old "Tolbooth" in Edinburgh; and a silver urn presented to Sir Walter by Lord Byron. The skull of Bruce is also said

to be kept here, but is not now shown to visitors. Locked within a glass case are the clothes worn by Sir Walter just previous to his death; and even his walking-stick and forest accoutrements are also preserved. Among the many pictures are family portraits of the Scotts, including one of Sir Walter's ancestor, "Beardie," who suffered his beard to grow neglected, in token of his sympathy for the broken fortunes of the Stuarts, and another, by Sir William Allan, of Sir Walter's eldest son as an officer of the 18th Hussars; Amias Camrood's painting of the head of Queen Mary on a charger, the day after her execution; full length portraits of Essex, Oliver Cromwell, Claverhouse, Charles II., John Dryden (by Sir Peter Lely), &c. There is also a bust of Scott by Chantrey, which is said to bear a remarkable likeness to the original, and a copy of the Stratford bust of Shakespeare. Even the furniture possesses historical value, for an ebony writing-desk was the gift of George III., an antique drawing-room set, in ebony, the gift of George IV., and some elbow-chairs the gift of one of the popes.

Sir Walter is not buried here, nor at Melrose, but in Dryburgh Abbey, which is five miles south-east of Melrose.

Returning by carriage from Abbotsford to Melrose, we once more took the railway, and sped on towards London, still on the line of the "Waverley Route." This took us through Hawick, a manufacturing town,

situated on the river Teviot, and near which is Branksome Tower, celebrated in Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," Riccarton, and some other unimportant places, before we passed through the Cheviot Hills, and into England, in the direction of Carlisle.

CHAPTER III.

ENGLAND.

Entering England — By Special Train to London — The Midland Railway and the Midland Country — European Railways and their Peculiarities — The Approach to the Great Metropolis — The Midland Grand Hotel — Seeing London — The Metropolis and its Immensity — How London has Overgrown its Ancient Limits — The Busiest Spot in the Whole World — Means of Travel in the Great City — The Metropolitan Railway and the Hansom Cabs — The Houses of Parliament and their Adornment — Westminster Hall — Westminster Abbey — Whitehall — Charing Cross — Trafalgar Square and its Monuments — The National Gallery — The Strand — Temple Bar — The Temple, &c.

THE thoughtful American, upon entering England, or any part of Great Britain, cannot but feel something akin to native pride, for in spite of present national distinctions, broadened, too, by three thousand miles of ocean, there is a common ancestry to look back upon, besides a common language which also makes us kin. Not that he forgets his own loved land, but he is brought into communion with institutions under which his fathers lived, and to scenes which they loved. In the presence of towns, palaces, and castles built many centuries ago, and with the constantly recurring records of the long past, it seems but a span back to the day when a handful of Englishmen set sail

for that distant shore to found a new nation. The history of England has extended over so great a period, and has been so prolific of great events and of great results, that the little land, not as large territorially as many of our single States — the islands of Great Britain and Ireland altogether being of less area than some of them — stretches by an illusion, as Emerson tersely puts it, to the dimensions of an empire.

Without weeks, months, and years at our command, it could hardly be expected that our explorations would reach to every interesting place — indeed, to more than a few of the many; but we made good use of our time. "Yes," says Emerson, "to see England well needs a hundred years; for what they told me was the merit of Sir John Soane's Museum in London — that it was well packed and well saved — is the merit of England; it is stuffed full, in all corners and crevices, with towns, towers, churches, villas, palaces, hospitals, and charity-houses. In the history of art, it is a long way from a cromlech to York Minster; yet all the intermediate steps may still be traced in this all-preserving island."

As already intimated, we crossed the Scottish border near Carlisle. This is a very ancient city, having been originally occupied by the Britons, and afterwards by the Romans. Under the name of Luguvallum, it was one of the chief stations on Hadrian's Wall. King Arthur is said to have held his court

here. Carlisle Castle is said to have been built by William Rufus. The place suffered much in the early wars, and also in the Civil War, when it espoused the cause of Charles I. It is a city of something over thirty thousand inhabitants, and is not only an important manufacturing place, but also a great railway centre. We here joined the Midland Railway, on which we continued through to London. This line extends not only from London to Liverpool, but also to Scotland, the cars running over portions of other railways both to Edinburgh and Glasgow, above Carlisle. It was on the Midland system that we had come through from Edinburgh, and a special express train was furnished by that corporation for the Tourjée party, as will be seen by the following official notice and time-table :—

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

Time-Table of Special Express Train with Passengers conveyed from New York to Glasgow by Steamship "Devonia," under the management of Messrs. Cook, Son, & Jenkins, from Edinburgh (Waverley Station) to London (St. Pancras Station), Friday, July 12th, 1878.

Edinburgh, .	dep.	7	30	a. m.	
Melrose, . .	arr.	8	30	"	For Melrose Abbey and Abbotsford.
" . .	dep.	12	30	p. m.	
Carlisle, . .	arr.	2	0	"	
" . .	dep.	2	10	"	
Skipton, . .	arr.	4	5	"	Station for Bolton Abbey.
" . .	dep.	4	10	"	Junction for Manchester.
Leeds, . .	pass	4	47	"	
Normanton, .	arr.	5	0	"	Dine in New Dining-Hall.
" .	dep.	5	30	"	
Chesterfield,	pass	6	22	"	Centre of Derbyshire Coal-Fields —Curious Church Spire.
Trent, . .	arr.	6	53	"	Junction for Nottingham.
" . .	dep.	7	0	"	Trent College on the right, approaching Station.
Leicester, .	arr.	7	26	"	
" .	dep.	7	31	"	

Kettering,	.	pass	8	6 p. m.	Baptist mission founded hereby William Carey, a century ago.
Bedford,	. .	arr.	8	36 "	"Pilgrim's Progress," written in Bedford Gaol—"Bunyan Monument, recently erected—Shortly after leaving Bedford pass Elstow, Bunyan's birthplace, on right.
"	. .	dep.	8	39 "	
St. Albans,	.	pass	9	17 "	The Ancient Abbey of St. Albans to the right of Line.
London,	. .	arr.	9	45 "	

JAMES ALLPORT, *General Manager.*

DERBY, July, 1878.

The distance from Edinburgh to London is 404 miles, and the time-table contemplated only six stops after leaving Carlisle, or eight altogether, including the four hours' halt at Melrose, the others aggregating just one hour additional. This would leave nine hours and fifteen minutes for the running time. The schedule was pretty closely adhered to, only one additional stop being made; but we did not reach our destination until about half an hour after the appointed time. Certainly not a very serious hindrance.

During the ride we had an opportunity to study the English railway methods to a considerable extent, and our subsequent journeyings enabled us to compare them somewhat with those of several of the continental countries, as well as with our own. The Midland is a well-managed road, and its provisions for the comfort and safety of its passengers seem to be of the best. Our train was made up of thirteen first-class carriages, all of the compartment kind, and there was ample room for the entire party without

crowding, so that the journey was made very comfortably. The shape and arrangement of the foreign cars quickly strike the attention of an American traveller. Everything is entirely different, except that on some of the roads — the Midland was the first to adopt them — American Pullman cars are to be seen. The Old Colony and Fall River line runs some of the English style of coaches between Boston and Newport, so that at home we are not wholly unfamiliar with the foreign style of cars. All the early American cars were built somewhat after this pattern. The entrance is from either side, and a car is divided into compartments, the vehicle being made to look like a series of amalgamated coach-bodies. Abroad a single car will sometimes contain first, second, and third-class compartments, and others will be made up wholly of one class. On the English roads, and on many of the continental roads, the traveller is locked in, and cannot get out until he is let out by the guard or a porter. On some of the German roads, and on one or two of the English roads also, the door is secured by an extra latch, easily reached by the passenger; but is not locked. In such cases the traveller is informed of the fact by a notice conspicuously posted within the car, and at the same time warned against the dangers thus likely to arise. Should he attempt to enter or leave a carriage while the train is in motion, or by any means except by the door on the

platform side, he is made liable to a penalty. There are inconveniences attaching to the European style of cars; but one thing may be said of them, and of the modes of governing the railways generally — that the safety of the passengers is much better looked after than in America. On some of the Swiss roads there are cars open at the ends, like our American cars, but the interior is arranged differently, though with a due regard to comfort. There is a series of compartments opening into each other, generally with two seats on one side and one on the other, the aisle running between. Some of the compartments on the German roads will hold a dozen persons, and have seats arranged on all sides, with a table in the centre, and two doors on either side. There are similar compartments on some of the English trains, and they are, of course, very comfortable and convenient for families or parties. Most of the compartment carriages, however, have a double row of seats facing each other, so that half the occupants are compelled to ride backwards. The practised traveller abroad chooses the front seat, and rides backwards, thus escaping the draft and cinders. There are sometimes only six seats in a compartment; but generally eight, and sometimes ten. The second-class carriages generally seat the latter number, but the upholstering is in leather instead of cloth, and less expensive than in the first-class carriages, where there is always an

abundance of room, and luxurious appointments. The third class is plainer than either, and more crowded. There is upon some lines a fourth class, and upon some of the continental railways the accommodations vouchsafed under that head are little better than our cattle-cars. As a general thing the European railway carriages are exceedingly comfortable, but a source of great discomfort and complaint is found in the fact that the cars are very seldom provided with the conveniences invariably found in American cars. The frequent stops made by the trains are supposed to meet this defect, but even then the traveller must in most cases await the motions of the guard in order to get out.

The American traveller quickly learns that it is the invariable custom abroad to travel with as little luggage as possible; and here, let me remark, that "baggage" always becomes "luggage," the former term never being heard in Great Britain except from Yankee lips. There is generally much perplexity in the care of luggage, this arising chiefly from the lack of the checking system, which forms such a great source of convenience with us in America, and in some measure from the annoyance attending its care and the cost of transportation. Of portmanteaus, satchels, bundles in shawl straps, and small packages generally, one sees plenty, and commodious racks are supplied in all the cars for their reception; but trunks are compara-

tively few. Those huge structures of the "Saratoga" pattern, which form an especial object of hatred and revenge on the part of the American baggage-smasher, would prove veritable elephants abroad. Every piece of luggage too heavy for the passenger to convey in his own hands is "lifted" at the station by a porter, never by the cabman, who, indeed, does not leave his seat. The same service is performed at the hotel, and must be paid for accordingly. At the station, before the departure of the train, the heavy packages are weighed, and all extra weight beyond the regular limit is charged for. The trunk, package, or whatever it may be, is properly labelled and then placed by the porter in the luggage-van. On alighting it must be claimed personally, and another porter must be feed to carry it to the waiting cab. In certain countries, the transportation of all luggage must be paid for by weight, and the general limit, except in Great Britain, is only fifty-six pounds for each person. There is a registering system in vogue, which is something akin to our checking system, but it is not nearly as comprehensive, nor a hundredth part as convenient. Upon the payment of a small fee the traveller receives a receipt, and under its provisions the railway officials take full care of the luggage until it reaches its destination. This is a source of great convenience, in default of something better, especially in travelling to or from the Continent, where detentions of ordi-

nary luggage at the custom-houses frequently occur, and are sources of much annoyance. But of all these intricate details the members of the Tourjée party had no opportunity of gaining intimate knowledge, except by observation and inquiry, for in actual experience there was nothing of the kind. All details regarding the moving and transportation of luggage, as well as all matters pertaining to the "booking" and carrying of the traveller himself, were carefully looked after, or provided for, by the conductors of the party. And here let it be said, there is no such thing as a ticket-office on the line of a British railway; it is a booking-office.

The locomotives, no less than the cars, have their peculiarities, and these are quite striking. They are smaller than American railway engines, the enginemen have little protection from the weather, and in place of the great flaring smoke-stack and a superabundance of steam-whistle, there is a small, straight cylinder for the one, and an exceedingly limited supply of the other. The whistles are not as loud, nor are they used as much. Their signals are sounded in short, quick notes, and the unearthly shrieks so common to American roads, both in city and country, are unknown. There is less reason to give warning notes than with us, for there are few roads crossed at grade, and walking on the railway tracks is wholly prohibited. Even the crossing of the tracks in a large

station is not permitted, except by an elevated way or an underground passage. The whole business of running trains is managed much more quietly than with us. When a train arrives in a station, there is but little noise comparatively, and when one leaves but little warning is given. The passenger is supposed to be in his place, and the guard sees that the door is shut. When the time arrives the train moves out, generally without any previous intimation whatever. In some parts of Germany the departure of trains is controlled by gongs, or bells, which are struck by means of electricity from some central point; and in various parts of the Continent the guard gives the signal by a blast on a horn, or by ringing a small bell. In Germany, by the way, the locomotives resemble the American machines more than elsewhere, unless it be in Russia. The mode of coupling cars, and the use of a peculiar spring "buffer," renders the train less liable to jolting or jarring than is the case with the heavy American cars. The whole train starts at the same moment, and is stopped at once, the different carriages being drawn closely together, and made, in fact, one continuous vehicle. There is sometimes considerable rolling motion to the cars, when they are running at high rates of speed, but very high rates of speed are never reached, except on some of the English roads, and there only in the case of particular trains, which rush along at the rate of forty, forty-

five, and even fifty miles an hour. The "Flying Dutchman," on the London and North-Western line, is one of these rapid trains. The French, Italian, German, Dutch, and especially the Swiss lines, run their trains at a much slower rate, twenty-five miles an hour being a high rate of speed, while many of the trains do not exceed fifteen. On our run down to London we did some rapid travelling, the train once or twice attaining a rate of sixty miles an hour. In one instance we ran a distance of eighty-three miles without stopping. On the English roads, generally, persons may accompany their friends to the platform, or meet them there, but in other European countries they can get no further than the waiting-rooms, of which there are different grades for the different classes. In such stations, and indeed almost everywhere, the passengers cannot gain access to the cars until within a few moments before the departure of the train.

There are many features an American traveller misses on the European railway trains; and chief among them are the peanut and candy boys, and the book-venders. It is an open question whether all the inconveniences experienced are not fully compensated for by their absence. The passenger can doze away in his corner without the responsibility of balancing upon his knees a small pyramid of books, magazines, illustrated newspapers, and packages of prize-confection-

ery. If he desires a supply of literature of any kind, in the form of newspapers, guide-books, or something of a more substantial sort, he can obtain it readily enough at the inevitable book-stall in any of the large stations through which he passes; and well-appointed and cheap restaurants are quite as prevalent. In many places there are different restaurants for the different classes of passengers, the real distinction being that a sandwich or a glass of beer costs less when handed over a deal counter than across a slab of polished marble. The bar is a fixture at every restaurant, and throughout Great Britain the attendants in this branch of the establishment are almost invariably women. The "barmaid" is a British institution, to which the traveller soon becomes accustomed, whether he is inclined to become a practitioner at the "bar" or not, inasmuch as the drinking is carried on openly, and without the least effort at concealment. The barmaids, at the railway stations at least, have a general appearance of modesty as well as of neatness, and they are doubtless selected, in most instances, with some view to personal beauty and attractiveness. Their appearance and behavior are certainly of a much better sort than their calling would seem to induce. In Great Britain, not only ale but great quantities of the fiercer spirits are consumed; but on the Continent very little is sold in the way of beverages, except beer and light wines. The former has even obtained a strong

foothold in France, where it is known, not under its German generic title, but as *Boc*. At some places on the continental roads light refreshments and wines are brought to the car windows.

The foreign railway carriages tend to keep travellers much more exclusive than the American railway cars, wherein fifty or seventy-five passengers are thrown together in one apartment, and this plan is suited to the English idea of travelling much better than ours. Caste draws its lines pretty rigidly in the Old Country, and the Englishman does not "mix" as his American cousin is wont to do. He might ride facing you for a day without showing the slightest sign of curiosity regarding you or yours, or without showing, by any outward token, that he is even aware of your presence, unless it chances that you are encroaching upon his personal rights, fancied or real. Your entrance in a carriage, which a little party has hoped to keep all to itself, is very likely to provoke scowls and repellant looks; but pretty much the same spirit is shown with us, where a passenger seeks to monopolize adjacent seats by filling them with packages or shawls, and then committing the extra fraud of telling every fresh comer that the "other" person is coming back soon. This little game does not work as well on the English trains, for the passengers cannot absent themselves from their proper places while the train is in motion. No pleasanter way to travel in parties can be devised

than is provided for by the foreign railway system. Where the traveller is thrust into a little compartment with utter strangers the case is different decidedly, but where all are friends or acquaintances the journey may be made all the more delightful because of the comparative exclusiveness. On the Midland road, at least, four first-class passengers can secure a compartment to themselves upon advanced application to the proper officials, or a family or party of seven or more may secure a family carriage, such as we have elsewhere described, and which is provided with lavatories, &c. Invalid carriages are also provided at a minimum charge of four first-class fares.

But of our journey. Our route extended through the central portion of Cumberland, of which Carlisle is the capital or county-seat, and Westmoreland; thence through the West Riding of Yorkshire, which includes the great manufacturing districts around Leeds and Sheffield; and afterwards through Leicestershire, across Northampton, and through Bedfordshire, and Hertfordshire into Middlesex, within the borders of which London is partly situated. The country through which we passed is generally under a high state of cultivation, although certain sections, principally in Westmoreland and north-western Yorkshire, are made up of mountains and barren moors. In the mining districts, too, there are bare patches; but nearly everywhere the country presents the closely tilled and utilized appear-

ance seen in America only in proximity to the largest cities, where land is dear. The crops were plentiful, and in England vegetables of all kinds abound. Some sections of the country through which we rode are celebrated for sheep-raising, although the famous Southdowns come from an entirely different part of the island. Many flocks of fine sheep were seen grazing on the hillsides and moors. We crossed or ran beside many rivers, some of which have found praise in the exalted songs of poets; but many of these little streams, with their quiet pastoral beauty, are neglected by the American, who intends to measure everything he sees by what he has left behind him, and who dismisses with contempt every rivulet because it is not a Mississippi, — or at least a Hudson or a Connecticut, — and every cascade because it is not a Niagara.

Skipton was the first important place that was reached; and this is of little account to the traveller, except as the junction for Liverpool and Manchester, on coming over the Midland line from the north. A little further down the Aire is the great manufacturing city of Leeds, smoky and grimy like our Pittsburgh; a few miles distant is Bradford, another important manufacturing place. Normanton is a place of little importance, aside from its railway connections; but it will be gratefully remembered by our party for an excellent dinner, which was served in the spacious dining-room of the handsome new station belonging to

the Midland company. Three hundred and fifty railway trains pass through Normanton daily. Sheffield was left a little to the west; but our nearness to a great manufacturing centre was readily shown by the well-laden goods trains, and the smoke. Chesterfield is in the middle of the Derbyshire coal-producing district, but the chief peculiarity in its appearance is a remarkable twisted church spire, 230 feet in height, which belongs to an edifice dating back to the thirteenth century. Not far from Clay Cross is Hardwick Hall, where Queen Mary was for some time imprisoned. Trent (119¼ miles from London, upon the river of the same name), is the junction place of the other portion of the Midland Railway system, which runs through Derby and Matlock to Liverpool, and also of a line running to Nottingham and Lincoln. The handsome buildings of Trent College are seen on approaching the station. The ancient town of Leicester, which was a populous Saxon city at the time of the Conquest, is the next place of importance. Some traces of the ancient walls are said to exist, and several fine Roman pavements have been discovered. Richard III., after his death on Bosworth Field, was buried here, and Cardinal Wolsey died here in 1530. The manufacturing interests of Leicester are largely centred in the making of hosiery. The famous "Stilton" cheese is manufactured in Leicestershire. Market-Harborough is a well-known market town on the Welland

River. Charles I. had his headquarters here previous to the battle of Naseby. Near Rushton, which is a small station near Kettering, the conspirators in the Gunpowder Plot are said to have met. Kettering is a market town, and a railway leads thence to Cambridge. It was already night, and when Bedford was reached we could see but little except its lights. It was in Bedford jail that Bunyan wrote his "Pilgrim's Progress," and in the neighboring village of Elstow he was born, in 1628. A handsome monument to Bunyan has lately been erected in Bedford. St. Albans, like Bedford, was in dark shadow, and we had to take it for granted that the ruins of the ancient abbey could have been seen by daylight.

The approach to London is indicated by the greater frequency of the villages, which flash upon us through the darkness as we rush by, through, over or under them. Soon long, regular lines of gas-lights appear, and soon, after another plunge of a mile, through Belsize Tunnel, we roll into the enormous St. Pancras station, the train-shed alone of which is 700 feet long, 243 feet wide, spanned by a single arch, and 100 feet high.

Up to this point our entire party had travelled together, except during the tour of the Scottish lakes, where it had been necessary to divide it into two sections. A further and more permanent division now took place, the first and fifth sections being

assigned to the Midland Grand Hotel, the second and third to the Inns of Court Hotel (High Holborn and Lincoln's Inn Fields), and the fourth to the Terminus Hotel (adjoining the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway station). To reach the Midland Grand, where about one hundred of us were assigned, required a walk from the railway platform, where we alighted, to one extremity of the station, the hotel, a huge Gothic edifice of red brick, having been erected by the railway company in connection with their terminus. Nearly all the railways running into London have hotels at their terminal stations; an arrangement which proves of great convenience to the traveller who intends to make only a brief halt in the metropolis and does not care to look up quieter and less expensive lodgings. The Midland is the chief of these great railway caravansaries, and was built at an enormous cost. It is seven or eight stories high, the lower ranges of apartments being extremely high studded, and presents an imposing front along Euston Road and when approached from the direction of King's Cross, a high clock-tower adding to it proportions at one end. There are upwards of four hundred bed-rooms; but the house is on too vast a scale to be altogether comfortable, although it is well conducted, as such things go.

Our survey of London did not begin until the morrow, Saturday, July 13; and then, it is but fair to

say, the American visitors made themselves exceedingly busy. It was not expected that the vast city could be thoroughly inspected in the time allotted to our stay. London is a world in itself, and many months might be passed merely in a cursory view of its streets, its parks, its museums, and other public institutions; its churches, its palaces, its monuments, and its many, many places of historic or storied interest. London covers an area of 122 square miles, and its population is fully four millions. It is said to contain over 7,400 streets, which, if lying end to end, would extend 2,600 miles. Its 528,794 buildings include 1,100 churches, 7,500 public houses, 1,700 coffee-houses, and 500 hotels and inns. The Metropolitan Police District, which extends from twelve to fifteen miles in every direction from Charing Cross, embraces an area of 698 square miles, with 6,600 miles of streets and roads. Regarding the cosmopolitan character of the great city, some idea may be formed when it is known that it contains more Scotch residents than Edinburgh, more Irish than Dublin, more Welsh than Cardiff, more Jews than Palestine, and more Roman Catholics than Rome. The visitor to London may not, at first, be struck by its immensity. He lands in one of its great railway stations, perchance at night, and is whirled away in a cab to his hotel, and only sees the bustling world around him; but when he extends his observations,

journeying for hours in any direction, to find himself still environed by the same crowded and busy city, the truth dawns upon him irresistibly. Let him mount to the lantern of St. Paul's, and, if the day be not exceptionally clear, he fails to discern the outer verge of the thickly populated district. The murky atmosphere, which continually hangs like a pall over the great city, independent of the much-talked-of London fog, has, of course, much to do with this circumscribed range of vision; yet the eye may sweep a vact expanse of territory. Close at hand — so close, in fact, between London and Blackfriars bridges, that the minute water craft may be scanned — is the river Thames, whose sinuous course seems to divide this labyrinth in nearly equal parts, although, in truth, the larger part of the thickly populated district lies upon the north bank. Here and there the eye rests upon the great parks, which seem like oases in the boundless human desert, but over on the other side of these cheerful patches of green, stretch away into the dun-tinted obscurity, further conglomerated masses of buildings. In addition to The City — the ancient London, and now its great business centre — and Westminster, which was formerly another place altogether, London contains eight parliamentary boroughs, while sixty outlying villages have, in the course of time, become constituent parts of the great metropolis. The City maintains a separate corporate

existence, and within its borders the Lord Mayor holds sway. The resident population of The City is comparatively small, inasmuch as its territory is chiefly occupied for business purposes. Its western border extends only to the site of Temple Bar, and Southampton Buildings, while London Tower is just without its eastern limit, the boundary line being Bishopgate Without, Petticoat Lane, Aldgate, and the Minories. The Thames washes the southern border, and the northern boundary line extends along Holborn, Smithfield, Barbican, and Finsbury Circus. This is a small area compared with the present expanse of the metropolis, but it contains St. Paul's, the Bank of England, the General Post-Office, the Custom-House, and the great commercial markets of the world. It is said that three-quarters of a million of business men enter the city in the morning and leave it in the evening for their suburban residences. At night, the population of the city proper dwindles down to less than 75,000; and the number is annually growing less, as business structures crowd out the few remaining habitations. The scarcity of actual residents becomes apparent on Sunday, when it is possible to walk through street after street without meeting a solitary human being, where a few hours before there were visible unceasing tides of busy, struggling humanity. Within the walls of the ancient city were more than one hundred parishes, but modern improve-

ments have caused some very odd changes in the old ecclesiastical divisions. The whole of one parish was absorbed by what is now an open space in front of the Royal Exchange; another was entirely obliterated by the Post-Office Building; still another was swept away by the opening of Holborn Viaduct; and a railway station and two houses occupy the former limits of a fourth. In the churches that remain, the parishioners are few, but the increased value of property has largely added to the worth of the livings, so that clergymen are easily found to take them in charge.

The busiest place in the whole world, during business hours, is doubtless the open space in front of the Royal Exchange. In the vicinity are the Bank of England and the Mansion House (the official residence of the Lord Mayor during his term of office), the Stock Exchange, Lombard Street, and many of the great commercial headquarters, in addition to the Royal Exchange. Into this vortex eight thoroughfares pour endless streams of humanity. In a single thoroughfare, Cannon Street, twelve thousand vehicles pass in twelve hours, and the only reason that the number is not greater is that the street is only thirty-six feet wide. At London Bridge, where the roadway is forty-one feet wide, from sixteen thousand to twenty thousand vehicles, and one hundred thousand pedestrians, pass daily; and through Bishopgate

Street, only twenty-two feet wide, pass eight thousand or more vehicles.

What is called the great fire of London, broke out in a baker's shop in Pudding Lane, about one o'clock Sunday morning, September 2, 1666. It raged furiously until the afternoon of Wednesday, September 5. In all, three hundred and ninety-six acres were burned over; fifteen of the twenty-six wards of the city were swept clean, and eight others were partially destroyed; four hundred streets were swept out of existence, and thirteen thousand two hundred dwellings, eighty-nine churches, four of the city gates, together with a great number of costly private and public edifices, were destroyed. The spires and domes of the churches rebuilt after the fire are painted black, and some idea of the extent of the burned territory may be formed by viewing these dingy reminders of the great calamity from St. Paul's, or from the Monument, a shaft two hundred and two feet in height, which was erected in commemoration of the fire, very near the place where the conflagration broke out. The dome and spires of St. Paul's bear the same significant token that the present noble edifice arose on the ashes of an older structure.

The "West End" of London, which is the fashionable quarter of the metropolis, contains the club-houses, most of the palaces and town residences of the nobility and gentry, and most of the places of

amusement. The "East End" includes miles of docks. Below London Bridge all the heavy shipping lies, and in addition to the river-front, there are vast docks which contain thousands of ships. As already intimated, "The City" is the only portion of London that has what may strictly be called municipal rights. The rest of the vast territory is divided into thirty-nine districts, each of which has a separate and distinct administration. Each has its separate vestry and poor-law systems, its special taxes, and its own arrangements for courts, for militia, for gas, for water, &c. There is no central bureau for anything except police administration, for which special purpose a Metropolitan District was created. The Board of Works is a national commission. There has been of late years a growing desire for a consolidation of all these divided interests into one vast whole, with an equal division of municipal advantages, and this result is likely to be brought about at no distant day. With all the chances for corruption and mal-administration such a centralization of power might open, the London tax-payer would unquestionably be directly benefited by the change. A grand City Hall, to be erected at the Blackfriars end of the Thames Embankment, on land now owned by "The City," is already talked of, and the "City" authorities have signified to the Home Secretary their willingness to co-operate in any movement which shall tend to decrease taxation.

A very curious phenomenon connected with London, and tending to show its greatness as a city, was noted many years ago. It was discovered that vegetation was earlier, by from ten to fourteen days, on the west and south-west sides of the city, than elsewhere. This arose from the fact that the severity of the north and north-east winds is mitigated by the fires in the city. Another curious fact was also shown; viz., that in the winter season the temperature at night was higher than in the day, when the solar rays were intercepted by smoke.

"What London will eventually become," wrote Frederick Ross, in the "London City Press," a few years ago, "it is idle to predict. It already stands in four counties, and is striding onward to a fifth (Herts). The probability is that by the end of the century the population will exceed five millions, and will thus have quintupled itself in the century. Should it progress at an equal rate in the next, it will, in the year two thousand, amount to the enormous aggregate of twenty-five millions; and the question that naturally arises is, How could such a multitude be supplied with food? But the fact is, that the more its population increases the better they are fed. In the Plantagenet days, when the population was not a third of a million, famines were of frequent occurrence; but now, with the command of the pastures, the harvests, and the fisheries of the world, starvation becomes an almost impos-

sible eventuality, even with twenty-five millions of mouths to feed."

No other city in the world — not even Paris, with its grand system of omnibuses and tramways — possesses such varied and extensive means of intercommunication as London. Steam is used not only on the river to propel the numberless little ferry-boats, by which a person may journey from one point to another at the cost of a few pennies (for certain distances for a single penny), but also on the Metropolitan railways, which, for the most part, burrow underground. There are fourteen chief terminal stations at which the great railway lines running to various parts of the country enter the metropolis, and most of these external lines are intercepted or approached by the Metropolitan system, which forms a more important artery of intramural traffic than any of the means of communication found on the surface. The "inner circle" forms an almost complete belt around the whole of the inner part of London, and various spurs, or branch lines, diverge to the outlying districts. There are numerous stations, for the lines traverse the most populous districts, and over a million passengers are carried every week, at an average rate of about twopence per journey. These lines run chiefly under the streets or houses by means of tunnels, but, in places, through cuttings between high walls. Between Blackfriars and Westminster the cars run beneath the Thames Embankment. Taking

all the railway lines together, there are in London more than one hundred and fifty stations. Through one of its junctions (Clapham) seven hundred trains run daily. On the Metropolitan Railway, trains are run every three or five minutes, so that passengers have no need to study a time-table, but merely descend from the street-level at one of the numerous stations, and await the coming of the next train, unless some important connection is desired, in which case ample information is given on placards, or in time-tables and railway guides. Riding on the "Underground" is by no means an unpleasant sensation. There are three classes of carriages, as on other railways, with graded prices, and in all cases the cost of a journey is very cheap. The locomotives consume their own smoke and cinders, so that little inconvenience is experienced on that score. The tickets are collected, not in or at the train, but at a gateway on the passage out. The same rigid regulations are applied here as on other lines, to prevent crossing the tracks, and the passenger is compelled to descend on the side he is to enter the train, his ticket being scanned and punched as he descends the stairs on his way to the cars. "Stealing a ride" is thus rendered an impossibility. At one or two points different underground railways are found at different levels, but the subterranean lines are chiefly on the same level.

Besides the railways, subterranean and otherwise,

there are many thousands of tram-cars, omnibuses and cabs traversing the streets. The tram-cars are what are termed in America horse-cars, and of these there are several lines, chiefly in the outlying districts, or leading therefrom. The English were slow to adopt this Yankee invention, and the present lines have come into being for the most part since 1870. The cars differ from the American pattern somewhat, but are comfortable, while their use is economical. The omnibuses, of which there are lines running to all parts of London from the important centres like the Bank, Charing Cross, &c., are also very convenient. There are, altogether, over one hundred lines, which cross the metropolis in every direction, and there is no better or cheaper way for the stranger to see London than to take a ride, or a series of them, by the *'bus*, as the vehicle is familiarly known. Gentlemen have an advantage over ladies in this, inasmuch as they can avail themselves of the top seats, which afford an unobstructed view; while a seat near the driver, or at the rear end on the side the conductor or guard takes his position, is found preferable, as those officials are generally very communicative. The London Omnibus Company, which runs the principal lines, keeps in activity from eight o'clock in the morning until midnight, nearly 600 vehicles, and annually carries over fifty millions of passengers. The cabs are of two kinds, the "four-wheeler" and the "Hansom," and are

very numerous. The cab-drivers number upwards of ten thousand. There are "stands" at every important point, but it is seldom that it becomes necessary to go to them, as a cabman may be signalled from the edge-stone almost anywhere. The "four-wheelers" are small and uncomfortable, although intended for four passengers inside, while a fifth can ride beside the driver. The "Hansoms," which take their name from the inventor, are intended for two persons, besides the driver, who sits in an elevated seat at the rear of the vehicle. They resemble the old-fashioned American chaise, except that the body of the vehicle is much lower, and the driver's seat projects behind. The view in front is unobstructed, and communication is had with the driver through a little trap-door in the roof. In front, a wooden guard or "boot" may be closed for protection against mud or storm. These two-wheelers are driven about much more easily and rapidly than the "four-wheelers," and for persons who are unencumbered by luggage are very convenient, as well as exceedingly comfortable. Fares are reckoned by distance, unless the cab is expressly hired by time, and the charge for a drive of two miles or under is only one shilling, a sixpence being charged for each additional mile or fraction of a mile. A "tip" to the driver may be expected in addition, but is not obligatory. The fare covers the expense for two persons. "Cabby" never alights to assist his passengers in or

out, and it is always well to have the exact amount of money required, and generally to have a definite understanding as to what the amount should be. In cases of misunderstanding, however, the dispute may be settled at the nearest police office, and the driver is compelled to take his passenger there if commanded to do so. The "Fly" is an open vehicle resembling the Parisian *voiture de remise*, and is best adapted to driving in the parks or in the country. They must, as a general thing, be ordered from a livery-stable, and the charges for their use are somewhat higher than for the cabs.

Enough has been shown, I think, to demonstrate that the stranger may get about London readily enough, and very cheaply.

There are several objects in the metropolis which every stranger visits. These are Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, the Tower, and the British Museum. Few depart without visiting the South Kensington Museum and the Albert Memorial (certainly none should do so), and there are hundreds of other interesting places which may be seen incidentally or in special excursions. The Houses of Parliament may be included in the visit to Westminster Abbey, on Saturday only, as that is the only day in the week those buildings are thrown open to the public; and then, even, it becomes necessary to obtain a Lord Chamberlain's order. This is a mere formality, however, and involves nothing more

than a personal application at the Chamberlain's office, near the Victoria Tower, at the time of the visit, which must be made between the hours of ten o'clock and four. As Saturday was the day upon which our inspection of London began, the Houses of Parliament, or the New Palace of Westminster, as the vast collection of buildings is also known, formed an early objective point for most of us. As Parliament had not yet been prorogued, a few members of the party also succeeded in obtaining admission to some of the sittings in the ensuing week. For admission to the Strangers' Gallery during the sessions of Parliament, a member's order, obtainable through the American Embassy, to of course a very limited extent, is requisite. On the approach to the western end of the Palace (from the east), in the Old Palace yard, the visitor sees Baron Marochetti's equestrian statue of Richard Cœur de Lion.

The present Houses of Parliament have been erected since 1840, from plans by Sir Charles Barry, and occupy a site on which a royal palace has existed since the time of Edward the Confessor. The former structure was for the most part destroyed by fire in 1834. Westminster Hall, built by Richard II., towards the close of the fourteenth century, and which was the hall of the ancient palace, was saved, and is now incorporated in the new palace. On the west side of Westminster Hall are the law courts, but the

building in which they are accommodated does not harmonize with the newer structure, and it is to be removed upon the completion of the new law courts in the Strand. The entire area occupied by this vast pile is about eight acres. There are one thousand one hundred rooms, one hundred staircases, and some two miles of corridors and passages. The river-front is the most imposing. From one extremity to the other the distance is nine hundred and forty feet, and the magnificent towers rise to a great height above the general line of the palace itself. These towers are the crowning glories of the vast structure. The Clock Tower at the north-east corner is three hundred and twenty feet high, and the four dials of the great clock are twenty-three feet in diameter. There are several bells, the largest of which weighs thirteen tons. The middle tower is three hundred feet high, and the Royal, or Victoria Tower, at the south-west corner, one of the largest structures of the kind in the world, is seventy-five feet square and three hundred and forty feet high. The material employed for the outer masonry is magnesian limestone, from Anston, in Yorkshire, but unfortunately it has already begun to crumble. The river terrace is built of granite. The architecture is of the revived Gothic, and the ornamentation is everywhere very elaborate. The chief public entrances are through Westminster Hall, or at the south end, near the Victoria Tower. The

Lord Chamberlain's office is near the latter, and the royal entrance is beneath the tower. The impression produced by the interior is, in its way, quite as imposing as that of the exterior. Lavish magnificence is everywhere shown, and the effect is in admirable keeping with the exalted purpose of the building, which is closely associated with the highest governmental affairs of the nation. The royal apartments especially are very richly adorned, down to the minutest detail. Ascending the staircase near the Victoria Tower, and passing through the Norman Porch, the Queen's Robing-Room is first reached. This is a handsome apartment, forty-five feet in length, and the walls are decorated with frescoes from the Legend of King Arthur, by Dyce. Next is the Royal or Victoria Gallery, one hundred and ten feet in length, through which the Queen proceeds in solemn state to the House of Lords, when she opens or prorogues Parliament. This noble apartment contains the celebrated frescoes by Maclise, representing on one side the "Meeting of Wellington and Blucher after the Battle of Waterloo," and on the other "The Death of Nelson." At the opposite end is the Prince's Chamber, which serves as a kind of ante-room to the House of Lords when royalty is received, and which contains John Gibson's marble group of the Queen supported by Justice and Mercy. In panels are full-length portraits of English monarchs of the Tudor

period (1485 to 1603), with those of princes and princesses of the realm, and consorts of the kings and queens. Henry VIII., with his numerous wives, Mary Queen of Scots, and Queen Elizabeth, are in this collection. The House of Lords, or Peers, is the grandest apartment in the palace, though smaller than the legislative halls in Washington. It is ninety-seven feet in length, forty-five in width, and forty-five in height. The decorations, which are in the Gothic style, are sumptuous, but the accommodations for members are by no means extravagant in style or fittings. The benches for the four hundred and thirty-four members are covered with red leather, and are unprovided with desks. These seats occupy the greater part of the floor, although space is reserved for the bar of the House, and for the traditional "Woolsack," a sort of cushioned ottoman, upon which the Lord Chancellor takes his seat. The throne is in the centre, at the northern extremity of the House, between the doors leading to the Prince's Chamber. Upon the right, at a lower level, is the chair of the Prince of Wales, and upon the left that of the sovereign's consort. These grand chairs of state, and their lofty canopies, are richly gilded. The Reporters' Gallery faces the throne, and above it is the Strangers' Gallery. The northern and southern walls are adorned with magnificent frescoes, three at either end. "The Baptism of Ethelbert," by Dyce, "Ed-

ward III. conferring the Order of the Garter on the Black Prince," and "Henry Prince of Wales committed to prison by Judge Gascoigne," both by Cope, above the throne; and the "Spirit of Religion," by Horsley, in the central compartment above the Strangers' Gallery; with the "Spirit of Chivalry" and the "Spirit of the Law," both by Maclise, on either side. There are twelve stained glass windows, lighted at night from the outside, and between them are eighteen niches, with statues of the barons who were deputed to obtain the Magna Charta from King John. Each of the twelve lofty windows has eight compartments, and these contain the portraits of all the kings and queens of England since the Conquest.

The Peers' Lobby, and the Peers' Robing-Room, the latter containing a fine fresco by J. R. Herbert, "Moses Bringing down the Tables of the Law to the Israelites," with spaces for eight other scriptural works by the same artist, are visited, but the Libraries and Refreshment Rooms of both Houses are closed against the public. The Peers' Corridor, which contains eight frescoes, the subjects of which are taken from English history (one of them being "The Embarkation of the Pilgrim Fathers to New England"), leads to the central hall, a noble apartment, sixty feet in diameter, which is adorned by numerous statues of kings and queens, and lighted by lofty windows of stained glass. There are four lofty Gothic doorways leading from this

hall to important departments of the buildings, and four lesser exits to various private rooms. Upon the mosaic pavement is the following significant inscription, in the Latin of the Vulgate: "Except the Lord keep the house their labour is but lost that build it." The great doorway, on the east side, leads to two waiting-rooms, the chief of which is called the Hall of Poets, on account of its adornment with eight frescoes, the subjects of which are taken from as many celebrated poets. Chaucer furnishes "Griselda's First Trial of Patience," by C. W. Cope; Spenser, "St. George Overcoming the Dragon," by G. F. Watts; Shakespeare, "Lear Disinheriting Cordelia," by J. R. Herbert; Milton, "Satan touched by Ithuriel's Spear," by J. C. Horsley; Dryden, "St. Cecilia," by J. Tenniel; Pope, "The Personification of Thames," by Edward Armitage; Scott, "The Death of Marmion," by Armitage; and Byron, "The Death of Lara," by Cope. On the staircase is a statue by J. H. Foley, of Sir Charles Barry, the architect of the palace. Passing through the Commons' Corridor, the walls of which are adorned with eight frescoes, the subjects of which, like most of the others, are well-known events in English history, and the Commons' Lobby, we come to the House of Commons itself. This apartment is 75 feet in length, 45 in width, and 41 in height, and though handsomely ornamented, is in a much simpler and more business-

like style than the House of Lords. Although there are 658 members of the popular branch, seats are provided for only 476. The seat of the Speaker is at the north end of the chamber. The benches to the right of the Speaker are the recognized seats of the government party, the ministers occupying the front bench, and on the left are the members forming the opposition, the leaders of which occupy the front bench, like the ministers on the other side. In front of the Speaker's table is the Clerk's table, on which lies the mace. The Reporters' Gallery is above the Speaker, and there are also seats for the diplomatic corps, a Speaker's Gallery, a Peers' Gallery, and a Strangers' Gallery. The house is lighted at night through a glass ceiling. Beyond the House of Commons lie the Speaker's Court, and the official residences of the Speaker, the Sergeant-at-Arms, the Librarian, and the Chief Clerk of the House of Commons. Returning to the central hall, we pass through its west door to St. Stephen's Hall, an apartment 75 feet long and 30 feet wide, which occupies old St. Stephen's Chapel, founded in 1330, and long used for the meetings of the Commons. Along the walls are marble statues of celebrated statesmen, including Hampden, Selden, Lord Falkland, Lord Clarendon, Lord Somers, Sir Robert Walpole, Lord Chatham, Lord Mansfield, Burke, Fox, Pitt, and Grattan. Niches at the sides of the doors are occupied by statues of English sover-

eigns. Thus displayed are the effigies of William the Conqueror, Matilda, Eleanor, Richard Cœur de Lion, and half a dozen other ancient monarchs. A small staircase at one corner of this hall leads to St. Stephen's Crypt (or more properly the Church of St. Mary's Undercroft), where the embalmed body of an ecclesiastic, supposed to be that of Stephen Lyndwode, Bishop of St. David's from 1442 to 1446, and keeper of the Privy Seal to Henry VI., was found some years ago. A broad flight of steps leads through a high portal on the north side of St. Stephen's Hall, and descends to Westminster Hall, a part of the ancient Palace of Westminster founded by the Anglo-Saxon kings, and occupied by their successors down to Henry VIII. Its length is 290 feet; breadth, 68 feet; height, 92 feet. The oaken roof, with its hammer-beams, repaired in 1820 with the wood of an old vessel, is rightly considered a masterpiece of timber architecture, both in point of beauty and constructive skill. Aside from the roof, the hall looks very plain and bare, compared with the elaborately decorated apartments in the new palace we have just left. It is at present the temporary resting-place of several statues of English monarchs.

Westminster Hall has been a celebrated place in English history through all ages. In it were held some of the earliest English parliaments, one of which declared Edward II. to have forfeited the crown.

After its restoration by Richard II. it witnessed the deposition of that unfortunate monarch. Here, too, the English monarchs, down to the time of George IV., gave their coronation festivals; and here Edward III. entertained the captive kings, David of Scotland and John of France. Here, Charles I. was condemned to death; and Cromwell was here saluted as Lord Protector. Within eight years after, Cromwell's head was placed on one of the pinnacles of this same hall, where it remained thirty years. Many famous historical characters have here been condemned to death, including the brave William Wallace, champion of Scotland's liberties; Sir John Oldcastle (better known as Lord Cobham); Sir Thomas More; the Protector Somerset; Sir Thomas Wyatt; Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex; Guy Fawkes; and the Earl of Strafford. Among other notable scenes here witnessed were the acquittal of the seven bishops who had been committed to the Tower for their opposition to the Roman Catholic innovations of James II., and the acquittal of Warren Hastings after his long trial.

In Parliament Square, near both the palace and abbey, are bronze statues of the Earl of Derby, Lord Palmerston, Sir Robert Peel, and George Canning; and at the corner of Great St. George Street is a handsome Gothic fountain, erected as a memorial to the noble men who brought about the abolition of slavery in the British dominions.

Westminster Abbey, with its royal burial vaults and its numerous monuments to the great men of the past, is one of the most interesting objects in London. It forms a sort of national Temple of Fame, although not all who have been buried beneath its grand arches are worthy of this distinction. The abbey itself has an interesting history. A church is said to have been erected on the same site, in the early part of the seventh century, by the Anglo-Saxon king, Sebert. This was dedicated to St. Peter, and connected therewith was a Benedictine religious house (*monasterium* or *minster*). The term Westminster was applied on account of its situation west of St. Paul's. This early church was destroyed by the Danes, and then rebuilt, in 985, by King Edgar. The regular establishment of the abbey, however, should be ascribed to Edward the Confessor, who built a large church on the same site between 1049–65. In the latter half of the thirteenth century the abbey was entirely rebuilt by Henry III., and his son Edward I., who left it substantially in its present condition. The beautiful Chapel of Henry VII. was erected by that monarch at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and the towers, which are not in keeping with the rest of the edifice, were completed in 1714 from designs by Sir Christopher Wren. At the time of the Reformation, the abbey was confiscated, like all other Catholic establishments, and the church was converted into the cathedral of a

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

bishopric. Under Queen Mary the monks returned, but her successor, Queen Elizabeth, restored the provisions of her father, Henry VIII., and conveyed the abbey to a Dean who presided over a chapter of twelve Canons.

The church is in the form of a Latin cross, and for the most part is in the early English style of architecture, although in the various parts of the structure all succeeding styles may be found. The Chapel of Henry VII. is in the perpendicular style, and is one of the finest specimens of the architecture of that period now in existence. Its interior is especially admired on account of its beautiful fan-tracery roof. The stalls and banners of the Knights of the Order of the Bath are within the chapel. The interior of the main part of the abbey also produces a striking impression, on account of the harmony of its proportions, and the richness of its coloring. There are some beautifully stained windows, and the columns are of Purbeck marble. The choir is a beautiful specimen of early English architecture, but an elaborate reredos has been constructed within a few years. This is made chiefly of white and colored alabaster from Staffordshire, combined with red spar from Cornwall. In a space above the altar table is a mosaic in Venetian glass, representing the Last Supper. The total length of the church, including the Chapel of Henry VII., is 513 feet; length of transept, 200 feet; breadth of

nave and aisles, 75 feet; breadth of transept, 80 feet; height from pavement to inner roof, 101 feet; height from pavement to the roof of the lantern, 140 feet; height of towers, 225 feet.

The visitor may wander over the chief parts of the abbey without let or hindrance, but the personal services of a verger and the payment of small fee (sixpence) is requisite for an inspection of the various chapels, of which there are no less than nine. Through the kindness and courtesy of Dean Stanley, who has won the respect and esteem of Americans, as well as of his own countrymen, the members of our party who chose to avail themselves of a visit at an hour appointed, received special attentions. Let the visitor turn in any direction and he is constantly reminded that he is in the resting-place of England's most precious dust. Says Dean Stanley, in his interesting "Memorial of Westminster Abbey": "Here lies the body of the Confessor, himself like the now decayed seed from which the wonderful pile has grown. Around his shrine are clustered not only the names, but the early relics, of the principal actors in every scene of history. Seventeen kings lie here, from Edward the Confessor to George II.; and ten queens lie buried with them, amid England's greatest statesmen, warriors, divines, poets, and scholars."

Not only is the ancient abbey the last resting-place of more than a score of England's monarchs, but it

is also the scene of each succeeding assumption of the crown and sceptre. Every king and queen of England, from Edward the Confessor to Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, was here crowned. The ancient coronation-chair, which relic-hunters and others have hacked and whittled until it presents a decidedly dilapidated appearance, occupies an honored place in the chapel of Edward the Confessor. Beneath it rests the famous Stone of Scone, the emblem of power of the Scottish princes, and traditionally claimed to be the one upon which the patriarch Jacob laid his head. The stone was brought to London by Edward I., in 1205, in token of the complete subjugation of Scotland. Every English monarch since that date has been crowned in this chair. Beside it is a chair of similar model, which was constructed for Queen Mary, wife of William III. The coronation takes place within the choir, and the chairs are then covered with gold brocade. The royal cortege on such occasions enters the abbey by a door which is at no other time opened. Throughout the abbey the monuments of the dead crowd upon each other as do the bodies which sleep below. Statues, busts, and mortuary groups are erected above urns and tombs, and memorial tablets are inserted in the walls. In many places the tablets form a part of the pavement itself. Of the Anglo-Saxon line of monarchs, Sebert and his queen Athelgoda lie be-

neath a marble sarcophagus. The shrine of Edward the Confessor, once covered with precious gems, but now bare of its rich adornments, occupies the chapel which bears his name. Beside the Confessor, nine of the early wielders of England's sceptre lie within the abbey. Those warrior kings, Edward I., Edward III., and Henry V., are enshrined in marble altar-tombs. The tomb of Henry VII., is an elaborate structure within the chapel built by that monarch. Lord Bacon termed it "one of the stateliest and daintiest tombs in Europe." A white marble sarcophagus, erected by Charles II., is supposed to contain the remains of Edward V. and his brother, Richard, Duke of York, who were murdered in the Tower by order of their wicked uncle, Richard III. Elizabeth and her sister Mary ("Bloody Mary") rest side by side, and but a little distance from them lies Mary Queen of Scots, whose body was removed from Peterborough Cathedral to London by her son, James I. Among the other monarchs buried within the abbey are Henry III.; the queens of both Edward I. and Edward III.; Richard II. and his queen; Anne, queen of Richard III.; the queen of Henry VII.; Anne of Cleves, queen of Henry VIII.; Edward VI.; James I. and his queen; the queen of Bohemia, daughter of James I.; Charles II.; William III. and Queen Mary; Queen Anne; George II. and Queen Caroline. The north transept of the abbey was consecrated to statesmen a century ago,

when William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, was buried there. Here, or rather just without the transept, in the south aisle of the nave, sleep the two great rivals, the younger Pitt and Charles James Fox, both of whom died in 1806. Referring to this, their last resting-place, Sir Walter Scott wrote: —

> "The mighty chiefs sleep side by side:
> Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
> 'Twill trickle to his rival's bier;
> O'er Pitt's the mournful requiem sound,
> And Fox's shall the notes resound."

Lord Mansfield, Grattan, George Canning, Wilberforce, Lord Clarendon, Lord Castlereagh, Warren Hastings, Earl Canning, and Lord Palmerston are also buried here. The name of "Poet's Corner" has been given to a large portion of the south transept. Chaucer was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, without the building, but removed to the south aisle in 1555; Spenser lies near him. Beaumont, Michael Drayton, Sir Robert Ayton, Sir William Davenant, Cowley, Denham, Dryden, Rowe, Addison, Prior, Congreve, Gay, Ben Jonson, Sheridan, and Campbell all lie within Westminster Abbey. Bulwer is also buried here. Shakespeare was buried in the chancel of the church at Stratford, where there is a monument to his memory; but a fine statue of the great dramatist adorns the wall of the "Poet's Corner." A slab upon the pavement marks

the grave of Charles Dickens, and near it is the tomb of the composer, George Frederick Handel, surmounted by a life-size statue, and emblems of music. Lord Macaulay, as well as Dickens, rests beneath Addison's monument. Henry Purcell, Dr. John Blow, Dr. William Croft, Dr. Samuel Arnold, and William Sterndale Bennett, all eminent musicians and composers, and Dr. Charles Burney, the author of the celebrated History of Music, are buried in the abbey; as are also several distinguished representatives of the stage, including Betterton, Mrs. Oldfield, Mrs. Bracegirdle, Mrs. Cibber, Henderson, Barton Booth, and David Garrick. The latter has a fine statue, and Booth a medallion, but the graves of the others are unmarked. Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble are commemorated by statues, though buried elsewhere (Mrs. Siddons in Old Paddington Churchyard); and there are also memorials to John Milton, Oliver Goldsmith, Robert Southey, James Thomson, Wordsworth, Gray, Butler, and Thackeray. Milton is buried at St. Giles's, Cripplegate; Goldsmith in the churchyard of the Temple Church; Southey in Crosthwaite Church, near Keswick; Thomson at Richmond; Gray at Stoke Pogis; Butler at St. Paul's, Covent Garden; and Thackeray at Kensal Green. The following epitaph, written by the poet himself, but supplemented by some gentler lines by Pope, is inscribed upon John Gay's monument: —

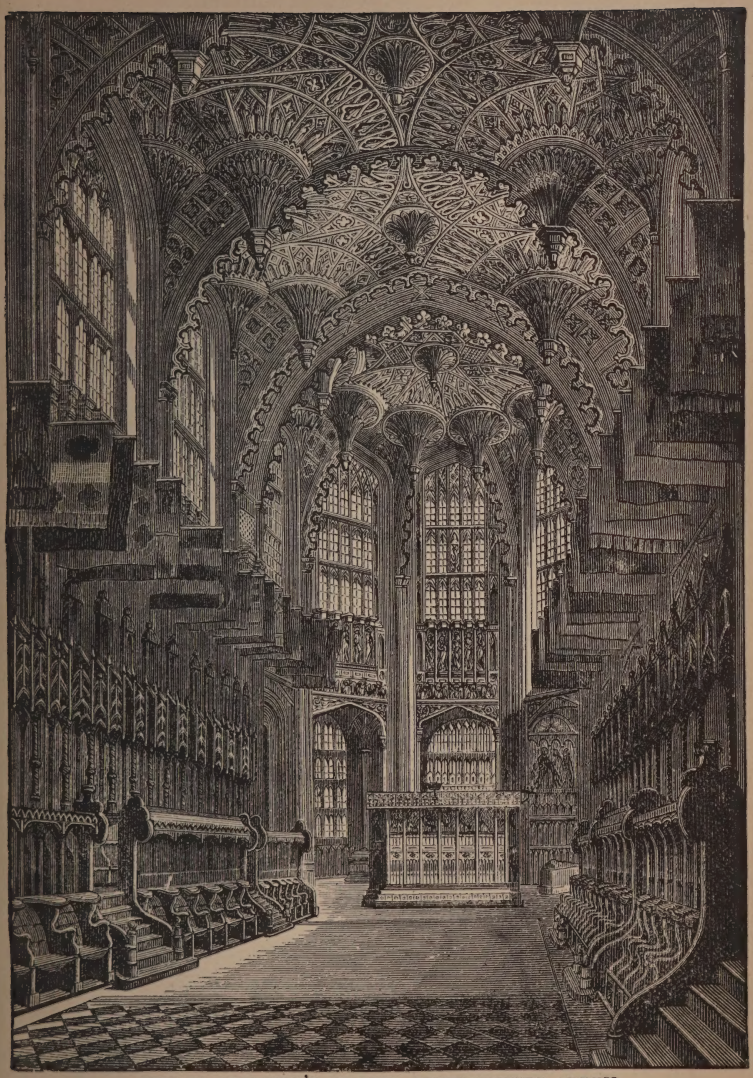
"Life is a jest, and all things show it:
I thought so once, but now I know it."

The epitaph on the tablet to Henry Purcell informs the world that the eminent composer "is gone where only his own harmony can be exceeded." The grave of David Livingstone, the explorer, who died in Africa, in 1873, is in the nave, and is covered by a large slab of black marble. In the centre of the south transept is a white slab, which covers the remains of "Old Parr," who is said to have lived to the age of 152 years. The monument of Major John André is one which attracts much attention from American visitors. There are some small figures in bas-relief representing the appeal to General Washington made the night previous to the execution, to save André's life. It is a remarkable fact that twice the head of Washington has been knocked off. The figure now bears its third head. There are many remarkable monuments, one of the most striking of which is to the memory of Joseph Gascoigne Nightingale and Lady Nightingale. The husband is represented as trying to shield his wife from the dart of the King of Terrors, who has emerged from a tomb and is pointing his unerring shaft toward her. The figures are life-size. On a monument to General George Wade, who died in 1748, the Goddess of Fame is preventing Time from destroying the general's trophies. In the chapel of Abbot Islip, is a monument to the memory of General James Wolfe, who was killed at the siege of Quebec, in 1759. The brave soldier is represented

as falling into the arms of a grenadier, while Glory, in the form of an angel in the clouds, holds forth a wreath to crown him. A Highland sergeant looks sorrowfully on, and two lions watch at his feet. Near the Nightingale monument (in the east aisle of the north transept) is a fine monument to Sir Francis Vere, a famous soldier in Queen Elizabeth's reign. Four knights, kneeling, support a table upon which are the several parts of a complete set of armor, and beneath is a recumbent figure of Sir Francis Vere.

Without the main edifice of the abbey is the Jerusalem Chamber, where Henry IV. died, and Edward V. is said to have been born; the chapel of the Pyx, which is claimed to be the most ancient of any of the buildings; the cloisters, built partly by Henry III., and partly by Edward I.; and the Chapter House.

Westminster Column is a granite shaft, sixty feet in height, just west of the abbey, erected to the memory of former scholars of the Westminster School who fell in the War of the Crimea and the Indian mutiny. In addition to the column, the monument includes statues of Edward the Confessor, Henry III., Queen Elizabeth (the founder of Westminster School), and Queen Victoria. Four lions are at the corners, and the column is surmounted by figures of St. George and the Dragon. The entrance to the school is south of the column. Westminster Hospital, one of the many noble institutions of this kind London boasts,



HENRY SEVENTH'S CHAPEL, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

is near the abbey, and is on the Broad Sanctuary, a place formerly a sacred refuge for criminal and political offenders.

Returning towards the city from the Parliament Houses and Westminster Abbey, one naturally walks, or rides, through Parliament Street and Whitehall, to Charing Cross and Trafalgar Square; and, if the day be not too far spent, a short visit may be paid to the National Gallery; and, in any event, the monuments and statues in the square may be inspected. In passing through Whitehall, there are seen Montague House (the town mansion of the Duke of Buccleuch), the little that remains of Whitehall Palace, some of the public offices, the Treasury, the Horse Guards, and the Admiralty. The public offices, which extend into Downing Street, a thoroughfare running at right angles from Whitehall to St. James's Park, have an imposing façade. The Banqueting Hall of the Palace of Whitehall, now used as a Royal Chapel, is all that remains of its former splendor; indeed, it is the only part that was rebuilt, the ancient palace having been destroyed by fire. This structure was built in the reign of James I., and, like the uncompleted palace, was designed by Inigo Jones. The hall is a splendid specimen of the Palladian style of architecture, one hundred and eleven feet long, fifty-five and one-half feet wide, and fifty-five and one-half feet high. The ceiling is embellished with pictures by Rubens, repre-

senting the apotheosis of James I., scenes from the life of Charles I., &c. Some of the most tragic episodes of English history have been enacted in the old palace, and the present edifice has witnessed many exciting scenes. From an opening made in the wall, Charles I. was led out to the scaffold erected for his execution in the street close by. A little later the Protector, Oliver Cromwell, took up his residence in the same street, with his secretary, John Milton, and here he died, September 3, 1658. Charles II. restored his court here, and here, too, he died.

Near Charing Cross is the scene of the execution of the Regicides; and on the same spot is an equestrian statue of their royal victim, which has a remarkable history. The statue is by Hubert Le Soeur, and was cast in 1633, but had not been erected when the civil war broke out. It was then sold by the Parliament to a brazier named John Rivet, and this individual sold pretended fragments of it to both friends and foes of the Stuarts, in the form of knife-handles, &c. At the Restoration the statue was produced intact, having been buried in the brazier's garden, and it was erected on its present site in 1674. The United Service Museum, containing objects connected with the operations of the Army and Navy, is in Whitehall Place, which opens eastward from Whitehall, towards the Thames; and, in the same vicinity, is Great Scotland Yard (so called from the fact that it once

belonged to the Scottish kings), the headquarters of the Metropolitan Police.

The present Charing Cross is a modern copy of Eleanor's Cross, a Gothic monument erected in 1291, by Edward I., on the spot where the coffin of his consort was set down during its last halt on the way to Westminster Abbey. The present monument stands in front of the terminus hotel of the South-Eastern Railway, but the site of the ancient cross (removed in 1647) is said to have been where the equestrian statue of Charles I. stands. The finest adornment of Trafalgar Square is the Nelson Column, a granite shaft one hundred and forty-five feet in height, copied from one of the Corinthian columns of the temple of Mars Ultor, at Rome. The column is crowned by a statue of Nelson, by Baily, seventeen feet in height, and the pedestal is adorned with reliefs in bronze, cast with the metal of captured French cannon. Four colossal bronze lions, modelled by Sir Edwin Landseer, couch upon pedestals running out from the column in the form of a cross. The square contains two handsome fountains, statues of Sir Henry Havelock, Sir Charles James Napier, and Chantrey's equestrian statue of George IV.

The National Gallery is situated upon a terrace, and occupies the whole of one side of Trafalgar Square. The building is in the Grecian style, and has a façade 460 feet in length. It was originally built between the

years 1832–38, and was greatly enlarged in 1860 and 1876. The collection of paintings is large and is exceedingly valuable. In the entrance hall are statues of three distinguished painters—Sir David Wilkie, Mulready, and Stothard. There are eighteen rooms devoted to paintings, as follows: I., British School of the eighteenth and early part of the nineteenth centuries, containing works by Sir Edwin Landseer, Horsley, Pickersgill, Maclise and others, including also Rosa Bonheur's celebrated picture, "The Horse Fair"; II., British School, containing works by Landseer, Stanfield, Turner, Sir Charles Eastlake, Mulready, Herring, Simpson and others; III., British School, containing works by Callcott, Hilton, Wilkie, Beechy, Stothard and others; IV., devoted to water-colors and drawings by Turner; V., British School, containing pictures by Martin, Smirke, Haydon, Barker and West; VI., containing the admirable collection of paintings by Turner, chiefly bequeathed by the painter himself; VII., British School, containing works by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Hogarth, Copley, Gainsborough and others; VIII., British School, containing works by Reynolds, Lawrence, Copley and Wright; IX., French School, containing several fine pictures by Claude Lorraine, and others by N. Poussin, Gaspar Poussin, Sebastien Bourdon, Francois Clouet, C. J. Vernet, Hyacinth Rigaud, &c.; X., Later Italian School, including pictures by Lodovico Caracci, Romano, Annibal Caracci, Barbieri,

Maratti, Guido Reni, Salvator Rosa, Domenichino, Paolo Veronese, &c.; XI., the Wynn Ellis gift, consisting chiefly of specimens of the Dutch masters, among whom the Teniers (both father and son), Cuyp, Wouverman, Vandervelde, and other well-known names are represented; XII., Dutch and Flemish Schools, containing besides works of Rubens and Van Dyck, the chiefs of the Flemish school of the seventeenth century, good examples of Rembrandt, their great Dutch contemporary, and also of the latter's pupils, Maas and De Hooghe; XIII., Italian School of the fourteenth century, represented by Fra Angelico, Filippo Lippi, Botticelli, Filippino Lippi, and Pollajuolo, of Florence, Mantegna, of Padua, Giovanni Bellini, of Venice, &c.; XIV., Italian School of the fifteenth century, containing an extensive collection of the works of the greatest Italian masters, particularly those of Venice and Lombardy; XV., Select Cabinet, containing the gems of the collection, among which are cabinet pictures by Bellini and Giorgione, masterpieces by Raphael, Titian, Correggio, and Michael Angelo, and specimens of Jan van Eyck, the founder of early Flemish painting; XVI., Peel collection, chiefly of Flemish and Dutch cabinet pieces of a high order of merit; XVII., Early Italian School, consisting of Florentine pictures of the fourteenth century; XVIII., Spanish School, containing a few good works by Velasquez and Murillo. The Central Octagon con-

tains works by the painters of North Italy and Umbria.

Near the National Gallery is the Church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, with a handsome Grecian portico.

Continuing from Charing Cross through the Strand (so called from its skirting the river), several theatres are passed, and numerous other play-houses are in the neighborhood north of the Strand. Exeter Hall is also upon the Strand. Somerset House, the principal façade of which, 780 feet in length, is on the Thames side, rises on the south side of the thoroughfare. This edifice was erected towards the close of the last century, on the site of a palace begun in 1549 by the Protector Somerset, and is occupied for various public offices, including that of the Registrar-General. Just before reaching the site of Temple Bar, upon the left are the new Law Courts, still in process of erection. Temple Bar marks the limit of the West End. Beyond it Fleet Street enters The City, and leads to Ludgate Hill. Whenever a reigning sovereign has visited The City on state occasions, permission has been obtained from the Lord Mayor to pass Temple Bar. This is an ancient custom. At one time it was the custom to exhibit the heads of criminals on spikes at this place, as a terror to evil-doers. There are several churches in the Strand, at one of which, St. Clement Danes (so called because Harold Harefoot, son of Canute, and other Danes were buried there), Dr. Sam. Johnson

worshipped for twenty years. Another celebrated personage, Joe Miller, was buried in the parish burial-ground, now occupied by King's College Hospital.

On the south side of Fleet Street is the Temple, formerly a Lodge of the Knights Templar. On the dissolution of the order in 1313, it became crown property, and by Edward II. was presented to Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke. After Pembroke's death it came into the possession of the Knights of St. John, who, in 1346, leased it to the students of Common Law. From that time to the present, the building, or rather group of buildings, has continued to be a School of Law. The Inner Temple, Middle Temple, Lincoln's Inn and Gray's Inn, constitute the four Inns of Court, which are so called from having been anciently held in the "Aula Regia," or Court of the King's Palace. Their government is vested in "Benchers," selected from the most successful and distinguished members of the English bar. The Inns of Chancery are supposed to be subsidiary to the four Inns of Court. In the fine Gothic Hall of the Middle Temple, Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" was acted in the dramatist's life-time. Within the Inner Temple is the Temple Church (also called St. Mary's), an ancient place of worship, consisting of a Round Church and Choir. In the former are nine monuments of Templars of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and in the churchyard, north of the choir, Oliver Goldsmith is buried.

In the Temple Gardens, which lie back of the Temple and bordering upon the Thames Embankment, according to Shakespeare, were plucked the white and red roses which were assumed as the distinctive badges of the houses of York and Lancaster, in the long and bloody civil contest, known as the "War of the Roses."

CHAPTER IV.

ENGLAND CONTINUED.

More about London — St. Paul's and its Sights — The Post-Office — The Tower of London — Its Mournful History and its Wonders — The Crown Jewels — Fifteen Million Dollars' Worth of Gewgaws — The British Museum and its Vast Collections — The South Kensington Museum — A Magnificent Art-School — The Albert Memorial — The Royal Albert Hall and an Organ Concert therein — Parks and Palaces — The Thames Embankments — Cleopatra's Needle — Sights on the Thames — The Docks and the Shipping — The Bank of England and the Royal Exchange — Band of Hope Fête at the Crystal Palace — Singing by Ten Thousand Children — A Glimpse of Royalty — Spurgeon and his Work, &c.

St. Paul's Cathedral is the crowning glory of London, architecturally speaking. The noble edifice, the third largest church structure in Christendom, St. Peter's at Rome and the Milan Cathedral being its only superiors in size, stands upon a hill, and the great dome raises its graceful proportions high above the surrounding buildings. Nevertheless, no really good view of St. Paul's is had in the near vicinity, on account of the neighboring structures. The best view is had from the river, or from Blackfriars Bridge. The present edifice was erected after the destruction of old St. Paul's in the great fire of 1666, from

designs by Sir Christopher Wren. It was begun in 1675, opened for worship in 1697, and completed, so far as the design was concerned, in 1710, although the decorations were not finished until thirteen years later, or forty-eight years after the first stone was laid. The church covers between two and three acres, and cost nearly £750,000, the money being raised for the most part by a tax on coals. Its entire length, from east to west, is five hundred feet; its breadth, at the western entrance, one hundred and eighty feet, and at the transept, two hundred and fifty feet; length of the choir, one hundred and sixty-five feet. The general height of the walls is about ninety feet, and the entire circumference of the building is two thousand two hundred and ninety-two feet. The height to the top of the cross is three hundred and fifty-two feet from the floor of the church, or three hundred and sixty feet from the pavement of the street. Some of the guide-books give the height as four hundred and four feet. The two western towers are two hundred and twenty-two feet high. The exterior of the diameter of the dome is one hundred and eighty feet. The old cathedral was a building of vast proportions, though of somewhat different shape. Its extreme length was six hundred and ninety feet, and it had a wooden spire five hundred and twenty feet high. Old St. Paul's, as this last mentioned structure is now termed, was, by no means, the *oldest* St. Paul's.

As early as 610, Ethelbert, king of Kent, undertook the building of a church to St. Paul, and there is some reason to believe that a pagan temple once existed on the same site.

Dr. Tourjée, and all who chose to accompany him to St. Paul's, had the distinguished honor of being shown over the historic edifice by Canon Gregory, who very courteously extended every facility for a thorough inspection of its many interesting features. Many of our party also attended divine service there on the Sabbath of our stay in London. The interior of the church is imposing, mainly on account of its vastness. The decorations are meagre, and the light is not sufficient to make the paintings in the dome distinct. These paintings are eight in number, representing some of the chief events in the life of St. Paul, and were executed by Sir James Thornhill. The architect is not at fault for the defect of insufficient light, inasmuch as his design was adopted only in part. His plan contemplated, in addition to a large central dome, eight smaller cupolas, with a fine portico. The dome and the eight supporting arches of this design only were carried out, and Sir Christopher is said to have wept when he was compelled to adopt the long nave and side aisles of a Roman Catholic Cathedral. The architect's original model is kept in the church, but is not now exposed to public view as it was formerly. St. Paul's, like Westminster Abbey, is

the resting-place of many distinguished dead, chiefly military or naval heroes. Among the former are the Duke of Wellington; Lieut. General Sir Ralph Abercromby; Major-General Sir Isaac Brock, who was killed, in 1812, while resisting an attack on Queenstown, Canada, where an elaborate monument has been placed in his honor; Sir Andrew Hay, who fell at Bayonne in 1814; Lieut. General John Moore, who was slain at Corunna; Major-General Daniel Hoghton, who fell at Albuera in 1811; Generals Sir Edward Pakenham and Samuel Gibbs, both of whom lost their lives at the Battle of New Orleans; Sir William Ponsonby, and Sir Thomas Picton, who fell while fighting gallantly at Waterloo; Major-General Ross, who led the attack on Washington in 1814, and afterwards fell in the engagement near Baltimore; and the Marquis Cornwallis, who at the time of his death was Governor of Bengal. There is also a monument to the officers of the Coldstream Guards, who fell in the Crimean War. Among the distinguished sailors who lie buried here, are Lord Nelson, Lord Duncan, Admiral Lord Howe, Admiral Lord Rodney, Admiral Napier, and Lord Collingwood. Among the other eminent men entombed in St. Paul's, are Dr. Samuel Johnson, the lexicographer; Henry Hallam, the historian; John Howard, the philanthropist; Bishop Reginald Heber; Bishop Thomas Fanshaw Middleton, the first Protestant Bishop in India; the

late Dean Milman, of St. Paul's; Sir Christopher Wren; Lord Lyons, and the following group of distinguished painters: Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Benjamin West, John Opie, James Barry, Sir Edwin Landseer, and Joseph Mallord William Turner. The Wellington monument is quite imposing, although much of its effect is lost on account of the smallness of the chapel in which it is placed. The Nelson group, and numerous other monuments, are also elaborate, but in not a few instances, exceedingly bad taste is displayed, while in very few is a high order of art exhibited. The sarcophagus of Nelson is in the crypt in the centre of a circle of pillars, directly below the dome. This sarcophagus was prepared by Cardinal Wolsey for his own burial, but his death in disgrace prevented its being used for that purpose. Nelson's coffin was made of part of the wood of the ship L'Orient, which was engaged in the Battle of the Nile. The sarcophagus of Wellington, and the hearse used at the funeral of the "Iron Duke," are also in the crypt.

To thoroughly inspect St. Paul's under ordinary circumstances — that is, when the visitor has not such distinguished guidance and companionship as Dr. Tourjée and those who were with him could boast — requires the expenditure of a considerable amount in fees. A descent to the Crypt and Vaults costs sixpence; a visit to the Library, Geometrical Staircase,

and large bell, another sixpence; to the Clock, twopence; the Whispering Gallery and the two external galleries (Stone Gallery and Golden Gallery), another sixpence; and an ascent to the Ball, the steepest charge of all, one shilling and sixpence; making altogether the sum of three shillings and sixpence. Every visitor should ascend to the Whispering Gallery, and to, at least, the lower of the external galleries. Beyond these galleries only good climbers should venture, as the stairways are steep, and the latter part of the ascent is almost dangerous. Ladders take the place of staircases, and to mount into the hollow metallic ball (which is six feet and two inches in diameter), one must clamber up the projecting supports eight or ten feet without aid of either stair or ladder. From within the ball nothing is to be seen, but from just below magnificent glimpses of the outer world are had; but they are not enough better than the view from the Stone or Golden Gallery to repay the additional ascent. From either height a glorious panoramic view of London is had; and if the atmosphere is not very smoky (as it is almost sure to be after the morning hours) the prospect is very extended. There is no better point from which to realize the real greatness of London. The mingled sounds of its busy streets, from the great watery highway which flows almost beneath the beholder, and from the railways which send out their clattering iron horses across the

river and in all directions, float up to the ear as they do to a balloon traveller. The Stone Gallery is two hundred and twenty-three feet above the pavement, and encircles the base of the dome. The outer Golden Gallery, so called on account of the gilt railings, surrounds the foot of the lantern. There are, in fact, three domes. The roof of the inner one is seen from within the church. Above this is a brick dome, which supports the lantern, and outside of both is a wooden structure, which is the dome seen from without. The lantern, like the church itself, is composed of Portland stone, and is said to weigh seven hundred tons. The ball which surmounts it weighs five thousand six hundred pounds; and the cross, which lifts itself fifteen feet higher than the ball, weighs three thousand three hundred pounds more. The Whispering Gallery is upon the inside of the dome, at its base. It is one hundred and forty yards in circumference, and yet a whisper may be heard from one side to the other. This is the best place from which to view the paintings on the ceiling of the dome, and the visitor may look over an iron railing into the choir below. Should he ascend to the lantern he may halt part way up and look through a little aperture at the very apex of the inner dome, some three hundred feet to the floor of the church. There have been several cases of suicide, where persons have thrown themselves from the Whispering Gallery to

the pavement. About half-way up to the Whispering Gallery, in the southern gallery, is the Library, founded by Bishop Compton (Bishop of London during the whole period of the building of S. Paul's). The Library is quite elaborately finished, the floor consisting of two thousand three hundred and seventy-six pieces of oak inlaid without nails or pegs; and it forms a marked contrast to the galleries just without. The Library contains about nine thousand volumes. The Geometrical Staircase, consisting of ninety steps, was a novelty in its day, but similar constructions are common at the present time. There are supports at only one end of the steps, and the whole seems to hang together by resting upon the lower step. These stairs were intended as a private way to the Library. The bells and clock — the towers have recently been supplied with some new bells — will hardly repay inspection when there are so many interesting things to see. In May and June two great festivals take place at St. Paul's. The first of these is for the benefit of the sons of deceased clergymen, and the other is in aid of the Charity Schools of the metropolis. On the latter occasion, there is singing by about ten thousand children. The church contains a magnificent organ, originally built by Bernard Schmidt, about the year 1694, but since wholly reconstructed. The organist is the talented Dr. Stainer, who succeeded Sir John Goss.

The surroundings of St. Paul's are full of historic interest. St. Paul's Churchyard is the thoroughfare surrounding the church. Between the churchyard and Newgate Street, on the north, is Paternoster Row, so called from the number of prayer books sold there. It is now, as it has been for centuries, the centre of the book-trade. In front of the western or main entrance to St. Paul's is a statue of Queen Anne, by Francis Bird. In Newgate Street are Christ's Hospital and Newgate Prison, and the Old Bailey (the Central Criminal Court) adjoins the latter. At the head of Newgate Street, in St. Martin's-le-Grand, are the General Post-Office and General Telegraph Office, both establishments of great extent and vast resources. The number of letters delivered annually within the London district, which comprises a radius of twelve miles from the chief office, reaches many millions, and the number of receiving posts or street letter-boxes is nearly ten thousand. No house in London is more than one-eighth of a mile from a letter-box, or more than a quarter of a mile from a money-order office.

Of all the sights of London, the Tower is historically the most interesting. It stands just without the eastern limit of the old city, and upon the banks of the Thames. It was originally a feudal fortress and palace, then a state prison, and is now a Government store-house and armory. Tradition assigns to Julius

Cæsar the distinction of having first built the Tower, and that the Romans had a fortress here is more than probable, but the present buildings date back only to the time of William the Conqueror. There are nearer twenty towers than a single tower, as the title of the place would seem to imply, and between twelve and thirteen acres are enclosed by the walls and moat. This latter is no longer applied to its ancient use, but has been drained and is devoted to gardens and parade-grounds. There is a central keep, or citadel, called the White Tower. Middle, or Martin, and Byward Towers defend the south-west angle of the moat, and the Cradle and St. Thomas Towers are also in the outer series of fortifications. The inner series are more numerous, and include the Bloody, Record or Wakefield, Bell, Jewel, Bowyer, Devereux, and Beauchamp Towers, with others that the casual visitor will have little reason to remember. There are guide-books giving all needed particulars of the various parts of the Tower, but it is of little use to attempt to follow them during the brief time allotted by the warder to an inspection of the place.

Entering by the Lion Gate from Great Tower Hill, which is on the west, the visitor is first brought to the ticket-office. Unless it be a public, or "free" day (Monday or Saturday), which is especially to be avoided by every one who values personal comfort

TOWER OF LONDON.

above a shilling, he here purchases two tickets — one admitting to the Armory and White Tower, and the other to view the crown jewels — for a sixpence each. Parties of from a dozen to a score are then taken in charge by one of the warders, or "beef-eaters," as they are popularly called, this latter title having been corrupted from *buffetiers*, attendants at the royal table, or *buffet*. These officials, mostly old soldiers, are properly termed Yeomen of the Guard, and they continue to wear the uniform or livery prescribed for that body as long ago as the time of Henry VII. — at the close of the fifteenth century. Very quaint and picturesque is the appearance of the "beef-eater," who escorts you through these gloomy gateways and towers. He wears a belted yeoman's-coat, and embroidered upon the breast are the rose, the thistle, and the shamrock, surmounted by the regal crown, and with the ribbon of the Garter below. A high ruff encircles his neck, and a peculiar low, bell-crowned hat, one of the most old-fashioned features of the whole dress, surmounts his head. Knee-breeches and shoes with enormous rosettes complete the ancient livery. In his right hand he carries a truncheon, or mace, terminating in a lance, or bayonet, and he also wears a sword.

A stone bridge, flanked by two towers (the Middle and Byward), leads across the moat, which can still be flooded by the garrison in case of need. On the left

is the Bell Tower, so called because it formerly contained the alarm-bell of the garrison. In this tower Queen Elizabeth is said to have been imprisoned. Farther on, to the right, is the Traitor's Gate, leading up from the Thames:

> "That gate misnamed, through which before,
> Went Sidney, Russell, Raleigh, Cranmer, More."
> — *Rogers's Human Life.*

This gate is under the St. Thomas Tower, a large square building, constructed over the moat, with a round tower on either side. On the opposite side is a gateway under the Bloody Tower, which leads to the Inner Bail or Court. In the centre of this inner enclosure stands the White Tower, a large, square, stone edifice with a high square tower at each corner. On the north side of the enclosure are the Wellington Barracks, a spacious modern edifice, and in close proximity to it, in the north-west corner, is the old chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula, which was restored a few years ago. Nearly, if not quite all the line of inner towers, twelve in number, were formerly prison lodgings. Within the Bloody Tower, the young princes, Edward V. and the Duke of York, were murdered by order of their wicked uncle, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, in 1483; and in the neighboring Record, or Wakefield Tower, now the depository of the jewels and regalia of the crown, Henry VI. is said to have been murdered by the same cruel tyrant. In the

Bowyer Tower (so called because it was once the residence of the master Provider of the King's Bows), the Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward IV., is supposed to have been drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine, in 1471. Lady Jane Grey is said to have been imprisoned in the Brick Tower, while Lord Guildford Dudley, her husband, with his father and brothers, were confined in the Beauchamp Tower, where many other famous prisoners have also lodged. The walls of this last-named tower bear a great number of inscriptions, carved in the stone by the unhappy prisoners. The armorial devices of several noble houses may still be seen, although the prisoners who executed them knelt before the headsman centuries ago. The name of "IANE," cut, as it is supposed, by Lord Guildford Dudley, in token of love for his unfortunate wife, may also be seen. In front of the Beauchamp Tower stood the execution block. A large number of executions, however, were performed outside the walls, on Tower Hill. The Devereux Tower, at the north-west angle of the wall, was where Robert Devereux, the Earl of Essex, and favorite of Queen Elizabeth, was confined. Secret passages led from this tower to the vaults of St. Peter's Chapel and to the Beauchamp Tower.

Among the eminent persons interred in the little chapel are the following: Sir Thomas More, beheaded in 1535; Queen Anne Boleyn, beheaded in 1536;

Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, beheaded in 1540; Margaret Pole, Countess of Salisbury, beheaded in 1541; Queen Catherine Howard, beheaded in 1542; Lord Admiral Seymour of Sudeley, beheaded in 1552; John Dudley, Earl of Warwick and Duke of Northumberland, beheaded in 1553; Lady Jane Grey and her husband, beheaded in 1554; Robert Devereaux, Earl of Essex, beheaded in 1601; Sir Thomas Overbury, poisoned in the Tower in 1613; Sir John Eliot died as a prisoner in the Tower in 1632; James Fitzroy, Duke of Monmouth, beheaded in 1685; and Simon, Lord Fraser of Lovat, beheaded in 1747, the last victim of the block in England. Of these, Anne Boleyn, Catherine Howard, Lady Jane Grey and Devereux, Earl of Essex, only, were executed within the Tower walls.

Macaulay, in referring to this chapel, says: "In truth there is no sadder spot on earth than this little cemetery; death is there associated, not as in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, with genius and virtue, with public veneration and with imperishable renown; not, as in our humblest churches and churchyards, with everything that is most endearing in social and domestic charities, but with whatever is darkest in human nature and in human destiny, with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame."

Among the many other prisoners confined in the Tower, at different times, were the following: Flambard, Bishop of Durham, incarcerated by Henry I., in 1100, and the first state prisoner of whom there is any record; John Baliol, king of Scotland, 1296; William Wallace, the Scottish patriot, 1305; David Bruce, king of Scotland, 1347; King John of France, 1357; Prince James of Scotland, 1405; Duke of Orleans, father of Louis XII. of France, 1415; Lord Cobham, burned as a heretic at St. Giles's-in-the-Field, 1416; King Henry VI., supposed to have been murdered by the Duke of Gloucester, 1471; Anne Askew, tortured in the Tower and burned in Smithfield as a heretic, in 1546; Archbishop Cranmer, 1553; Sir Thomas Wyatt, beheaded on Tower Hill in 1554; Earl of Southampton, Shakespeare's patron, 1562; Sir Walter Raleigh, thrice imprisoned in the Tower, and finally beheaded at Westminster in 1618; Earl of Strafford, beheaded in 1641; Viscount Stafford, beheaded in 1680; Lord William Russell, beheaded in 1683; Lord Chancellor Jeffreys, 1688; the Seven Bishops, 1688; Duke of Marlborough, 1692; Sir Robert Walpole, 1712; John Wilkes, 1762; Lord George Gordon, 1780, &c. The last prisoners sent to the Tower were Arthur Thistlewood and his associates, who were brought here in 1820 for complicity in what was known as the "Cato Street conspiracy."

But we are getting over much more ground than our worthy guide, the "beef-eater," is likely to lead us. In fact, we have made a wide divergence; for after passing under the Bloody Tower, we are conducted at once to the armories and the White Tower. The Council Chamber (where the abdication of Richard II. in favor of Henry of Bolingbroke took place in 1399), the Banqueting Hall, and other rooms, contain large stores of small-arms arranged in various fanciful designs. The "Prince of Wales's wedding-cake" is reproduced in daggers and various small-arms.. On the walls are passion-flowers wrought of glittering steel. Some sixty thousand stand of rifles are usually stored in this remarkable arsenal. We first enter the Horse Armory, a modern building erected outside the White Tower. The middle portion of the room is occupied by a collection of figures, on horseback and on foot, in complete suits of armor, chronologically arranged, dating from the reign of Edward I. (1272), to that of James II. (1685). There is also a large collection of arms and armor from other parts of the world. There are two effigies of Henry VIII. in armor, one suit of which is said to have been presented to that monarch on his marriage with Catharine of Aragon. The next apartment, the new armory, opened in 1851, contains various trophies, and a large collection of Oriental armor. Next entering the White Tower itself, we come to Queen

Elizabeth's Armory, a small apartment on the first floor. At the upper end is an equestrian figure of Queen Elizabeth, and beside her is a page in the costume of her reign. One sees here, also, a varied and blood-curdling collection of instruments of torture, such as the Iron Collar of Torment, the "Bilboes," the "Thumbikin" or "Thumbscrew," and the "Scavenger's Daughter," an infernal instrument, not inaptly termed "The Devil's Master-piece," for confining the whole body. The old block of execution, unused since Lord Lovat lost his head on Tower Hill in 1747, occupies a prominent place, and beside it is the fatal axe. The room also contains a great number of ancient military weapons, some of which are very curious. On the north side of this apartment is a low doorway leading to a dark cell in which Sir Walter Raleigh was confined for a period of twelve years. This room is only ten feet long by eight feet wide. It was here he is said to have written his "History of the World." During his confinement here his wife for much of the time lodged in a house on Tower Hill, but one of her sons was born within the Tower. Leaving Queen Elizabeth's Armory, we are conducted to the chapel of St. John, by a winding stairway, at the foot of which the bones of the murdered princes, now entombed at Westminster Abbey, were found. The chapel, with its massive pillars and cubical capitals, its wide triforium, its apse borne by stilted round

arches, and its barrel-vaulted ceiling, is one of the finest and best preserved specimens of Norman architecture in England. A large room adjoining the chapel is said to have been the scene of the arrest of Lord Hastings, when Richard, Duke of Gloucester, burst in upon the assembled councillors.

Leaving the White Tower, the visitor is shown the place of execution and the Beauchamp Tower, of which mention has been made; and lastly, he is taken to the Jewel House, a small circular room in the Wakefield Tower, with a cell adjoining it, now occupied by the attendant in charge, but probably once a prison. It is a suggestive place. The very stones of this gloomy old pile bear witness to the terrible cost of human blood at which these baubles were maintained in ages past. On passing up a flight of steps and through a narrow passage, we find ourselves facing a blaze of jewelry, enclosed in a glass case, with an outer cage of strong iron bars. The Imperial State Crown of Her Majesty Queen Victoria is a gorgeous piece of work, which is said to represent a money value of £111,900. The cap is of crimson velvet, with ermine border, and is lined with white silk. It is enclosed in bands of silver, and surmounted by a ball and cross, all resplendent with diamonds and other precious stones, among which are the "inestimable sapphire" purchased by King George the Fourth, and the heart-shaped ruby worn in the helmet of

Henry V. at the Battle of Agincourt. The crown contains no less than two thousand seven hundred and eighty-three diamonds. There are several other crowns exhibited, including the golden crown of Edward the Confessor, set with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, pearls, and sapphires; the Prince of Wales's crown, of gold, without precious stones; and the Queen Consort's crown, of gold, set with precious stones. Among the other articles in this marvellous collection are St. Edward's staff (an immense stick of gold, weighing about ninety pounds, and said to contain within its rounded top a portion of the true cross); the Queen's diadem (made for Mary d'Este, consort of James II.); the Royal sceptres of the Cross and the Dove; the Queen's sceptre; Queen Mary's sceptre; the Queen's orb, of gold and precious stones; the swords of justice and mercy; the coronation bracelets; the ampulia (a golden vessel for containing the "holy oil" used at coronations); the anointing spoon (supposed to be the sole relic of the ancient regalia); the salt-cellar of state (a curious golden model of the White Tower); the twelve golden salt-cellars (like the preceding used only on the occasion of a coronation upon the banqueting table of the sovereign); the silver wine-fountain presented to Charles II. by the corporation of Plymouth; the silver baptismal font used at christenings of the royal family, &c. The entire value of the jewels and regalia is said to be over £3,000,000.

On leaving the Tower one shudders anew at the place of execution on Tower Hill, to which so many victims have been led from within these cruel old walls. On the east side of Tower Hill stands the Royal Mint; on the north, Trinity House, an ancient institution for the promotion and encouragement of English navigation, and having certain rights in governing the maritime affairs of the nation; and on the south side is the tunnel under the Thames (constructed in 1870, and now used by pedestrians only), known as the Tower Subway. The older tunnel, now used by the East London Railway Company, lies in that quarter of the metropolis called Wapping. William Penn was born on the east side of Tower Hill, within a court adjoining London Wall; and at a public-house near at hand, whither he had withdrawn to avoid his creditors, died Otway the poet.

The British Museum is a vast subject in itself to treat upon, and a volume would be needed to adequately describe only its main features. The whole world and every age of man has contributed to its vast collections. The buildings are situated in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, and cover some seven acres, the principal façade having a width of three hundred and seventy feet. The museum had its origin in a private collection, made by Sir Hans Sloane, of objects of natural history and art, with an extensive library of books and manuscripts, said to have

cost their owner £50,000. This was given to the government under certain conditions, upon his death, which occurred in 1753, and with the constant accumulations of books and objects of art and antiquity, was long exhibited in Montague House.

The presentation, by George III., of a collection of Egyptian antiquities, in 1801, and the purchase of the Townley marbles in 1805, and the Elgin marbles in 1816, so increased the museum that a new wing was built; and when George IV. presented to it, in 1823, the King's Library, collected by George III., old Montague House was felt to be too small, and the present edifice (finished in 1847) was then built. The buildings were designed by Sir Robert Smirke, and many additions have been made to the original plan. The collections are again overrunning the accommodations, and many paintings have been removed, or are soon to be removed, to the National Gallery, while South Kensington is to be enriched by a removal of the splendid natural history collections. The library is of vast extent. The number of printed volumes is about a million, and there are vast collections of manuscripts. The contents of the museum are at present arranged in twelve sections, each under the special superintendence of an under librarian, or keeper. These sections are as follows: — Printed Books, Manuscripts, Prints and Drawings, Maps and Plans, Oriental Antiquities, British and Mediæval

Antiquities and Ethnography, Greek and Roman Antiquities, Coins and Medals, Botany, Zoology, and Mineralogy.

The central quadrangle has been filled by the magnificent Reading-Room, which is not open to mere sight-seers. A large number of rooms, however, may be visited. The Greek and Roman antiquities comprise the finest series in existence, and in every other department there is also great completeness. In the Roman Gallery are Roman antiquities discovered in Great Britain. In the Græco-Roman Rooms are the celebrated "Townley Venus," from Ostia, the "Townley Dione," "Clytie," &c. The Lycian Room contains a series of monuments from the ancient cities of Lycia, in Asia Minor, brought to England by Sir Charles Fellowes. The Mausoleum Room contains the remains of the celebrated mausoleum from Halicarnassus, dedicated by Artemisia (about 352 B. C.) to the memory of her husband, Mausolos of Caria, one of the most magnificent monuments of the kind ever erected. The Elgin Room contains the most valuable collection in the world of specimens of Greek art at its best period. It was brought to England by the Earl of Elgin, and purchased from him by Parliament in 1816, for the sum of £35,000. The specimens consist principally of sculptures from the Temple of the Parthenon, the Erechtheum, and the Temple of the Wingless Victory, all on the Acropolis of Athens. The Parthenon was

built about 440 B. C., and all the sculptural decorations were by Phidias. In the Hellenic Room are numerous Grecian antiquities of various dates. The Assyrian Galleries contain the collections of sculptures excavated by Mr. Layard, Mr. Rassam, and Mr. Loftus. The Kouyunjik Gallery, the Nimroud Central Saloon, the Nimroud Gallery, and several other rooms, are filled with the fruits of Mr. Layard's extensive explorations in the East. The Egyptian Galleries contain collections from Memphis, Thebes, Alexandria, and Cairo, which vary in date from 2000 to 640 B. C. Then comes the Glass Collection, the Vase Rooms, the Bronze Rooms and the Gold Ornament Room, the latter of which contains the famous Portland Vase, found near Rome. The British and Mediæval Room is devoted chiefly to antiquities found in Great Britain and Ireland, and the Ethnographical Room contains an extensive collection of antiquities and modern objects illustrative of the African, Asiatic, American, and Australasian races. The Natural History collections are extensive and fill numerous rooms. The Grenville Room contains a collection of 20,240 volumes bequeathed by Right Honorable Thomas Grenville, and containing some valuable specimens of books printed from carved blocks of wood. The Manuscript Room contains a great number of valuable and interesting manuscripts, autographs, &c. In one case may be seen the autographs

of the English sovereigns, as far back as Edward IV., and of many celebrated foreign monarchs; in another, the autographs of the world's famous artists, writers, warriors, and philosophers; and in still another, the will of Mary Queen of Scots, a book of prayers copied out by Queen Elizabeth, and some texts of Scripture in the handwriting of Edward VI. The original Magna Charta, given by King John in 1215, and royal documents of still older date (including some a thousand years old), may also be seen. There are also manuscripts of Milton, Pope, Burns, Scott, Dickens, Torquato Tasso, and many others. Adjoining the Manuscript Room is the King's Library, containing 80,000 volumes. In this collection are some of the earliest printed books in German, English, Italian, and French, including issues from the presses of Gutenberg, Faust, Schöffer and Caxton. The first printed Bible, printed by Gutenberg and Faust at Mayence, in 1455, may here be seen. There are in the museum no less than 1,700 different editions of the Bible. The Print Room contains a fine collection of original drawings and engravings, but is not open to sight-seers. Its treasures may be availed of, however, with but little trouble, by persons engaged in artistic pursuits or studies.

Another institution in the examination of which days and weeks might profitably be spent, is the South Kensington Museum, situated in that part of

the metropolis called Brompton, and but a little distance from Hyde Park. It is best reached by the Metropolitan Railway, a station of which is within four minutes' walk. This collection was originated by the late Prince Consort, and was established with the aid of the profits of the Great Exhibition of 1851. Its object is the promotion of art and science, by means of the systematic training of teachers, the foundation of schools of art, public examinations and distributions of prizes, the purchase and exhibition of objects of art, and the establishment of art libraries. It is carried on at an annual expense of about £300,000, which is defrayed by the government. There are schools of art in all the principal towns of the kingdom, which are connected with the parent institution, and at Bethnal Green, five miles east of Charing Cross, is a branch museum, established in 1872, for the benefit of the great industrial population of the East End. The South Kensington collection includes paintings, sculpture, goldsmiths' work, jewels and enamels, porcelain, pottery, terra-cotta, glass, metal work, mosaics and marquetry, carved ivories, musical instruments, furniture, textile or woven fabrics, leather work, &c. It is useless in the present connection to attempt a description of the numerous and extensive courts and galleries, or of any of the wonders contained therein. Every department is arranged with intelligence and taste, and there are the amplest

facilities for study as well as observation. This great museum is open free three days in the week, and during the remainder of the week (called students' days) the public can gain admission — and relief from the crowds — by the payment of a sixpence. Tickets of admission to the museum, including admission to the Art Library and Educational Reading-Room, and also to the Branch Museum at Bethnal Green, are issued at only sixpence a week, three shillings a quarter, or ten shillings a year. Many valuable gifts and bequests have been made to the institution, including the Sheepshanks collection of paintings, the Ellison collection of water-colors, the Dyce collection of paintings, drawings, engravings, and books, and the Forster collection of paintings, drawings, books, and manuscripts (including the originals of some of Dickens's works). The exhibition includes also various loan collections which are, of course, liable to be changed from time to time. During 1878 two fine collections, loaned by Earl Spencer and W. Fuller Maitland, Esq., M. P., were to be seen. Among the pictures are celebrated works by Copley, Hogarth, Landseer, Leslie, Turner, and other British artists, and a few noteworthy foreign paintings, including the famous Raphael cartoons, seven in number, formerly exhibited at Hampton Court, and sent here by order of the Queen. These cartoons are drawn in crayon, on strong paper, and colored in distemper, and they are

ranked among the finest works of the great painter. The subjects are scriptural, and they were executed in 1515 and 1516, by order of Pope Leo X., as copies for tapestry. There were originally ten cartoons, but three have been lost. Dr. Schliemann's collection of antiquities from Troy, forms an interesting part of the exhibition, and like everything else, is admirably arranged.

Near the South Kensington Museum is the Museum of Patents, which contains among other interesting objects, models of some of the earliest railway, marine, and stationary engines ever constructed. The National Portrait Gallery, and the East India Museum, are also upon the opposite side of Exhibition Road, where there are also entrances to the Royal Horticultural Gardens.

On the Hyde Park side of the Horticultural Gardens, within their enclosure, and with its main entrance from Kensington Road, stands the noble Royal Albert Hall; and opposite, within the boundaries of Hyde Park, or the old boundaries of Kensington Gardens, rises the beautiful Albert Memorial. Both were designed by Sir G. Gilbert Scott. The Albert Memorial was erected at a total cost, including the sculpture, of £120,000, and consists of a Gothic canopy 175 feet high; richly decorated with mosaics by Messrs. Clayton and Bell, and Salviati of Venice, and resting on four clustered pillars of red granite. Beneath the

canopy is the colossal bronze statue, fifteen feet high, of Prince Albert, by the late John Foley. This shrine rises from a sculptured base, which is adorned with two hundred life-size portrait statues, in high relief, of the greatest men in science, art, and literature the world has produced, by J. P. Philip and H. Armstead. A double quadrangular pyramid of steps of gray Irish granite leads up to the Memorial, at the lower corners of which are four colossal marble groups, viz: "Europe," by MacDowell, "Asia," by Foley, "Africa," by Theed, and "America," by John Bell. Above them on the platform are smaller symbolic groups of "Agriculture," by Calder Marshall, "Manufactures," by Weeks, "Commerce," by Thornycroft, and "Engineering," by Lawlor. The monument is one of the most beautiful objects of its kind in the world.

My visit to the Royal Albert Hall was so timed that I listened to an excellent concert on the organ, given by Mr. Thomas Pettit. The Hall is in the form of a vast amphitheatre in the Italian Renaissance style, and will seat about ten thousand people. It cost £200,000, and occupies the site of Gore House, once the residence of William Wilberforce, and afterwards of the celebrated Lady Blessington. The organ, built by Willis, is the largest in the world. It has four banks of keys, and one hundred and thirty stops, of which number about one hundred and fifteen are speaking stops, the pedal manual having no less than four reg-

isters of thirty-two feet pipes. The whole number of pipes is over eight thousand. The cost of the instrument was less than seven thousand pounds, or a little more than half as much as the great organ in Boston Music Hall. Mr. Pettit, who is an excellent performer, played the following admirable programme :

March, "Tannhauser,"	Wagner.
Pastorale, "Light of the World,"	Sullivan.
Offertoire in C minor,	Batiste.
a, Sketch, b, Schlummerlied,	Schumann.
Overture, "Zanetta,"	Auber.
Romanza alla Pastorale,	Handel.
Fugue in G major,	Krebs,
Marche Funèbre,	Chopin.
Lied (Book 5, No. 6),	Mendelssohn.
Soldiers' Chorus, "Faust,"	Gounod.

On the west side of Albert Hall stands the recently erected building of the National School of Music. The buildings, which enclose the Horticultural Society's Gardens on three sides, were used from 1871 to 1874 for the International Exhibition. The Crystal Palace of 1851 (now standing at Sydenham, where it was enlarged) stood in Hyde Park, a short distance below the Albert Memorial. A large building in rear of the Horticultural Gardens is soon to receive the Natural History collections from the British Museum.

While at South Kensington, and on the return therefrom, Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens may best be seen. The latter lie at the western extremity

of the park, and comprise two hundred and forty-five acres. On the western side is Kensington Palace, where Queen Victoria was born, and where some members of the royal family still reside. The palace was built in part by William III., and both that monarch and his consort Mary died there, as did also Queen Anne and her husband, Prince George of Denmark, and George II. Opposite the palace, on the south side of Kensington Road, is a magnificent mansion, called Kensington House, recently built, and quite lately sold to Mr. Mackey, the California millionaire. The cost of the house and its site is said to have been over £500,000, and it is not surprising that the original owner was compelled to give the property up to his creditors. Hyde Park is one of the great lungs of London, and at certain hours of the day, while the fashionable season lasts, which is during the months of May, June, and July, its walks and drives present a series of very brilliant scenes. "Rotten Row," which is supposed to be a corruption of *Route du Roi*, — a rather significant change surely, — is the place where equestrians disport themselves. The fashionable driving and riding hours in the park are from about twelve to two, and from five to seven. Hyde Park encloses three hundred and eighty-eight acres, and, previous to the time of Henry VIII., its site belonged to the old manor of Hyde, one of the possessions of Westminster Abbey. The Serpentine is an artificial sheet of

water of considerable extent, reaching far into both Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, and upon its north bank is the drive called the "Ladies' Mile." The Serpentine is a great resort for bathers (before 8 o'clock, A. M., and after 8 o'clock, P. M.), and for boating in summer, and for skating in winter. The chief entrances to the park are at its eastern extremity, by the triple arch at Hyde Park Corner, and by the Marble Arch at Cumberland Gate. Near the latter, the Tyburn Gallows formerly stood; and near the former, is Apsley House, which was occupied by the Duke of Wellington. In the latter neighborhood are two other noteworthy memorials of the Iron Duke; viz., an equestrian statue which surmounts the arched entrance to Green Park, and the statue of Achilles, erected in his honor, just within Hyde Park, by the ladies of England. Along the east side of Hyde Park, runs Park Lane, where many fine mansions are situated.

Green Park (sixty acres) and St. James's Park (fifty-eight acres) lie east of Hyde Park, and thus is a continuous tract of park-country, extending over seven hundred and fifty acres, formed in the midst of busy London. Around these smaller enclosures are the residences of many of the nobility, and on one side of St. James's Park are many of the government offices. Here, too, Royalty resides; for at the top of Constitution Hill, and facing the broad avenue lead-

ing through St. James's Park, rises the stately Buckingham Palace, the town residence of Queen Victoria. Near at hand is St. James's Palace, long a royal abiding place, and in the chapel of which Queen Victoria was married; and Marlborough House, built by the first Duke of Marlborough, and now occupied by the Prince of Wales, is near the eastern extremity of St. James's Park. Clarence House, the residence of the Duke of Edinburgh, lies west of St. James's Palace. In the same vicinity is Stafford House, the town residence of the Duke of Sutherland, containing a fine collection of paintings, which, however, are not to be seen except by special permission of the proprietor. Entrance to the picture galleries of Buckingham Palace may be had on written application to the Lord Chamberlain, during the Queen's absence only. The Royal Mews, or stables, situated near the palace, may also be visited by written permission. Over one hundred horses are kept here, and the magnificent state carriage, built in 1762, at a cost of £7,660, but now seldom used, is also to be seen. An interesting account of a visit to these stables was written in a letter to the Manchester (N. H.) "Daily Mirror," by Mr. Arthur E. Clarke, a member of the Tourjée party.

Among the other great parks of London are Regent's Park (406 acres), which contains the Zoological Gardens, the finest collection of its kind in the world, and also the Botanical Gardens; Victo-

ria Park (223 acres), containing the handsomest public fountain in London, the gift of Miss Burdett-Coutts; Battersea Park (199 acres); and Finsbury Park (120 acres). There are many smaller public parks, and most of the squares (said to aggregate over 300 acres) are planted with trees, shrubs, grass, and flowers. These latter enclosures are in many instances accessible only to residents of the vicinity. The assertion has been made that there are only twelve streets in London from which some patch of green is not visible. However this may be, the visitor to London is sure to be surprised and delighted by the frequency with which he comes upon little parks and gardens, often in places where they would least be expected. The same love of nature seems to animate all classes to a considerable extent; and in some quarters of the town every window is a bower of floral beauty.

Akin to the public parks are the handsome Thames Embankments, which have done so much to beautify the riverside. The Victoria Embankment extends along the north bank of the Thames, from Blackfriars Bridge to Westminster, a distance of over a mile and a quarter. There is a macadamized carriage-way sixty-four feet wide, with a foot pavement sixteen feet broad on the land side, and one twenty feet broad by the river. The wall by the water is eight feet thick. Part of the land reclaimed from the river has been

laid out in tasteful gardens, and lines of trees are planted its entire length. There are several statues, at different points, and here, too, that remarkable monolith known as Cleopatra's Needle, has at length found a resting-place. Constructed more than three thousand years ago, it was erected as one of six gigantic pillars which stood before the Temple of the Sun at the city of On in ancient Egypt. Centuries ago it fell prostrate, and it remained thus until its recent removal to England. During its transportation from Egypt, in a vessel erected around it, a storm arose, and it had to be abandoned, as it was thought to be foundering. It was recovered, however, and safely towed to London, where it arrived Jan. 20, 1878. At the time of our visit the Needle was lying upon the bank, near Waterloo Bridge, but it has since been raised to an upright position. Within the pedestal was placed a jar containing Bibles in English, French, and Arabic; a Hebrew Pentateuch, and a verse from the third chapter of St. John, printed in two hundred and fifteen different languages. The inscriptions for the obelisk were prepared by Dr. Birch and Dean Stanley. The principal inscriptions (facing the roadway and the river, respectively) give a succinct account of this remarkable object, and they are as follows: —

This Obelisk
Was Quarried at Syene, and erected at On
(Heliopolis), by Thothmes III.,
About 1500 B. C.

Further Inscriptions Were Added Two Centuries
Later by Rameses II. (Sesostris)
Removed to Alexandria, the Royal City of
Cleopatra,
It was Erected There in the Seventh Year of
Augustus Cæsar, B. C. 26.
Transported to England and Erected on
This Spot
In the Forty-Second Year of
Queen Victoria
By
Erasmus Wilson, F. R. S.
And
John Dixon, C. E.
This Obelisk
Having Fallen Prostrate in the Sand at
Alexandria,
Was, in Grateful Remembrance
Of Nelson and Abercromby,
Presented to the British Nation, A. D. 1819,
By Mohammed Ali, Viceroy of Egypt.
Encased in an Iron Cylinder it was Rolled
Into the Sea
August 29, 1877.
Abandoned in a Storm in the Bay of Biscay,
It was Recovered and Taken into Ferrol Harbour,
Whence, in Charge of Captain Carter,
It Reached the Thames,
January 20, 1878.

This is the second instance where a colossal obelisk has been transported from the shores of Africa to another part of the world, the first having been the memorable enterprise of Louis Philippe in removing the obelisk of Luxor to the centre of the Place de la Concorde in Paris, in 1836.

Beneath the Victoria Embankment, for its entire length, run three tunnels. The inland one is used by

the Metropolitan District Railway, and the outer two, situated one above the other, are utilized in one instance as an intercepting sewer, and in the other for holding gas-pipes, water-pipes, and telegraph wires. The Embankment has lately been lighted by electricity.

The Albert Embankment is on the opposite side of the Thames, which is here some four hundred yards wide. It extends from Westminster Bridge to Vauxhall Bridge, a distance of about four-fifths of a mile. Adjacent to it rises the extensive St. Thomas's Hospital, and also Lambeth Palace, the London residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Chelsea Embankment is further up the river on the north side.

One of the best ways to see London — or much of it — is to make one or two trips on the Thames in the little steamers which ply up and down the stream with great frequency. By starting from London Bridge and going up the river to Chelsea, St. Paul's, Somerset House, Cleopatra's Needle, the Houses of Parliament, St. Thomas's Hospital, Lambeth Palace, Chelsea Hospital, the several Embankments, and all the chief bridges are passed. Of the bridges the Waterloo is the finest. It is 1,320 feet long, and cost over one million pounds. Boats also run to Putney, Hammersmith, and Kew Gardens, and on certain days as far as Richmond and Hampton Court. Kew Gardens are said to contain the finest botanical gardens in the world,

and Richmond is also a much frequented and very beautiful resort.

A trip down the river from London Bridge affords a view of the shipping and of the great lines of warehouses which tell of the wealth and commercial influence of the great city. Below that point there are at present no bridges, but one is contemplated at Little Tower Hill. The Port of London, in a general sense, extends from London Bridge to a point six and a half miles below, but most of the shipping is found embraced within a distance of four miles, or above Deptford. About fifty thousand vessels enter and leave the Thames every year, and the scene presented on the river, and at the great docks (which are chiefly on the north side of the Thames), is one of unexampled activity. Ships bearing the produce of every nation under the sun are here seen. St. Katherine's Docks have an extent of 24 acres, and no less than 1,250 houses, with 11,300 inhabitants, were displaced to make room for them. London Docks cover an area of 120 acres, and cost the enormous sum of £4,000,000. In conjunction with these is a kiln, popularly known as the "Queen's Tobacco Pipe," where adulterated tea and tobacco, and other confiscated goods are burned. The Commercial Docks comprise 50 acres; the West India Docks 300 acres; the Millwall Docks 100 acres; the Victoria Docks are nearly two miles in length; and there are in addition the Surrey and the East India

Docks. In going down the river, too, many interesting objects are passed, including Billingsgate Market, the Custom-House and The Tower. At Greenwich, six miles below London Bridge, are the celebrated Greenwich Hospital for aged and disabled seamen, and Greenwich Park, containing the Royal Observatory, from the meridian of which all English astronomers make their calculations; and at Woolwich, three miles further down the river, is England's great military establishment, which includes a great number of buildings used as workshops, magazines, barracks, &c. The Arsenal covers an area of 100 acres, and gives employment to 10,000 men. Greenwich is greatly resorted to on account of its "white-bait" dinners. The Greenwich Hospital, established in 1794, occupies the site of an old royal palace in which Henry VIII. and his daughters Mary and Elizabeth were born.

The Bank of England and the Royal Exchange, which are in close proximity to each other within the Old City of London, are well worth a visit if the stranger has time to devote to them, although there are many things to first claim his attention. The Bank, popularly called the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," is an isolated series of buildings, covering an area of about four acres. The bank vaults usually contain from fifteen to twenty million pounds sterling in gold and silver. The business offices of the Bank are accessible to the public from nine o'clock until

three, but special orders have to be obtained for visits to the printing, weighing, and bullion departments. The Royal Exchange has an imposing façade, and in front is Chantrey's equestrian statue of Wellington. The business of the Exchange is conducted in an open quadrangular court, which is surrounded by a colonnade. In the centre is a statue of Queen Victoria, by Lough, and there are also statues of Queen Elizabeth, Charles II., Sir Thomas Gresham (the founder of the first Exchange), and others. In rear of the Exchange, in Threadneedle Street, is a fine statue of George Peabody, by Story, erected by public subscription in 1871.

Some members of our party found time for excursions to Windsor Castle, to Hampton Court, to Greenwich and Woolwich, and to other places of interest outside London; and many of them visited the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. The Crystal Palace, opened upon its present site in 1854, and constructed in the main of the materials used in the exhibition buildings in Hyde Park three years previous, constitutes, with its magnificent gardens, two hundred acres in extent, one of the noblest pleasure-resorts in the world. It lies in the county of Surrey, adjacent to the borders of Kent, nearly a dozen miles from the city, and may be reached by several different railway lines. There is a High Level service and a Low Level service. Most of us went out on the day of the Band of Hope

fête, when a crowd of over seventy thousand persons was assembled, although some members of the party preferred to remain in town and witness the popular demonstration in honor of Lord Beaconsfield, on his return from the successful peace negotiations at Berlin. Taking a High Level train at Ludgate Hill station, an important connection on the Metropolitan line of railway, and also one of the chief starting points of the London, Chatham, and Dover line, we crossed the bridge at Blackfriars, and were soon rolling along on a level with the tile-roofs and chimneys on the Surrey side. The red tile-roofs, which have to a great extent lost their original tints, on account of the smoke, and the queer-looking chimney-pots which tower above them, singly, in groups, and in colonies, form interesting objects for study after the traveller has been journeying through subterranean London. Soon the more open country is reached, but there is not much time to enjoy the bright prospects of garden, field, and suburban villas, before the tall towers and lofty glass roof of the Crystal Palace are in the foreground.

The length of the main structure of the Crystal Palace is one thousand six hundred and eight feet, and there are also two wings of five hundred and seventy-four feet each, and a colonnade of seven hundred and twenty feet. The whole area enclosed by the building is six hundred and three thousand and

seventy-two feet. The height of the nave is one hundred and ten feet and three inches, and of the central transept, one hundred and seventy-four feet and three inches; and there are two great water-towers, two hundred and eighty-four feet high. The interior, or a large part of it, is a sort of bazaar, where almost anything may be purchased. There are also a number of courts (the Egyptian, Roman, Alhambra, Byzantine, Mediæval, Renaissance, Italian, &c.), each with its special exhibitions of sculpture, architecture, antiquities, and other objects; and in galleries are paintings, a technological museum, and various other features of more or less interest — generally less; for in spite of many interesting objects, the Crystal Palace collections have a cheap look, after the well-arranged cabinets of the British and South Kensington museums have been examined. There are also within the palace the Handel Orchestra, where great choral concerts are given; a concert-room, a theatre or opera-house, an aquarium, and a skating-rink. The gardens are beautifully laid out, and include lakes, lawns, cricket-grounds, archery-grounds, and delightfully shaded nooks, as well as broad walks and a profusion of flowers. Here, too, is situated the series of fountains, claimed to be the finest in the world, and certainly not excelled by anything of their kind, except possibly by the fountains in the park at Versailles. The great fountains are played only on great occa-

sions, like fête days, and then only for a short time. In a "grand display," one hundred and twenty thousand gallons of water are thrown up every minute, and some of the jets rise to a height of over two hundred feet. One of these extraordinary displays was included in the Band of Hope fête, and was well worth a journey from London to see. The programme of the fête also included two great choral concerts, by five thousand children, in the Handel Orchestra; four great temperance meetings, one of which was presided over by Mr. John M. Cook, of the firm of Thomas Cook & Son, the excursion agents; a competitive concert by brass bands; several organ concerts; several entertainments by bell-ringers; a race between two balloons, the "Excelsior" and "Crusader;" a cricket-match, and various other contests in athletic sports; the illumination of the palace; and aerial performances by the Hanlon-Voltas. All these features could be enjoyed, together with indefinite rambles through the palace and grounds, for the modest sum of one shilling — about twenty-four cents in American money. The two concerts by the children formed a very interesting feature. A different chorus, each numbering five thousand voices, took part, members of the provincial Bands of Hope appearing at 2 o'clock, and members of the metropolitan organizations at 6.30 o'clock. The conductor at both concerts was Mr. Frederick Smith, and the organist Mr. F. J.

Read, Mus. Bac. The singing at the first concert, the only one I chanced to hear, was excellent, the young voices being heard with admirable effect in songs of a simple character. The programmes, which contained several temperance songs and choruses by American composers, were as follows: —

FIRST CONCERT.

Song of Triumph. . . .	Words by W. J. Harvey; Music by A. S. Sullivan.
Cry out and Shout. . . .	Music by P. P. Bliss.
Safe and Strong. . . .	Words and music by Rev. Alfred Taylor.
Life's Battle-field. . . .	Music by Offenbach.
The Child's Pleading. . .	Words by John Guest; Music by W. F. Sherwin.
Escape from the City. . .	Music by Flotow.
God is near Thee.	
The Green Little Islands. .	Words by M. B. C. Slade.
The Gushing Rill. . . .	Music by Woodbury.
The Skylark's Song. . . .	Music by Mendelssohn.
Look not upon the Wine. .	From John Tregenoweth; Music by Rev. R. Lowry.
The Happy Farmer. . . .	Music by Schumann.
Sleighing Song.	Music by G. F. Root.
Meet me at the Fountain. .	Words and music by P. P. Bliss.
National Anthem.	

SECOND CONCERT.

Opening Hymn.	Words by W. J. Harvey; Music by F. Foster.
In Jewry is God known. . .	Dr. J. Clarke Whitfield.
Touch not the Cup. . . .	Words by Rev. E. P. Hood; Music by J. R. Sweeney.
Sound the Loud Timbrel. .	Words by Thomas Moore; Music by Avison.

Departure.	Words by W. Bartholomew; Music by Mendelssohn.
Drink Water.	Words by W. J. Harvey; Music by W. D. Bradbury.
Escape from the City. . .	Music by Flotow.
Dash it Down.	Words and music by Rev. R. Lowry.
God is Near Thee.	
O Hasten from the Busy Town.	Music by H. R. Palmer.
The Social Glass. . . .	Words by Stowe; Music by L. Cooke.
Song of the Gipsies. . . .	Music by J. E. Seward.
Meet me at the Fountain.. .	Words and music by P. P. Bliss.
National Anthem.	

As the musical and fashionable London season was not over at the time of our visit, there were opportunities to attend the opera at both Covent Garden and Her Majesty's Theatre. At the former, Adelina Patti and Mdlle. Albani were singing, and at the latter, Mme. Etelka Gerster, the Hungarian songstress, who has since created a *furore* in our own country, as she had already succeeded in doing in England. The theatres of London, as a general thing, are both smaller and much less brilliant in appearance than the chief playhouses in our large American cities. A new National Opera House has been begun on the Thames Embankment, near Westminster Bridge, but all operations upon it have for some time been suspended for want of funds.

On one of the days of our visit to London, a spectacle was presented which was by no means a

familiar one to the eyes of the natives themselves. It was a sight of Royalty. It was on the afternoon of Saturday. Learning that the Queen was to attend a garden fête, given by the Prince of Wales, at Marlborough House, I stationed myself at the top of Constitution Hill, opposite Buckingham Palace, where Her Majesty was sure to pass on her way from Paddington station when she arrived from Windsor. There had been a state ball at Buckingham Palace the evening previous, by command of the Queen, who, however, was not present. The garden fête, like the state ball, assembled a vast concourse of the nobility, and an interesting hour was passed in scanning the elegant equipages as they rolled by and up the mall of St. James's Park. A timely "tip" of a shilling to a gatekeeper of Buckingham Palace, who was aiding the policemen in their duties of keeping the carriage-way clear, served to establish the identity of the leading people who passed. In some cases, earls, dukes, and even members of the royal family made less show than representatives of the lesser world who were only out for an airing, and could not even boast the honor of an invitation to the fête. Among those who passed during the period of our stay, were the Duke of Connaught, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse (the Princess Alice) and their children, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz, the Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig, the

Duke and Duchess of Teck, the Duke of Cambridge, the Princess Louise (who had been to Buckingham Palace to visit her sister, the Princess Alice, but did not attend the fête given by her brother, on account of the recent death of her husband's mother, the Duchess of Argyle), Lord Cairns (the Lord High Chancellor), and no end of noble personages. Towards five o'clock, there was a sudden stopping of carriages on the road in front of Buckingham Palace, and soon thereafter the royal cortege came around the corner from Hyde Park way at a galloping gait. First came a mounted policeman, then a small detachment of the Guards, resplendent in red and gold uniforms, and seated on coal-black steeds; next a rush of four pairs of spirited and handsome black horses attached to the royal carriage (an open barouche), a momentary vision of a pleasant-faced, stout, elderly lady in black, and two younger ones in brighter colors, with two servants, — one of them John Brown, — perched upon the seat behind; last of all another detachment of the Guards, and the whole imperial turnout was gone. The Queen might readily be recognized from her later portraits. She was accompanied on this occasion by the Princess Beatrice, and one of her ladies in waiting. As she rode by, the bystanders, of whom there were by this time quite a large crowd, respectfully raised their hats. Much respect was also shown the Grand Duke of Hesse and his family, the Prince

and Princess Christian, and the Duke and Duchess of Teck. The children of the latter, and also of the Grand Duke of Hesse and Princess Alice, who were several times driven by, invariably acknowledged the salutes of the crowd, the boys lifting their hats.

It has been said that a visit to London is incomplete without hearing the celebrated preacher, Spurgeon. Few Americans who go to London depart without listening to his eloquence. The Tabernacle, where he preaches, has five thousand sittings, and is always filled. It is situated in Newington Butts, on the Surrey side of the Thames, but a short distance from the Elephant and Castle, which, besides being a celebrated inn, is a well-known omnibus centre, and also a railway-station. Thither a large number of our excursion-party went Sunday morning, while others visited St. Paul's to hear a choral service, or Westminster Abbey to hear Dean Stanley, reserving their visit to Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle until the evening service.

Mr. Spurgeon's voice is rich and powerful, and he has a style of eloquence peculiarly his own. He is very magnetic, and never fails to hold the undivided attention of his vast congregation. There is no organ in the church, and the singing is wholly congregational, and of the most inspiring order, for the reverend gentleman's hearers cannot resist becoming enthusiastic under his influence. Mr. Spurgeon is an energetic

worker, and his success has been very marked. He seems to possess the love and confidence not only of his great circle of fellow-worshippers, but of the whole surrounding community. Even the omnibus-drivers speak of his goodness and his well-known charity in enthusiastic terms.

Behind the Tabernacle is the Pastor's College, one of Mr. Spurgeon's earliest enterprises, and one which he regards as his favorite work. It began with a single pupil, and now has nearly one hundred. Chapels all over the country, and even in the colonies, call on the college for a supply of pastors. In connection with the college is a loan-fund, the object of which is to assist, by gift or loan, without interest, in the building, enlargement, or repair of chapels in which former students of the college officiate. Another noble institution, which owes its existence to Mr. Spurgeon, is the Orphanage, situated near the Clapham Road, and containing accommodations for two hundred and fifty children. The system upon which this is conducted is based, as far as possible, on the model of the family circle. The school is conducted in classes, and the boys feed at a common table, but they live together in little colonies of from thirty to forty-six, a separate house being provided for each colony, or family. These houses are, as the inscriptions indicate, gifts from various sources. There is "The Merchants' House," "The Workmen's House" (the funds for

which were mainly subscribed by a firm of builders and their workmen), "The Unity House" (erected by a husband in memory of his wife), and "The Silver Wedding House" (built, as the inscription testifies, in gratitude to God for twenty-five years of happy wedded life).

At Mr. Spurgeon's Sunday School, one of the American visitors, Rev. O. D. Kimball, of Leominster, Mass., was invited to address the children.

As already mentioned, our party was divided into five different sections upon its arrival in London. These different bodies left England at different times; the first, second, and third divisions (or, as Mr. Cook chose to designate them, the "Italian," and the first and second "Swiss") entered upon the Continent in the direction of Antwerp, and the two others proceeded first to Paris, reversing the order of Continental travel pursued by the others. As the writer was a member of the fifth (or fourth "Swiss") section, the narrative of travel will be continued in the succeeding chapters in accordance with the route it pursued. All the divisions visited the same places, but, as already indicated, three sections took them in different order than is here laid down, and, so far as the passage of the Rhine and the tour of Switzerland are concerned, in a more preferable course. The movements of the several divisions, other than the fourth "Swiss," are detailed in later chapters.

CHAPTER V.

FRANCE.

Leaving London for Paris — The Route via Newhaven and Dieppe — Crossing the English Channel — A Famous French Watering-Place — The Railway Ride through Normandy — Rouen — The Valley of the Seine — Entering Paris — The Hotel Bedford — The Boulevards — The Cafés — The Fortifications — The Sewers — How the Paris Streets are Cleaned — The Champs Elysées — The Place de la Concorde and its History — The Obelisk of Luxor — The Arc de Triomphe — The Bois de Boulogne — The Church of the Madeleine — The Church of Notre Dame — Ancient Lutetia — The Palais de Justice and Sainte Chapelle — The Morgue — The Hotel Cluny — The Pantheon, &c.

Our division, which was under the leadership of Dr. Tourjée, and the conductorship of Mr. W. H. Smith, a representative of Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son, left London for Paris on the morning of Wednesday, July 17, going by the way of Newhaven and Dieppe. We were taken from our hotel to the London Bridge Station, the terminus of the Brighton and South Coast Railway, a full hour before the time the train was to start. The American traveller quickly learns in Europe, that when transportation by rail is in consideration, he is expected to be not only *on* time, but considerably ahead of it. Under ordinary circumstances there are various preliminaries to be

gone through with in the way of purchasing a ticket, and seeing to the luggage, which must be "lifted" by a porter, and perchance weighed if there is a probability that the trunk or portmanteau runs above the free-luggage limitation. Fortunately these details were attended to by our conductor, and we had the entire time to examine the not-over-attractive station, and to read the time-cards. Every passenger must be in his seat some minutes before the train starts, or he is left behind. The "last man" has no chance to run after the moving train and swing on to a platform, as with us, and consequently one class of accidents not uncommon in America, is wholly guarded against.

The distance from London to Newhaven (which lies a few miles east of the famous watering-place of Brighton) is 56 miles, and the railway runs through very pleasant portions of Surrey and Sussex. The principal towns upon the line are Croydon, ten miles out, and Lewes, a few miles above Newhaven. Brighton is a place of much more importance than either, having a permanent population of over 100,000, and an annual influx of 50,000 summer visitors. It is by far the most frequented seaside resort in the British Islands. The South Down Hills, which stretch along the coast for a considerable distance, are reached north of Newhaven. A few miles east is a bold headland called Beachy Head, beyond which lie Eastbourne and Hastings, both seaside resorts, and northward of

the promontory of Dungeness, are Folkestone and Dover, the two latter places, like Newhaven, being the English ports of departure for important lines of Continental travel. The Newhaven and Dieppe route has a longer sea-voyage (65 miles) than the other lines, but there is an advantage in this, inasmuch as the "chop sea" often encountered in the narrow part of the Channel is sometimes avoided, while the route by rail from Dieppe to Paris, is said to be much pleasanter and far more interesting in every way than the more northern routes.

We embarked on a small but comfortable little steamer, in company with a goodly number of other passengers, mainly "first-class," who were, for the most part, on their way to the Paris Exposition. We had anticipated all sorts of uncomfortable sensations in crossing the Channel, for a placid sea is rare thereabouts. Happily we were disappointed. In mid-channel there was a gentle swell, but aside from this the water was smooth and far from disagreeable. A third of the way across, after the English cliffs had faded in the summer haze into an indistinct line, we ran into a fog-bank, but we emerged from its obscurity sometime before reaching the French shore.

We saw scarcely a vessel until the neighborhood of Dieppe was reached. This ancient Normandy town was formerly — say three centuries ago — the most flourishing seaport in France, but Havre has robbed it

of its ancient prestige. It had, in that remote period, sixty thousand inhabitants, and its ships penetrated to various parts of the globe, some of its sons becoming celebrated navigators. One of these worthies, the sturdy old Admiral Duquesne, who beat the Dutch Admiral de Ruyter, off the coast of Sicily, is commemorated by a statue in one of the public squares of the town, and by another at Versailles. The permanent population of the place is not now more than one-third what it was three hundred years ago, and its maritime importance is confined wholly to fishing. It is, in fact, one of the chief fishing-ports of France, and daily sends large supplies of the finny tribe to both Rouen and Paris. It is likewise a great place of fashionable resort in the warm season, and its *plage* or sea-beach is lined with hotels and handsome villas. It also has an extensive *Etablissement des Bains*, a handsome, fanciful building, where may be found not only a conversation-room, a reading-room, and general lounging facilities, but also a ball-room, and a small theatre, where Parisian companies play during the summer. In front are the bath-houses, or tents, and toward the town is a bazaar. The town itself is quite compact, and is situated at the mouth of the river Arques in a depression between two high ranges of chalk cliffs which here line the coast. These cliffs are nearly as tall, and quite as white as their English neighbors on the other side of the Channel, and pre-

sent a very picturesque appearance on the approach from the sea.

Entering the harbor, which comprises a series of basins, we land on a quay adjacent to the railway station; but as Neptune's complacent mood has brought us across his domain ahead of schedule time, we have about an hour to stroll through the quaint streets and out upon the beach. As we are booked through to Paris, the examination of our personal effects (now termed "*bagages*" and not "luggage") by the customs officials, will take place there instead of at Dieppe, but the passport official must interview us. The passengers file past that officer, from whom the announcement of *l'Americain* or *l'Anglais* elicits the politest of smiles and an intimation to pass on without further hindrance. Passports are not required from either American or English travellers.

The west part of the town is inhabited chiefly by fishermen, but to that section which is said to be the oldest and quaintest part of Dieppe, we did not penetrate, as we had landed upon the opposite side of the basins, and a walk thither would have occupied too much time. The houses are comparatively modern, for the reason that the place was destroyed in 1694 by the English, who were returning from an unsuccessful attack on Brest. On a precipitous cliff, beyond the bathing establishment and the bazaar, rises an old castle, now used simply as barracks. It was erected

in 1433 as a means of defence against the English. Within its walls Henry IV. of France retreated before the army of the Roman Catholic League, and found shelter; and a few miles distant is the castle and battle-field of Arques, where that same monarch gained his signal victory over the League. A short distance up the coast from Dieppe is an ancient camp, by some supposed to be Roman, and by others Gallic.

The distance from Dieppe to Paris, via Rouen, is about one hundred and twenty-five miles, and the line is a part of the *Chemin de Fer de L'Ouest*, which also extends to Havre, Cherbourg, and other important points. The express trains, with but few stops *en route*, make the distance in about four hours. The first-class railway carriages were found to be luxurious in their appointments, and the journey was very agreeable, except for the prevalence of dust. Shooting out of Dieppe and through a long tunnel, we emerge into the valley of the little river Scie, which the railway crosses a score or more of times. The scenery is picturesque and very pleasing. We are in the country, but pleasant little villages are scattered along the stream, some of them rising to greater show and importance than the others, on account of a cotton-mill or two. We catch many glimpses of the homes of the farmers as we rush past their thatched cottages and barns. Throughout Normandy the apple-tree takes the place of the vine, and cider is the bibulous

stimulant instead of wine. The orchards have a very pretty and homelike effect, as they stretch out their lines of trees upon the plains and hillsides. Out in the fields the women are gathering the hay-crop, which is here, as in England and Scotland, quite heavy. In all parts of the Continent, as well as in some parts of Great Britain, the women do most of the out-door work, exercising their "rights" with a freedom and vigor that should put the men to blush. Many of the women wear the quaint and pretty Normandy caps. The hedge-rows and charming stretches of woodland remind the traveller of England. The plains, especially in the vicinity of the larger towns, are studded with gaunt poplars, which stretch away along the roadside in geometrical lines, adding a strange but by no means unpleasant feature to the scenery, though rows of spreading elms would be more welcome. The ruins of some ancient castles are seen along the route, and near the station of St. Victor, at the head of the Scie, there was formerly an abbey, which was founded by William the Conqueror. From the Scie the railway passes through a long and deep cutting, to the Valley de Cleres, and soon joins the line between Rouen and Havre.

The approach to Rouen, a rich and populous city, which has attained great commercial importance on account of its cotton manufactures, is clearly indicated. But little do we see of the "Manchester of France"

JOAN OF ARC'S TOWER, ROUEN.

from the cars. The railway provokingly traverses one of its lines of boulevards, through a long tunnel, and even the station has burrowed down in a chalk hill, out of sight of its surroundings. There are tunnels on both sides of it, and not until the train has got beyond the city, on its way to Paris, is the traveller gratified by a view of the place. With its suburbs, Rouen contains one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, and its outskirts are a mass of factory chimneys. There are two great churches, with high towers, the Cathedral of Notre Dame, and the handsomer church of St. Ouen. The former has an iron spire, of rather ungainly appearance, which rises to the immense height of four hundred and eighty-two feet. The principal parts of the Cathedral date back to the early years of the thirteenth century. The church of St. Ouen, which is termed one of the most beautiful Gothic structures in existence, was founded in 1318. Its chief tower is two hundred and sixty-eight feet high. The Place de la Pucelle is where Joan of Arc was so cruelly burned at the stake in 1431, and in a museum of antiquities the "lion heart" of Richard Cœur de Lion is kept, together with many relics of the Roman period and of the Middle Ages.

At Rouen we are about one hundred miles from the sea at Havre, by the tortuous course of the river Seine, although the railway line thither is scarcely more than half as long. The railway to Paris follows

the general line of the river, but is also much shorter than the winding stream, which at several points makes huge bends and loops. The distance traversed by the cars is eighty-six miles. The scenery is more varied than it is between Dieppe and Rouen, and the views much more extended, as the river broadens the prospect and opens up some glorious vistas while the train bends away from the stream or towards it again. The chief towns through which the road passes are Vernon, Mantes, and Poissy, all of which are places of historic interest. A few miles from the little station of Gaillon, upon one of the bends of the Seine, stands an ancient castle, formerly one of the finest in Normandy, and the favorite residence of Francis I. Tunnels are numerous on the line, and generally intervene just as the traveller endeavors to scan some pleasant bit of scenery. A dozen miles or so from Paris the train passes through the Forest of St. Germain, and but a few miles north of the old town, to which, however, a branch line extends. The Seine is crossed several times in the course of the journey, finally between Asnieres and Clichy, which are in the suburbs of Paris.

It was not far from six o'clock when we rolled into the station of St. Lazare, between eleven and twelve hours from London; and after a brief detention by the custom-house officers, we were on our way in omnibuses provided expressly for our accommodation,

to the neat and comfortable Hotel Bedford, which is situated between the Rue de l'Arcade and the Rue Pasquier, a short distance from the Church of the Madeleine. Here we found Mr. Bruce's division (the third "Swiss"), from whom we had been separated in London, and who had preceded us on the journey by twenty-four hours. Sixty or seventy Americans were certainly enough to impart a decidedly foreign aspect to the hotel and its pleasant courtyard; and the few French guests must have regarded with wondering eyes and ears the gathering throng. An excellent dinner served to render the new comers comfortable and contented; and some of the party were all ready to begin their inspection of Paris. The greater number, however, chose to fortify themselves with sleep against the morrow, when their round of sight-seeing would begin in real earnest.

Paris, during the summer of 1878, was crowded with strangers, drawn thither chiefly by the Great Exposition; but the historic and beautiful city itself formed the greater exhibition. The stranger who finds himself in Paris for the first time is at once struck by its broad and well-shaded boulevards, by the beauty and attractiveness of its numerous shops, and by the gayety and animation of its out-door life. The boulevards, and many of the lesser thoroughfares, are lined with *cafés;* but the drinking, smoking, and lounging are done at little tables upon the sidewalk. The liquids

most dispensed are beer (in Paris denominated *boc*) and light French wines. These beverages are extremely mild in their influence, and an intoxicated person is not often seen in public. During the early part of the day the *cafés*, as well as the boulevards and gardens, are deserted, for the Paris day does not begin till noon, that is, in fashionable estimation; but in the afternoon and evening crowds are seen everywhere. Compared with London, which is grave and sombre, Paris is light, cheerful, and frivolous. The crowds of pleasure-seekers certainly suggest frivolity and self-indulgence. The thousands of workers, of course, are not seen except on holiday occasions, — Sundays for example, — when they manifest at gardens and other public resorts a very similar disposition to the more aristocratic classes. There are *cafés* for the poor as well as the rich, and these are crowded like the rest, especially in the evening. If the Paris day begins late, and the true Parisian does not breakfast until twelve o'clock, it also ends late. Midnight finds the Champs Elysées and the chief boulevards as brilliant and almost as animated as during the early evening, and a ride about the city at any time during the first half of the night is full of interest, since many of the shops, as well as the *cafés*, theatres, ball and concert gardens, and the avenues themselves, are ablaze with lights. The Place de la Concorde, and the new Avenue de l'Opera, are made almost as bright as day by the new electric light.

The system of the boulevards is of quite ancient origin, but to the late Emperor, and to Baron Haussmann, the former enterprising Prefect of the Seine, much of its present development is due. In the year 1670, during the reign of Louis XIV., the *Grand Monarque*, under whose fostering care Paris began to assume both greatness and splendor, the bulwarks, or fortifications (in other words boulevards) were removed, and the moats filled up. On their site sprang up a line of avenues. Those on the right bank of the Seine, "*Les Grands Boulevards*," a term applied especially to the line of broad streets, nearly three miles in length, leading from the Madeleine to the Place de la Bastille, are unsurpassed for elegance anywhere in the world. The period that gave these magnificent avenues to Paris, created also the handsome Tuileries Gardens, the Champs Elysées, and the grand embellishments of Versailles. The first Napoleon carried out further stupendous street improvements, besides giving to the city its great markets, the Arc de Triomphe, &c.; and the recent Emperor still further embellished the beautiful city by building new avenues, and enlarging old ones. The original boulevards having been planted with trees, the term has been extended to all the new and broad streets thus beautified. The "*Boulevards Exterieurs*" mark the line of walls erected by Calonne, the minister of Louis XVI., for the purpose of

enabling the government to collect a tax on all provisions brought into the city. These wholly surround Paris, or rather the Paris of a century ago, for the line of fortifications is still further away from the heart of the great city.

The river Seine runs through Paris, as the Thames does through London; but the French bethought themselves much earlier than the English to make the river-front handsome and attractive. In Paris, as in London, many little steamers ply between different points on the river, though the omnibuses, tram-cars, and the *voitures*, all of which are very cheap, furnish the chief means of intercommunication. The river-front throughout the city is walled, and along its banks are gardens and many of the most celebrated buildings of the city. The bridges, too, are very numerous, and in several instances very handsome. Paris is a very clean city, and its system of sewers is the most complete and effectual in the world. The main sewers are conducted through capacious tunnels under the streets, and may be navigated by boats, or in cars. The sewer itself is really a canal in the centre of the tunnel. At the top run the water-mains and telegraph wires, the latter enclosed in pipes, and there are walks upon the sides. Over the stream, or at the edges, are tracks upon which the cars run, the propelling power being men who walk upon the sides. These cars can also be made to do the work of cleans-

ing the stream if desired, an attachment being placed upon the vehicle, fitting into the concavity, and thus the whole receptacle is swept out. The boats navigate the larger sewers. At one point, it is said, there is a netting for stopping the corks, millions of which are gathered annually and cleansed. It is gratifying to learn that this product is used, not in fresh bottles of wine, but for the manufacture of a compound to be placed between the walls of a house so that sounds cannot be heard from one room to another.

The cleansing of the streets is done at night, or rather in the early hours of the morning — between 3 and 6 o'clock in summer, and 4 and 7 o'clock in winter. At these times no less than 12,916,800 square yards of streets are swept. The refuse carts follow the sweepers, working from 6 to 8 o'clock in summer, and from 7 to 9 o'clock in the winter. The general charge of the work of street-cleaning is in the hands of the Prefect of the Seine, who has a staff for this special service of two chief engineers, one for each group of arrondissements, one group being subdivided into three sections, each under the charge of an executive engineer, and the other into five sections, similarly supervised. Then there are further subdivisions, under superintendents and overseers, the engineers having, in all, at their disposal, a force of 2,200 men, 950 women, and 30 children. Mechanical sweepers are also employed to a large extent.

The streets of Paris are unquestionably the cleanest in the world. The entire expense of keeping the streets, ways, and squares of the great city in good order during the year 1878, was placed at twenty-seven millions of francs, or about $5,400,000. The receipts of the public-way department amount to about twenty-four millions of francs a year. Every new building which is erected must pay so much per square foot. A balcony is taxed ten or twenty francs, according to its height from the ground, and there is a special tax for signs, lanterns, &c. The carriage-stands pay more than four millions francs for the privilege. Each omnibus pays two thousand francs per annum, and the street cars fifteen hundred francs each. The bill-poster is taxed for his sign-boards; the proprietors of cafés are taxed for the privilege given their patrons to sit on the sidewalk and drink their coffee; the skating ponds are leased, and, in short, the municipal fathers of Paris pick up an honest franc wherever they can find it. Perhaps the strangest part of all is, that the money seems to be honestly expended; the system so prevalent in our own country of using the public funds for the enrichment of private purses being an unknown, or at least an uncultivated art.

It must not be supposed that all the Paris streets and public ways are broad and capacious. Far from it. At many points along the grand boulevards a person has only to step aside from the gay and busy

throng to find himself almost immediately in some section of old Paris, where the byway is narrow and shadowy, and where the persons inhabiting the tall houses on either side might almost clasp hands across the thin division of space. But cleanliness is everywhere apparent, the sanitary regulations being carried out systematically and effectually in all parts of the city.

One of the noblest avenues in the whole world is through the Champs Elysées, extending westward from the Place de la Concorde to the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile, about a mile. The Champs Elysées were originally laid out by Marie de Medicis in 1616 as a pleasure-ground. The good of the people was a later consideration. The wide driveways and promenades are lined with elms and lime-trees, and flanked by gardens, beyond which, on one side, are a line of handsome buildings, chiefly residences, while on the other is the Palais de l'Industrie, which served in 1855 for the first Great Exhibition at Paris, and in which, during the months of May and June, the artists make their yearly displays of new paintings. There, too, the imposing ceremonies incident to the distribution of prizes at the Exhibition of 1878 took place. The Palais de l'Elysée is upon the other side, with its front upon the Rue St. Honoré, and its gardens extending down to the more public pleasure-grounds. This mansion was erected in 1718, and was considerably

enlarged by Napoleon III. It has sheltered Mme. de Pompadour, Napoleon I., the Duke of Wellington, the Emperor Alexander, the Duchess de Berry, and latterly the Presidents of the Republic. Napoleon III. resided there while he was still President of the Republic, and until his elevation to the throne, when he removed to the Tuileries. The principal gardens which are embraced in the Champs Elysées lie at the easterly end, between the Place de la Concorde and the Rond Point, about half-way to the noble Arc de l'Etoile, which occupies a little elevation at the other end of this magnificent thoroughfare. During the afternoon and early evening, this is the fashionable drive and promenade, being on the way to the Bois de Boulogne, the great park of Paris. The end nearest the town more especially presents a very animated appearance. *Cafés chantants*, *Theatres de Guignol* (marionettes), restaurants, cake-stalls, and the like, are among the attractions, and they are largely patronized. Upon a side avenue, near at hand, is the famous — or rather infamous — *Jardin Mabille*.

On the opposite side of the Place de la Concorde, flanked by the Rue de Rivoli (a paradise for ladies, and gentlemen also, who desire to indulge in "shopping" excursions) and the river Seine, are the handsome Tuileries Gardens, beyond which are the ruins of the Palace of the Tuileries, the latter still forming a fierce reminder of the fury of the Communist mobs of 1871.

PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.

The Place de la Concorde is one of the most famous public squares in Europe, not only on account of the taste shown in its adornment, but also by reason of its historic associations. In the centre of the square rises the beautiful Obelisk of Luxor, one of two noble monuments which formerly stood in front of the great temple of Thebes, where they were erected by Rameses III., 1550 years B. C. It was presented by the Pasha of Egypt to Louis Philippe, and removed from Egypt to its present resting-place at great cost. The sarcastic Parisians say that this object cost them four francs per pound, its weight being estimated at five hundred thousand pounds. The Obelisk is a monolith, or single block, of reddish granite or syenite, seventy-six feet in height. It rests upon a pedestal which is approached by steps, the elevation of the whole monument being one hundred and five feet. There are three vertical rows of hieroglyphics on each side of the monolith, laudatory of King Rameses II., still well defined, although they were carved over three thousand years ago. The Obelisk occupies a much finer site than the similar monument recently erected on the banks of the Thames in London.

Historically, too, this very spot has special interest. The peaceful name by which the Place is known seems a mockery, for here stood that terrible instrument of decapitation, the guillotine (removed here from the Place de Grève where it was first set up at the recom-

mendation of the physician Guillotin). From the 21st of January, 1791, to the 3d of May, 1795, upwards of two thousand eight hundred persons perished here, and of the number were Louis XVI. (the first victim), Charlotte Corday, the ill-fated Queen Marie Antoinette, Louis Philippe (Duke of Orleans and father of King Louis Philippe), the Princess Elizabeth Marie Helene (sister of Louis XVI.), Hebert, Danton, Robespierre, Camille Desmoulins, and many other well-known historical figures. The Place had seen some stirring scenes previous to the Revolution, although it remained only waste ground up to within a little more than a century ago. A bronze statue of Louis XV. was erected here in 1748, but on the 11th of August, 1792, the day after the capture of the Tuileries, it was removed by order of the Convention, and turned into pieces of two sous. On the 30th of May, 1770, during an exhibition of fireworks in honor of the marriage of the Dauphin (afterwards Louis XVI.) with the Arch-duchess Marie Antoinette, a panic was caused by the premature discharge of some rockets, and no less than twelve hundred persons were crushed to death, or killed by being thrown into the ditches which then surrounded the Place, while two thousand more were severely injured.

In the present century the Place de la Concorde has also witnessed strange scenes. On the 10th of April, 1814, a solemn service was performed here in presence

of the Emperors Francis and Alexander, and King Frederick William III., in memory of Louis XVI., after which a *Te Deum* was sung as a thanksgiving for their victory. On that occasion Prussian and Russian troops were bivouacked in the Champs Elysées. The following year brought a camp of English soldiers. In March, 1871, Prussian troops once more occupied the Champs Elysées and the Place de la Concorde, and in the month of May following, there took place in the latter a most desperate struggle between the Versailles troops and the Communists. A formidable barricade had been erected in the adjacent Rue Royale, in front of the Church of the Madeleine, and the Communists thus commanded the Place. They were driven back, although not until all the neighboring houses were riddled with bullets and shells. Most of the damage, however, was committed by the Communists themselves, the miscreants desiring to take revenge upon the wealthy residents of the neighborhood. Houses were fired, and firemen were caught pouring petroleum into the doomed buildings from their engines. In one instance, seven persons who had taken refuge in a cellar were burned to death, and in a neighboring *maison d'accouchment* twenty-two of the helpless patients are supposed to have perished in the flames. These fiendish scenes were enacted on the 22d and 23d of May, and on the latter date, three hundred of the insurgents, who had been driven from

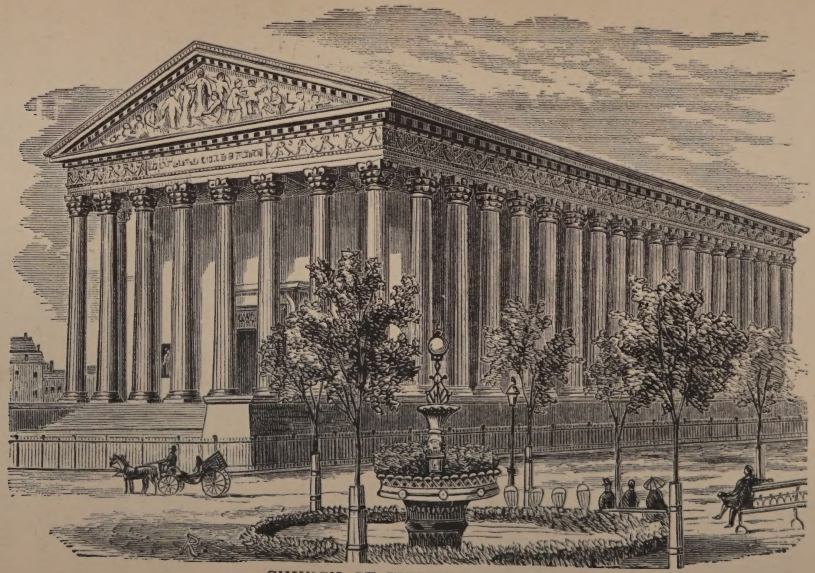
the barricades, took refuge in the church, but the troops soon forced an entrance, and shot every one of the party down. Although one of the beautiful fountains in the Place de la Concorde, and also one of the statues were greatly injured in the conflict which took place in front of the barricades, the Obelisk of Luxor fortunately escaped. The fountains are two in number. One is dedicated to the seas, and the other to the rivers, and the series of stone figures are emblematical of the chief towns of France, outside Paris. Lille and Strasbourg are by Pradier; Bordeaux and Nantes, by Calhouet; Rouen and Brest, by Cortot; and Marseilles and Lyons, by Petitot.

The Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile, at the other end of the beautiful Champs Elysées, is an imposing structure, whether seen through any of the twelve avenues which radiate therefrom, or directly in front. In 1806, Napoleon I. formed the idea of erecting four triumphal arches in different parts of the city, to commemorate his victories. Two only of these were ever finished. This one was completed by Louis Philippe in 1836, and the small arch in the Place du Carrousel, in rear of the Tuileries, was built wholly by the first Napoleon. The Arc de l'Etoile cost over nine millions of francs, and consists of an arch ninety-five feet high and forty-six feet wide, intersected by a transversal arch fifty-nine feet high and nineteen feet in width. The whole structure is one hundred and

sixty feet in height, one hundred and forty-six feet in width, and seventy-two feet in depth. The façades are embellished by groups representing some of Napoleon's great victories, or emblematical of the heroism of the famous soldier and of the French people. These are by Rude, Lemaire, Cortot, Seurre, Etex, Chaponnière, Gechter, Marochetti, Pradier, and others. Several of the groups are very finely executed. The continuation of the Avenue des Champs Elysées, beyond the Arc de l'Etoile, is called the Avenue de la Grande Armée, and to the south of this is another grand thoroughfare, the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, which forms one of the main approaches to the noble park of the same name. This beautiful pleasure-ground covers an area of two thousand two hundred and fifty acres, and extends nearly out to St. Cloud. It contains the Jardin d'Acclimatation, and the race-course of Longchamps. The fortifications of Paris skirt the Bois de Boulogne on the city side. These ramparts are twenty-one miles in extent, and completely surround Paris.

We chanced to be housed but a short distance from the Church of the Madeleine, and consequently in a very central location for sight-seeing excursions. The famous church itself was, of course, one of the first objects to attract our attention. It is a majestic structure and stands in an open space where its handsome proportions may be seen to good advantage. Its

form is that of a Greek temple, three hundred and fifty feet in length and one hundred and forty-seven feet wide, surrounded by Corinthian columns fifty-two feet in height. Sixteen of these columns support the pediment of the south façade, fifteen are upon each side, and eight support the north portico. The whole structure rests upon a basement about twenty feet in height, and is approached by a broad flight of steps. The niches in the wall of the south façade contain thirty-four statues of saints, and the tympanum contains a high relief of vast dimensions, by Lemaire, representing the Last Judgment. This group is one hundred and twenty-five feet in length and twenty-three feet in height. The figure of the Saviour in the centre is eighteen feet in height. The building of the church was begun in 1764, and in 1806 Napoleon commanded its completion as a Temple of Glory, with the inscription, "*L'empereur Napoléon aux soldats de la grande armée.*" Louis XVIII. altered this plan and proposed to make the edifice an expiatory church to the memory of Louis XVI., Louis XVII., Marie Antoinette, and the Princess Elizabeth. The construction of the church was again interrupted by the Revolution of July, 1830, and it was not finally completed until 1842, by which time there had been expended upon it upwards of fourteen millions of francs ($2,800,000). The interior is lighted wholly by cupolas, and there are no windows upon the sides.



CHURCH OF THE MADELEINE.

The bronze doors, thirty-five feet in height and sixteen feet wide, are adorned with illustrations of the Ten Commandments, by Triquetti, and seven years were occupied in their construction. The church contains some fine marble groups by Marochetti, Rude, and others. The bloody scene which was enacted within the church at the time of the fearful Communistic troubles, has already been referred to.

The Church of Notre Dame attracts more attention from strangers than any other church edifice in Paris. This is one of the oldest Gothic churches in France, though far from being one of the most beautiful. It was founded in 1163, but the interior and façade were not completed until the early part of the succeeding century. Its length is four hundred and seventeen feet, its width one hundred and fifty-six feet, and its nave has a height of one hundred and ten feet; but notwithstanding these grand proportions, its general effect is not imposing, a fact attributable to its low situation, and to the absence of high spires, as well as to various lesser defects in design. The most striking part is the façade, which has a height of two hundred and twenty feet, including the two corner towers, and is divided into three stories. The lower story contains three pointed, receding portals, the sides of which are very elaborately sculptured. The centre portal represents the Last Judgment; the one on the right is dedicated to St. Anne, and the one on the

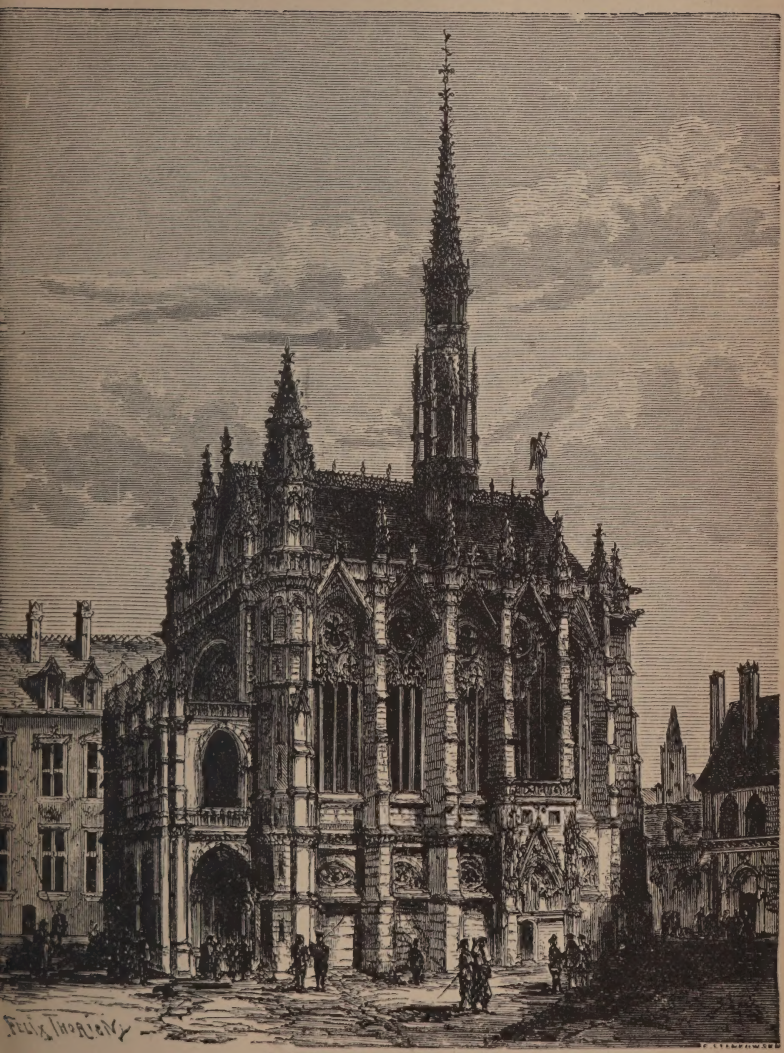
left, which is generally used, is dedicated to the Virgin. This story is separated from the one above it by a gallery, or series of niches, containing modern statues of twenty-eight kings of France, from Childebert I. to Philip Augustus, copied from those at Rheims, the originals having been destroyed, with many of the other sculptures in the church, in 1793, when the edifice was converted into a "Temple of Reason." Above this gallery is a statue of the Virgin, a figure of Adam occupying a place upon the right, and one of Eve upon the left. The chief ornament of the second story is the magnificent rose window, forty-two feet in diameter. The third story is a gallery composed of pointed arches in pairs, borne by slender columns, each pair of arches being crowned by an open trefoil. Above this gallery runs an open balustrade, surmounted by figures of monsters and animals, and the façade terminates in the two massive square towers, each of which is about fifty feet in width. The towers are pierced by a pair of elongated windows. The south tower contains the great bell, which weighs sixteen tons. The interior, like the exterior, has been restored within the present century. There are numerous chapels, many of which contain handsome tombs. Near one of the portals are two slabs, upon which the names of seventy-five victims of the Commune may be read. Monseigneur Darboy, the venerable Archbishop of Paris, the Abbé

Duguerry, *curé* of the Madeleine, three other priests, and Senator Bonjean, who were seized as hostages by the fiendish Communists, and finally shot in the court-yard of the prison of La Roquette, are buried here, having been removed from Père-la-Chaise, where the bodies were ignominiously thrown into a trench. The chapels are in most cases dedicated to deceased archbishops and cardinals, two of whom, besides Archbishop Darboy, were murdered; viz., Monseigneur Affre, who was shot in the outbreak of 1848, and Monseigneur Sibour, who was killed by an ex-priest in the Church of St. Etienne du Mont, in 1857. In the treasury of the church are numerous relics, including what is claimed to be the crown of thorns, and also a fragment of the true cross. Similar relics are found in various parts of Europe. Among the ecclesiastical vestments are preserved the bloody garments and other memorials of the murdered archbishops. The church contains a fine organ. The view from the tower of Notre Dame is considered the finest in the city, although the prospect from the Tour St. Jacques (all that remains of the old church of St. Jacques de la Boucherie, near the Rue de Rivoli) and from the Pantheon are very extended.

The Church of Notre Dame, as well as the Palais de Justice and the Hotel Dieu, is situated on the Isle de la Cité, the most ancient part of Paris. The town of Lutetia existed here in the time of the Romans,

and previous to the beginning of the Christian era. At the time of the conquest of Gaul by Julius Cæsar, this town was in existence as the stronghold of the Parisii. Christianity was introduced here by St. Dionysius (whose name has been abbreviated into St. Denys, or St. Denis), who came with six others from Rome to Gaul about the year 250, and suffered martyrdom on Montmartre, the Martyr's Hill. Popular tradition credits St. Denis with having walked off with his head under his arm after decapitation. The Romans built many edifices in Paris; but the only trace of them now remaining is the Palais des Thermes, near the Hotel Cluny, on the south side of the Seine. The latter is a mansion erected in the fifteenth century by the abbots of the wealthy Benedictine Abbey of Cluny in Burgundy. It is supposed to have been built upon the site of an ancient Roman palace, to which the baths were attached. The ancient edifice is believed to have been founded by the Roman Emperor Constantius Chlorus, who resided in Gaul from 292 to 306, and it continued to be the residence of other sovereigns, including some of the early Frank monarchs. The modern Hotel Cluny was also a royal residence; but it is now a museum of antiquities.

The Palais de Justice, as well as the Hotel de Ville, which was situated not far away on the right bank of the Seine, and the Palais des Tuileries, still further down the river, were seriously damaged by the Com-



SAINTE CHAPELLE, PARIS.

munists, in 1871; but the ancient and beautiful Sainte Chapelle was happily saved from destruction. This chapel was founded in 1245, for the reception of the sacred relics which St. Louis is said to have purchased from Jean de Brienne, King of Jerusalem, and his son-in-law Baldwin, Emperor of Byzantium, consisting of the crown of thorns, fragments of the true cross, &c. These relics are now preserved at Notre Dame. The interior comprises two chapels, one above the other, the upper one having been intended for the court, and the lower for the attendants. The upper chapel contains some beautiful stained-glass windows, representing scenes from the life of St. Louis.

The Morgue, where the corpses of unknown persons who have perished in the river, or in the streets, are exposed for identification, is situated in the rear of the Church of Notre Dame. This hideous place has between three and four hundred ghastly inmates annually.

Another interesting church is the Pantheon. It occupies a commanding site not far from the Luxembourg, and is of the Græco-Roman style of architecture. A lofty dome makes it one of the most conspicuous buildings in Paris. It occupies the site of a very ancient church, which was dedicated to Ste. Genevieve the patron saint of Paris, who was interred

here in 512. The present edifice was designed by Soufflot, and the foundation-stone was laid by Louis XV., in 1764. It was completed in 1790, and dedicated to Ste. Genevieve; but in 1791 the Convention decided to turn it into a Pantheon, and placed upon it the inscription, "*Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante.*" In 1822, the church was restored to its legitimate use; but the July Revolution of 1830 caused another change, and the obliterated inscription was restored. It 1853, it once more became the *Eglise Ste. Genevieve*, and such it remains. The pediment above the portico contains a fine group of figures by David D'Angers, and the interior contains some fine frescoes. In the vaults, Mirabeau, Marat, Voltaire, and Rousseau were formerly buried; but their bodies were long since removed. A remarkable echo is heard in the vaults. The dome, which is two hundred and sixty-seven feet above the ground, commands a beautiful view of Paris. Near the Pantheon are the Library of Ste. Genevieve, and the Church of St. Etienne du Mont.

There are many other churches worthy of a visit; but I cannot stop to describe them. Among these are St. Sulpice, the richest of the churches on the south bank of the Seine, and containing a large and very fine organ; St. Vincent de Paul, in the Place Lafayette, a handsome edifice in the Basilica style; St. Roch, in

the Rue St. Honoré, where the music is especially fine; and St. Germain l'Auxerrois (near the Louvre), from the tower of which rang forth the preconcerted signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew, on the 24th of August, 1572.

CHAPTER VI.

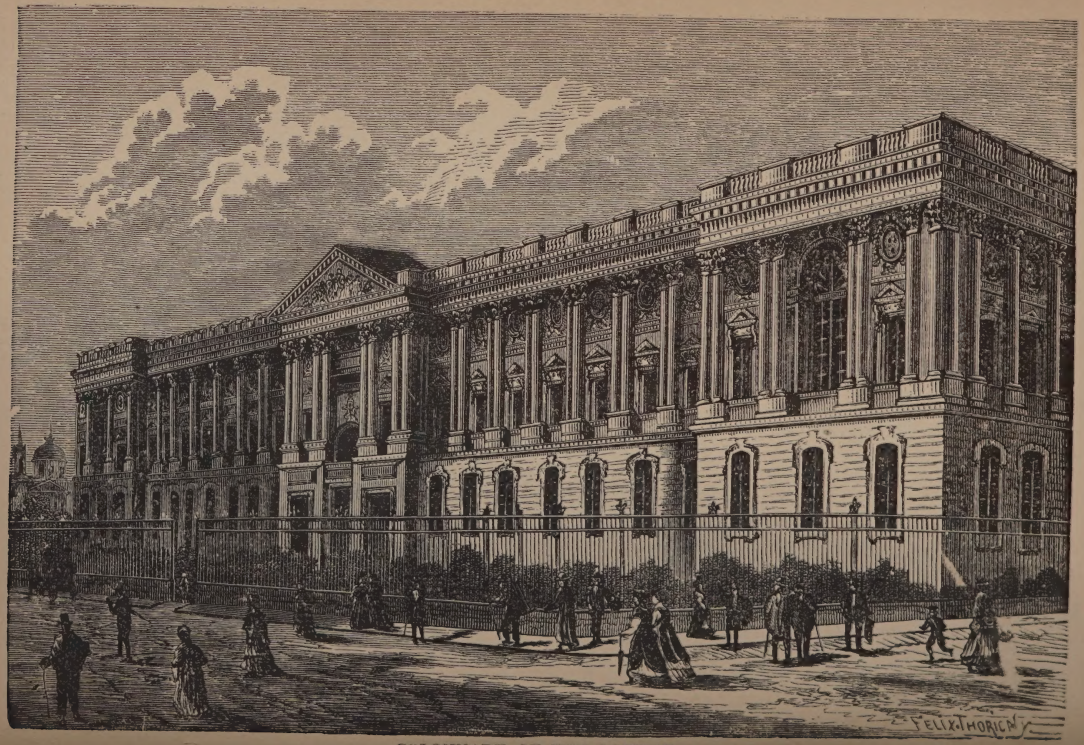
FRANCE CONTINUED.

The Louvre and its Treasures — The Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel — M. Giffard's Captive Balloon — The Palais Royal — The Hôtel des Invalides, and the Tomb of Napoleon — The Vendôme Column — The Column of July — The Bibliothèque Nationale — The Grand Opera and the Opera Comique — The Conservatoire de Musique — The Cemetery of Père-la-Chaise — The Park of the Buttes Chaumont — The Markets — A Peep at the Exposition Universelle — The Exhibition Buildings and the Arrangement of the Grounds — General Characteristics of the Display — Two National Concerts — An Excursion to St. Cloud, Versailles, and Sèvres — The Palace of Versailles and its Art Galleries — A Lunch with Mr. Thomas Cook — Leaving Paris — The Railway Journey to Geneva.

Of all the possessions of Paris, the Museum of the Louvre is the richest. The buildings are of vast extent, covering, with the Tuileries, with which they are connected, an area of twenty-four acres, and they are handsome architecturally. The Louvre was formerly a royal palace, and is said to have derived its name from the fact that wolves formerly abounded in the forest that here skirted the river-bank. An ancient castle stood here, and the present palace dates back to 1541, when it was begun under the direction of Francis I., who removed the older chateau. It

was completed in the reign of Henri II., and first occupied by Catherine de Medicis and her son, Charles IX. On the 19th of August, 1572, the marriage of the Princess Margaret of Valois with the King of Navarre, afterwards Henri IV. of France, took place here; and five days later, Charles IX. gave the signal for the ringing of the neighboring church-bell which was to precipitate the fearful massacre of St. Bartholomew. A window is pointed out from whence the king himself is said to have fired upon the doomed wretches in the street below. Later monarchs enlarged and improved the palace, and it was not until the reign of Napoleon III. that the immense edifice was completed. The old Louvre has been used as a Museum of the Fine Arts since the Revolution of 1789. In 1793, the works of art dispersed among the different palaces and chateaux belonging to the crown, were collected here, and the galleries were afterwards greatly enriched by the spoils of the Republican and Imperial armies. Valuable additions to the vast collection have been made in recent years. The new Louvre is chiefly occupied by government offices; but a part of the south wing belongs to the Museum. Both the south and north wings suffered during the brief reign of the Commune, and in the latter, the library of the Louvre, consisting of ninety thousand volumes, and many rare and interesting manuscripts, was destroyed.

The Museum is, in fact, a consolidation of fifteen different collections. There are miles of galleries lined with sculptures and paintings, many of them by the greatest artists the world has ever known, and months and years might here be spent in profitable study. The ground floor contains sculpture, from the days of the Egyptians and Assyrians down to modern times, and engravings. The first floor is devoted to pictures, antiquities, the Musée Campana, the Musée de la Renaissance, drawings, and antique bronzes. Upon the second floor are the Musée de Marine, the Musée Ethnographique, and three rooms supplementary to the picture galleries containing Flemish and Dutch pictures. In the Salle de Venus, is seen the famous statue of the Venus of Milo, one of the chief gems of this marvellous collection. This celebrated work of art was dug up on the island of Milo, or Melos, in 1820. There are numerous other masterpieces of sculpture. The galleries of paintings are of great extent, and a mere cursory examination of the chief pictures in the collection would occupy a long time. The Salon Carré contains some of the finest works, such as Murillo's "Assumption" (purchased from Marshal Soult's collection for the enormous sum of $133,000); Paolo Veronese's "Marriage Supper at Cana"; Raphael's "Holy Family"; [illegible]ian's "Entombment of Christ"; Correggio's "St. Catherine"; and Vandyke's "Charles I. of England." In the



COLONNADE OF THE LOUVRE.

Grand Gallery, which is nearly a quarter of a mile in length, there some fine specimens of the Italian, Spanish, German, and Dutch schools, a series of large pictures painted by Rubens for Marie de Medicis, and illustrating events in her own life, being included in the latter. The Modern French Gallery contains some noteworthy works by David, Guerin, Gerard, Robert, and other artists. In the Gallerie des Sept Metres, are Raphael's "Johanna of Arragon," and his portrait of himself; Titian's "Francis I."; and Leonardo da Vinci's "Virgin in the Sepulchre." The present volume might be filled with an account of the Louvre; but there are many objects in Paris to be seen, and we must turn our steps towards other places.

Between the Louvre and the Tuileries extends a vast quadrangle, formed partly by Napoleon I., and partly by Napoleon III. This space is divided into three parts; viz., the Place Napoleon, the Place du Carrousel, and the Cour des Tuileries. In front of the principal entrance to the latter stands the Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel, a structure much inferior to the Arc de l'Etoile, though still handsome and imposing. It is forty-seven feet in height, sixty-three feet in width, and twenty feet in depth. It is surmounted by a chariot and four horses, a group in bronze, designed by Bosio, to replace the celebrated horses of Lysippus, with which Napoleon originally adorned the

arch, but which were restored by the allies in 1814 to their former position over the portal of St. Mark's, in Venice. Within the grounds of the Tuileries, during our visit to Paris, M. Giffard's mammoth balloon was moored. It had not yet begun its public ascents, but several trial-trips to the height of a quarter of a mile or more, were made during our stay. This monster of the air, the largest aerostat ever constructed, held 847,598 cubic feet of gas, and cost upwards of $100,000. Even with its car resting upon the ground the great air-ship loomed above the Tuileries and the Louvre like a gigantic dome, and could be seen for a great distance. It was large enough to lift sixty persons at a time.

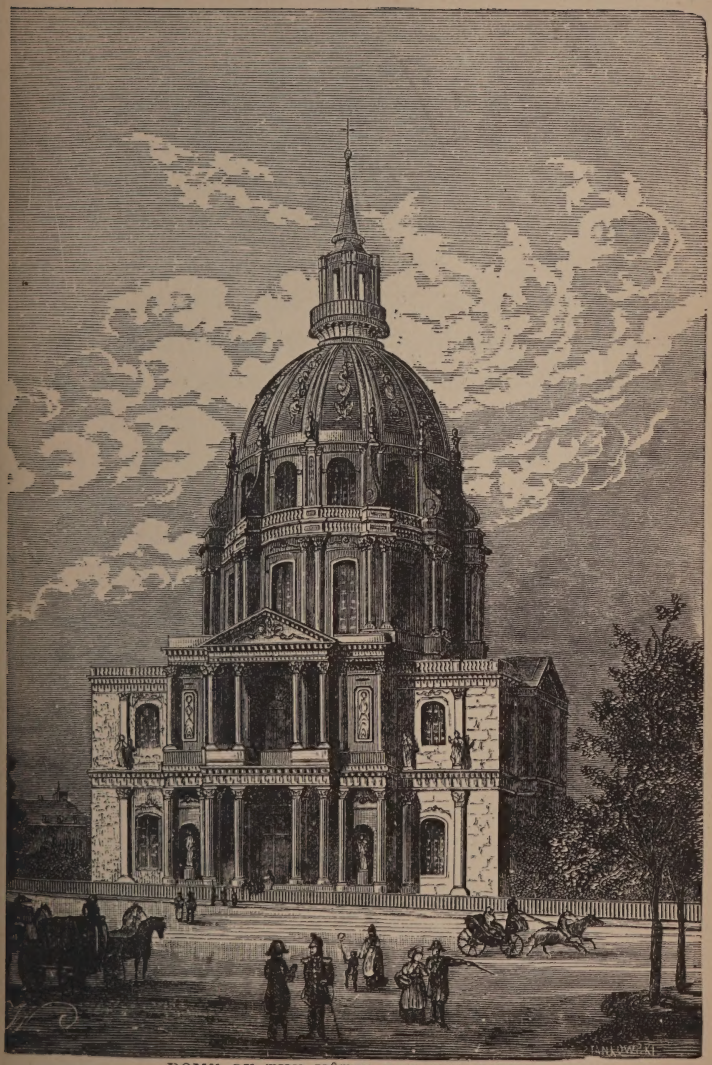
The Palace and Museum of the Luxembourg is situated on the south side of the Seine, in the Faubourg St. Germain. The gardens attached to the palace are quite extensive, and contain some fine fountains and statuary. The palace was commenced by Marie de Medicis, in 1615, and was used as a royal residence until 1800. It was afterwards used by the higher legislative body, and subsequent to the destruction of the Hôtel de Ville, a portion of the edifice has been occupied by the Prefect of the Seine. The picture galleries are filled with paintings by living French artists.

The Palais Royal, originally built by Cardinal Richelieu, and by him presented to Louis XIII., in

1629, from which time it was a royal residence, is now, and for many years has been, a mass of shops and cafés. The original structure, which was the scene of the orgies of the Regent, Duke Philip of Orleans, was destroyed by fire after it fell into the possession of Philippe Egalité, who formed the plan of replenishing his exhausted coffers by surrounding the garden with houses and bazaars. A portion of the structure remained a palace, under various designations, as the fortunes of the country changed, and as late as 1870 some of the apartments were occupied by Prince Napoleon, a cousin of the late emperor. In 1848, and again in 1871, parts of the palace were destroyed. The shops are built around a quadrangular garden, and present a very brilliant appearance, especially in the evening. The Theatre Français is situated at the south-west corner of the Palais Royal, and the Theatre du Palais Royal, one of the lighter class of playhouses, forms one of the attractions of the Palais Royal itself.

The Hôtel des Invalides, and the Tomb of Napoleon, are among the chief sights of Paris; and thither the eye of the stranger is directed early upon his arrival in the city, for the great gilded dome of the Church of the Invalides is one of the most prominent objects to be seen. Soldiers disabled by wounds, and those who have served for thirty years, are entitled to a home in the Hôtel des Invalides, and there are accommodations for five thousand inmates. The whole

establishment, which is completely isolated from other buildings, occupies an area of nearly thirty acres, including the magnificent esplanade along the Seine. This admirable institution was founded in 1670 by Louis XIV. A Musée d'Artillerie, which embraces a very large collection of arms and armor, is one of the features of the hotel. Military mass is celebrated every Sunday at twelve o'clock in the old Church of the Invalides, or the Church of St. Louis, as it is called. The Church of the Dome is upon the other side of a screen, and can be entered only from the other side. The dome lifts its summit 330 feet above the pavement, and directly beneath it is the tomb of Napoleon Bonaparte. This is an open circular crypt, twenty feet in depth and thirty-six feet in diameter, the walls of which are adorned with reliefs in marble, by Simart. There are also twelve colossal figures, by Pradier, emblematic of the victories gained by the emperor. From the centre of the mosaic pavement, which represents a wreath of laurels, rises the sarcophagus, six and a half feet wide, and fourteen and a half feet high, consisting of a single block of reddish, polished granite, weighing sixty tons, brought from Lake Ladoga, in Finland, at a cost of 140,000 francs. Two winding granite staircases lead down into the vault, and on either side is a sepulchral urn, one being that of Marshal Bertrand, and the other Marshal Duroc's. Over the entrance to the vault are inscribed the fol-



DOME OF THE HÔTEL DES INVALIDES.

lowing words from the Emperor's will: "*Je désire que mes cendres reposent sur les bords de la Seine, au milieu de ce peuple Français que j'ai tant aimé.*" The monuments of Vauban and Turenne, with their recumbent figures, occupy lofty chapels on each side of Napoleon's tomb, and in other chapels are the tombs of Jerome and Joseph Bonaparte.

The handsome Ecole Militaire, which covers a large area, and is surmounted by a conspicuous dome, is situated near the Champs de Mars, not far from the Hôtel des Invalides.

On the same side of the river, too, are the Jardin des Plantes, or Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle; the Gobelins manufactory (partly destroyed, with many of its rich treasures of tapestry, in 1871); the Palais du Corps Legislatif; the Palais des Beaux Arts; the Hotel des Monnaies (or mint); the Institut de France, and other institutions which demand the attention of the visitor to a greater or lesser extent, but which I will not attempt to describe.

Two of the most noteworthy monuments in Paris are the Colonne Vendôme, in the Place of the same name, and the Colonne de Juillet, which stands in the Place de la Bastille. The former is in imitation of Trajan's Column at Rome, and is one hundred and forty-four feet in height. It was erected by Napoleon I., to commemorate his victories over the Russians and Austrians in 1805, and is constructed of masonry, en-

crusted with plates of bronze, forming a spiral scroll nearly three hundred yards in length, on which are represented the most memorable scenes of the campaign of that year. The metal of twelve hundred Austrian and Russian cannons was used in the construction of these plates. A statue of Napoleon, which occupied the summit of the column, was taken down by the Royalists in 1814, and the metal was used in casting the equestrian statue of Henri IV., which now stands on the Pont Neuf. In 1831, Louis Philippe caused a new statue of Napoleon to be erected, and in 1863 this was replaced by another. The column was pulled down by the destructive Communists in 1871, but has since been re-erected. The column of July is a bronze monument, of the Corinthian order, rising on a high pedestal, and surmounted by a figure emblematical of Liberty. Six hundred and fifteen citizens, who fell in the Revolution of July, 1830, were placed in a vault beneath this monument, and others who fell in the outbreak of February, 1848, and in the Communist troubles of 1871, have been added to the list. The column itself is seventy-five feet high, and the whole structure has a height of one hundred and sixty-four feet. The Communists tried to destroy this shaft as well as the Vendôme Column, but were happily unsuccessful. The ancient Bastille, which stood here, was destroyed by the insurgents in 1789, and the stones were used to construct the Pont de la Concorde.

The Canal St. Martin, which is navigable for barges and small steamers, passes under the Place de la Bastille, and also under the Boulevard Richard Lenoir, for nearly its entire length. It communicates with the Canal de l'Ourcq, which connects the river Marne with the north section of the city, where the abattoirs, or slaughter-houses are situated.

The Place des Victoires contains an equestrian statue of Louis XIV., and in the Place des Vosges, formerly the Place Royale, is an equestrian statue of Louis XIII. Both these effigies have suffered from the ravages of war and riot, and have been at least once renewed. In the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, formerly the Place de Grève, the stake and the scaffold for centuries held sway, and there that terrible instrument, the guillotine, began its deadly work. Many of the public squares of the city are ornamented with handsome fountains, some of them being very elaborate structures. About midway between the Place des Victoires and the Boulevard Montmartre, is the handsome temple of the money-changers, the Bourse, and in the same neighborhood is the Bibliothèque Nationale, the largest library in the world. This enormous collection contains over three million books, and more than one hundred and fifty thousand manuscripts. There is also in connection with the library a large collection of coins and antiquities.

The Place du Trône, at the eastern extremity of

Paris, five miles from the Arc de l'Etoile, is like that famous point an important centre in the street system of the city. Twelve different streets radiate therefrom. The square obtained its name from the circumstance that in 1660, after the conclusion of the Peace of the Pyrenees, Louis XIV. received the homage of the citizens of Paris on a throne erected here. Two Doric columns, supporting statues of St. Louis and Philippe le Bel, ornament the place.

There were many opportunities to hear concerts and operas during our visit, for entertainments of all kinds were more numerous during the Exhibition season than ever before. We were a few days late for the *Grandes Fêtes Musicales* of the Orphéonistes, when twenty-two thousand musicians made Paris resound from one extremity to the other with band music; but we were in time to hear some of the great concerts at the Exhibition by the French singing societies, and also the English concerts by Mr. Henry Leslie's chorus. The chief opera houses, that is, all that remain of them, the Grand Opera and the Opera Comique, were open regularly for the representation of past successes. No manager would take the trouble of producing new works when the town was filled with strangers, and old pieces would serve as well as fresh ones to draw a crowd. The *Cafés Chantants*, too, were in full blast, and concerts of a little better grade could be heard at the garden in rear of the Palais de l'Industrie, formerly

known as the Concert Musard. The new Opera House is one of the most magnificent structures of its kind in the world. The new Imperial Opera House at Vienna is said to be the only building that can be compared with it in elegance and richness of appointments. It occupies the centre of an open space, and a straight, broad avenue has lately been opened, leading from the front down towards the Palais Royal and the Louvre. The building is rich in adornments both within and without, and the grand stairway and the grand *foyer* are both lofty and gorgeous. The building was designed by M. Garnier, and the most famous sculptors and painters were employed in its embellishment. Its cost was over seven millions of dollars. In the grand *foyer* are twenty golden statues personifying the qualities artists should possess, and the ceiling is enriched by the magnificent frescoes of M. Paul Baudry illustrative of the arts and their progress. The auditorium seats about three thousand persons, but fails to carry out the ideas of spaciousness, elegance and comfort suggested by the *foyers* and the great stairway. The stage is the largest in any theatre in the world, and some idea of the grandeur of the performances may be gained, when it is known that dressing-room accommodations are provided for no less than five hundred and thirty-eight persons. The chorus numbers about one hundred, and the orchestra eighty. This is a national opera house and the per-

formances are therefore in French. The exterior of the building is adorned with groups of statuary, single figures and busts, and the great composers of other countries, as well as those belonging to France, find a place.

The Opera Comique is situated but a short distance from the Grand Opera, in a building long occupied for the purpose. The Grand Opera receives a government subsidy of eight hundred and forty thousand francs a year, and the Opera Comique three hundred and sixty thousand francs. Immense sums of money are expended in the mounting of operas, especially at the former house, where, in one case at least, the *mise-en-scene* of a single opera, "L'Africaine," by Meyerbeer, cost within a fraction of three hundred thousand francs. The preparation of "La Reine de Chypre," an opera by Halevy, a good representation of which I chanced to see, although the leading parts were by no means extraordinarily well sung, cost two hundred and seventy-seven thousand one hundred and seventy-six francs. The government expends large sums of money upon the national dramatic temples, at the head of which stands the Theatre Français, as well as upon the lyric houses. There are numerous small theatres not under government patronage, several of which are devoted to light opera or *opera bouffe*.

Through the kindness of M. Ambroise Thomas, the director of the Paris Conservatoire de Musique, that

interesting institution was thrown open to the inspection of Dr. Tourjée and his companions. This is one of the oldest, as well as one of the largest, of the European schools of music, and likewise one of the best. The Ecole Royale de Chant, upon which the present school had its foundation, was established in 1784. There are accommodations for about six hundred pupils and *auditeurs*. The buildings cover a considerable portion of the square bounded by the Rue de Faubourg Poissonière, the Rue Bergère, the Rue de Conservatoire, and the Rue Ste. Cecile. The chief entrance is at No 15, in the Rue de Faubourg Poissonière. It is here the principal offices of the school are situated, and it is also the entrance to the small theatre, where the examinations are held and where many of the general lectures and lessons are given. Declamation, as well as music, is taught in the Conservatoire. The term of study lasts from the first Monday in October until the end of July. The classes are generally larger than in the American music schools, since they sometimes number as many as twelve pupils, and, in addition, candidates are occasionally admitted as *auditeurs*. Lessons are given three times a week and continue two hours. The celebrated Conservatoire concerts, at which none but the best musicians assist, take place fortnightly from the second Sunday in January until into April. The library occupies a large space, and is an important feature. It contains at the

present time over thirty thousand works, and large additions are made every year. The museum contains many rare instruments, both European and foreign, the collection being much the largest of its kind in the world. A very interesting catalogue, descriptive of each instrument, was prepared in 1875 by M. Gustave Chouquet, the conservateur. The need of more space for the class-rooms, as well as for the library and museum, has been felt for several years, and new buildings are soon to be erected in accordance with the plans of M. Charles Garnier, the architect of the Grand Opera. Eight millions of francs are to be expended in this work.

The cemetery of Père-la-Chaise occupies upwards of two hundred acres, and is crowded with over twenty thousand tombs. Some parts of the enclosure present a neglected appearance, but, in other cases, much taste has been shown in beautifying the grounds and the monuments. Most of the offerings of affection placed upon the graves are tawdry, although some are beautifully wrought of immortelles. At the time of our visit, the tomb of Thiers was literally covered with wreaths and other devices. At the entrance a book is kept, in which the admirers of the departed may subscribe their names. The tomb of Raspail was also almost buried beneath wreaths and other memorial devices. Here, too, are found the last resting-places of Marshal Ney, Marshal Macdonald, General Foy, and

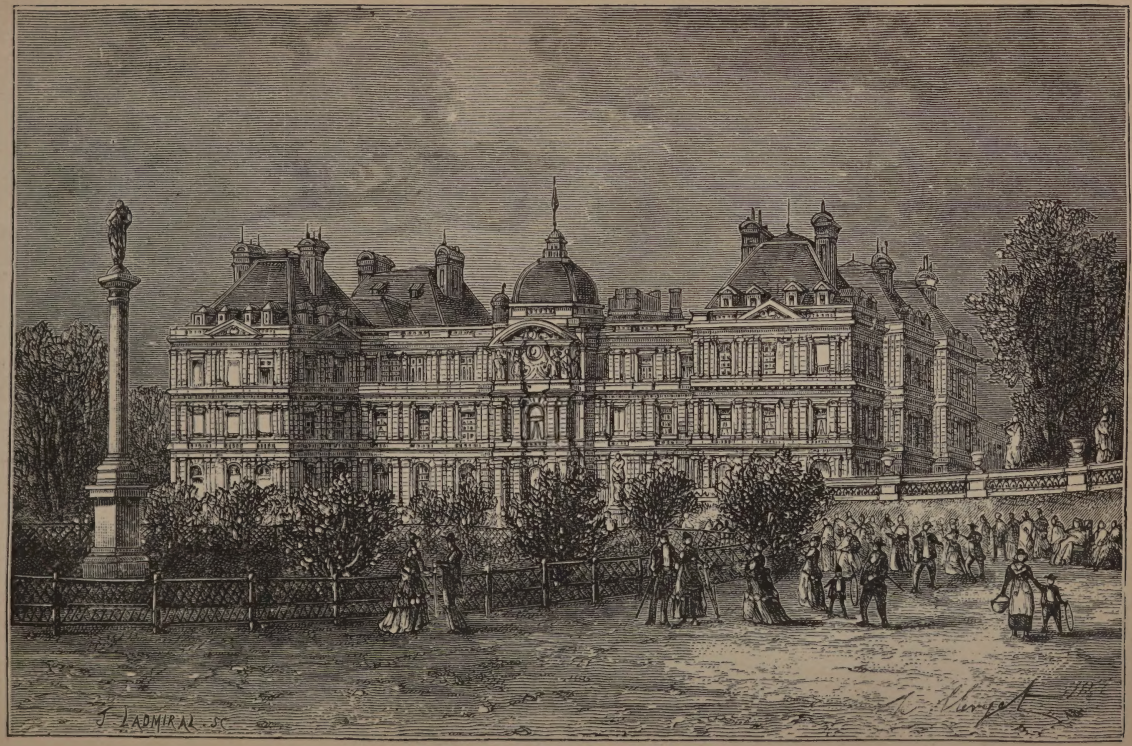
General Gobert; Arago, Gay-Lussac, and Laplace; Molière, Racine, Scribe, Beaumarchais, Lafontaine, Laharpe, Beranger, Delavigne, Delille, and Mme. de Genlis; Cherubini, Chopin, Boieldieu, Herold, Mehul, and Pleyel; Delacroix, Louis David, and Pradier; Talma, Rachel, and Duchesnois; and many other eminent representatives of war, science, literature, music, art, and the stage. In accordance with the last wishes of Chopin, the composer, his heart has been taken to Warsaw (this was but recently done), but his body is interred here. One of the most interesting monuments in the cemetery is that of Abélard and Heloise. It consists of a Gothic canopy, formed out of the ruins of the abbey of Paraclete, near Nogent-sur-Saône, of which Abélard was the founder. Beneath the canopy is the sarcophagus, with the figures of the ill-fated pair, which Abélard himself caused to be constructed before his death. The tomb is often decorated with fresh flowers, the offerings of those who regard it as the shrine of disappointed love. The grave of d'Antoine Augustin Parmentier, the chemist (died 1813), who introduced potato-culture into France, has potatoes planted upon it in grateful remembrance of his services. The top of the monument erected over the grave of Mme. Blanchard, the aeronaut, who lost her life while discharging fireworks from a balloon in 1819, is made to resemble the top of a balloon. The most

imposing monument is that to the memory of the Countess Demidoff, who died in 1818.

There are other large cemeteries at Montmartre and Montparnasse, but they are less interesting than Père-la-Chaise. The latter cemetery derived its name from la Chaise, the Jesuit confessor of Louis XIV., who had a country residence, called Mont Louis, on the site of the present chapel. Lafayette is buried in a private cemetery in the Rue de Picpus, Faubourg St. Antoine.

Not far from Père-la-Chaise is the new park of the Buttes Chaumont, the last great work of M. Haussmann, to whose enterprise and good taste Paris owes many of its modern improvements and adornments. The gibbet of Montfaucon once stood here, and the place was long a haunt of criminals, who found refuge in the old quarries. The Communists of 1871 made their last stand here, and in the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise, and many of them were shot near the rear wall. The grounds have been laid out in a very picturesque manner, and the former unsightly masses of rock have been converted into objects of beauty. From the summit of the hill a fine view of Paris is to be had.

The Halles Centrales, the chief market-houses of Paris, situated on the Place des Innocents, between the Place St. Eustache and the Rue de Rivoli, are well worth a visit, especially in the early morning. The Halle aux Vins, or wine depot, is on the south side of the river, near the Jardin des Plantes. It is



PALACE OF THE LUXEMBOURG.

very extensive, and fronts upon the Seine for nearly half a mile. There are numerous markets of various kinds in different parts of the city. On certain days of the week, flower markets are held, the chief of these being on Tuesdays and Fridays, near the Church of the Madeleine.

The International Exposition early claimed our attention; but I have purposely deferred mentioning it until the last, for the reason that Paris itself was of chief importance. The Champ de Mars, and the neighboring hill of the Trocadéro, were utilized for the exhibition, the main pavilion occupying the greater part of the former, while the heights on the opposite bank of the Seine, were crowned by a large crescent-shaped edifice, which, with its beautiful surroundings, or rather the adornments of the hillside, formed the grandest general feature of the whole. In the centre of the Palace of the Trocadéro, as this edifice was denominated, the great concert hall was situated, a noble apartment, similar in shape to the Royal Albert Hall in London, and nearly as large. Upon the slope, in front of the hall, were gigantic cascades and fountains, and in commanding positions were several colossal groups of statuary. The Palace of the Trocadéro, was built of stone, being intended for a permanent structure; but the main building over on the Champ de Mars, like most of its predecessors in all countries since 1851, was an ephemeral creation of iron and

glass. The shape of this main structure was a parallelogram, covering more than half the whole space of the Champ de Mars, with its annexes running out to its boundaries at the Avenues Suffren and de la Bourdonnaye. Other buildings lined the Seine on both sides, and the grounds not thus occupied were converted into gardens. Raised towers and domes, also of glass and iron, formed the four corners of the main building, and another occupied the centre upon the side fronting upon the Seine. This formed the main entrance, and stood directly opposite the Palace of Trocadéro, and the Bridge of Jena. Upon this western façade were twenty statues, representing different countries, our own nation being symbolized by a colossal figure of Liberty, crowned with a wreath and star, and holding a flag and Roman fasces, with a scroll bearing the word "Constitution." An eagle rested at her feet. Above these statues floated the flags of the countries they represented, and numerous other flags decorated the other sides of the immense structure. The length of this building was twenty-one hundred feet, and its width eleven hundred and forty feet. The fine arts occupied the central portion for the entire length, with the exception of the central place, which was occupied by the pavilion of the city of Paris. A series of spacious and well-lighted apartments were devoted to the different nations, France, of course, claiming the largest space. The

general exhibit of France, indeed, occupied one-half the entire pavilion. On one side of the art department extended the Street of the Nations, bordered on one side by structures supposed to represent the distinctive architecture of the various countries. The area covered by the exhibition buildings aggregated something over forty-two acres, six or seven acres less than were occupied by the buildings at the Philadelphia Exposition. The grounds, or general enclosure, were of much less extent than those occupied at Fairmount Park.

It will be useless to attempt a description of the exhibition itself. The subject is too vast to discuss, except in a general way. The general impression created was that, while in certain departments the Paris Exposition might excel, the aggregate formed no grander display than the exhibition of 1876. There seemed to be a deficiency in some of the qualities which gave the Philadelphia display its great excellence. There was not such a general and complete showing of the industries of the nations. This remark, however, does not hold good in regard to France, for its display was not only very extensive, but complete in every department, and illustrative, in a marvellous way, of the recuperative powers of the nation. As a whole, its exhibit is said to have been far in advance of its display in 1867, when an international exhibition was held upon the same grounds.

A bewildering wealth of pictures, statuary, jewelry, silks, velvets, tapestries, furniture, porcelain, and other objects of luxury or utility, filled one-half the great exhibition palace. As the visitor entered the building at the end nearest the Seine, the great mass of state jewels flashed upon him from a small pavilion which was constantly guarded by *gens d'armes*. These jewels are worth nearly thirty million francs, and formerly belonged to the regal crown. In 1792, the Constituent Assembly ordered an inventory to be made of them, and that task had hardly been completed, when forty thieves entered the house and carried them off. Although some of the rogues were captured, the jewels were not recovered until their hiding-place was divulged by a hair-dresser, who, while in prison under sentence of death for counterfeiting, overheard some other prisoners talking about the affair. The French jewelry department also contained vast stores of precious stones of all kinds. Count Braninsk's famous sapphire, valued at two million five hundred thousand francs, was in the collection; and so was a full set of sapphires and diamonds, which an American lady had just purchased for eight hundred and fifty thousand francs. Diamond lace, worth eighteen thousand francs a yard, was shown, together with gems of every kind.

Next in extent to the French section was the British, and its most prominent feature was formed by the

immense collection of costly gifts received by the Prince of Wales during his visit to India. Among these objects could be seen a camel's-hair shawl valued at six thousand pounds, and a sabre, the hilt of which contained diamonds valued at twenty thousand pounds. In all the departments of art and manufactures England made an extensive display. Italy was seen most favorably in her objects of art. Austria made a good display, though a less important one than in previous exhibitions. Germany was conspicuous by its absence. The United States section was small, but it contained some of the greatest wonders of the fair, especially in the machinery department, and in the end carried off many of the chief prizes. Russia, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark made noble exhibits; and so did Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, and other nations. China and Japan were also handsomely represented, but Turkey and Egypt were absent. The British Colonies made no such grand display as was seen in their departments at Philadelphia.

The fine arts collection was doubtless better, as a whole, than the one embraced in the American Exhibition, but it is said to have fallen below that of 1867. There were many fine paintings, and some noble specimens of the sculptor's art; and it is very gratifying to national pride to record that American painters sustained themselves and the honor of their coun-

try with conspicuous credit. In certain departments of antique art there was a wondrous display in the Trocadéro Palace. The collection of Gobelin and other tapestries was never surpassed.

On the first day of our visit to the Exposition there chanced to be an English concert in the great hall of the Trocadéro Palace. It was given by Mr. Henry Leslie's choir, with Mrs. Mudie Bolingbroke, Miss De Fonblanque, the two Misses Robertson, and Messrs. Joseph Maas, Barton McGuckin, and Wadmore as solo singers. Mr. John C. Ward was the organist, Mr. J. G. Callcott the pianist, and Mr. Leslie conducted the choral pieces, which were fifteen in number. The singing was very creditable, though in no instance was it so in any extraordinary degree. The selections were chiefly old glees and modern part-songs, with one or two solos from oratorios, one of which, "Haste, Israel, haste," from Handel's "Joshua," was finely sung by Mr. Maas, the tenor, who is well known in America. A trio by Randegger was accompanied by the composer upon the pianoforte. The organ had but recently been opened and did not seem to be in the best condition. On another occasion it was heard to much better advantage. The instrument was built expressly for the Exposition by M. Cavaille-Coll, and contains four thousand and eighty pipes and seventy-two stops. The attendance at this concert was comparatively small; and no wonder. The admission fee

THE RIVER SEINE IN PARIS.

was from two to five times as much as to the entire exhibition outside the concert.

Three days later, Sunday, July 21, I attended the first grand *concours* of the French singing societies. The admission was only one franc, and the great hall was crowded. There was a male chorus of two thousand voices, under the direction of M. Edouard Colonne, and the magnificent band of the Garde Republicaine, so favorably known in America, served as an orchestra. The chorus was quite well balanced, or at least the several parts were all heard to good advantage from the upper gallery, the only place in the whole house where a late comer could find even standing room, and the unity and precision were something remarkable. The programme was wholly national, the selections being Boulanger's "Lever du jour;" "Nos Peres," by Bourgault-Ducoudray; "La Saint-Julien," by Semet; "Les Fils d'Egypte," by Laurent de Rille; Felicien David's "Chant du Soir;" "La Cour des Miracles," by Leo Delibes; "Le Tyrol," by Ambroise Thomas; and Gounod's familiar Chœur des Soldats, from "Faust." The band played one or two pieces in addition. The enthusiasm of the audience was intense, and fully two-thirds of the numbers on the programme were encored. The highest pitch of popular excitement was reached, however, when M. Gounod himself came forward to conduct his Soldiers' Chorus. He was greeted with cheer upon

cheer by both audience and chorus, and the enthusiasm broke out afresh at the conclusion of the performance, which was one of the most spirited given during the whole concert. A second rendering elicited nearly as much applause.

Our party availed itself of Messrs. Cook & Son's "four-in-hand excursions" during several days, and thus visited many of the places already mentioned in these pages. We also passed a day in an excursion to St. Cloud and Versailles. We rode out through the Bois de Boulogne, and soon after passing the famous park, crossed the river Seine into the village of St. Cloud, obtaining, before reaching there, a fine view of Mont Valérien, on the summit of which one of the strongest and most important of the chain of forts surrounding Paris is situated. The Palace of St. Cloud is now a mass of ruins, having been burned in October, 1870, but whether by the French artillerists stationed on Mont Valérien, or by the Germans who occupied the town, is an open question. St. Cloud was originally the country-seat of Francis I. The palace was erected in 1572 by a wealthy citizen, and in 1658 it was rebuilt by Louis XIV., and by that monarch presented to his brother, the Duke of Orleans. In 1782 it was purchased by Louis XVI. for Marie Antoinette. The Council of Five Hundred met here, and on the 9th of November, 1799, Bonaparte dispersed the assembly. On the 3d of July, 1815, the

second capitulation of Paris was signed here, Blucher having established his headquarters at the chateau. Here, too, on the 25th of July, 1830, Charles X. signed the famous proclamations abolishing the freedom of the press, dissolving the Chambers, and altering the law of elections, which precipitated the revolution of July. St. Cloud was the principal summer residence of Napoleon III., and in 1855 sheltered Queen Victoria on her visit to Paris. The park and gardens are very fine, and the former contains some grand old trees. The beautiful fountains were preserved in part, and now play on certain days for the pleasure of the Parisians, who visit St. Cloud in great numbers on such occasions.

From St. Cloud we continued our ride through the forest of Ville d'Avray to Versailles. Although Versailles is a city of over sixty thousand inhabitants, it contains little beyond its great palace and noble park to interest the stranger. We went first to the Grand Trianon, a villa erected by Louis XIV. for Madame de Maintenon. This edifice contains several richly-furnished apartments, one of which, the Salle de Malachite, derives its name from a magnificent malachite vase presented by the Emperor of Russia to Napoleon I. It was in this edifice that the trial of Marshal Bazaine was held. The Petit Trianon, built by Louis XV. for Madame Dubarry, and once a favorite resort of Marie Antoinette, is situated not far distant from

the other, and between them is the Musée des Voitures, containing several gorgeous state carriages, including the bridal carriages of both Napoleon I. and Napoleon III., and the coronation-coach of Charles X., which is said to have cost a million francs.

After lunching at a restaurant in the town, we proceeded to the palace. The palace court contains a colossal equestrian statue of Louis XIV., in bronze, and sixteen other statues, including those of Bayard, Colbert, Cardinal Richelieu, Marshal Turenne, Sully, Admiral Duquesne, and Condé. The palace was originally a hunting-lodge of Louis XIII. It was converted into a magnificent royal residence by Louis XIV. in accordance with designs by the architect, Mansard, and was completed in 1681. The king died here in 1750, and Louis XV. was born here, and died here also. Louis XVI. resided here until 1789, when he was removed by force to Paris. In 1795 the palace became a manufactory of arms. In 1815 it was pillaged by the Prussians. Louis XVIII., Charles X., and Louis Philippe occupied it, and from September, 1870, until March, 1871, it was the headquarters of the Prussians, a large part of the edifice being converted into a hospital. At this period the pictures were covered, and carefully preserved from injury. On the 18th of January, 1871, King William of Prussia was here crowned Emperor of Germany, and a few months later, whilst Paris was in the hands of the Commune, Versailles be-

came the seat of the new French Republican Government. A portion of the palace is still occupied by the Senate and Chamber of Deputies.

The Musée Historique, which occupies an almost interminable suite of apartments, and is nearly as extensive as the Louvre, was founded by Louis Philippe. These galleries are filled chiefly with modern pictures, but in furtherance of the plan to make the collection historical, many old paintings have been received from the Louvre and elsewhere. Some of the works are of an inferior order of merit, but others are the productions of genius, and the collection, as a whole, is intensely interesting. There are some five miles of pictures, and to simply walk through the whole suite of apartments, without stopping, would occupy an hour and a quarter. Since the recent occupation of the palace for governmental purposes, many of the apartments have been closed to the public; but enough remain open to afford a good idea of the vastness of the collection, and of its character. In one suite of rooms are pictures illustrative of events during the Crusades; in another a magnificent series of Algerian scenes, by Horace Vernet, which form some of the chief gems of the collection; the Galerie des Batailles, a spacious hall, in two compartments, contains some large pictures by Horace Vernet, Ary Scheffer, Couder, and others, in which battle-scenes where French warriors have distinguished themselves are de-

picted; and there are many rooms filled with portraits. In a room devoted to portraits of celebrated soldiers who afterwards became emperors, kings, marshals, &c., represented according to the rank they held in 1792, may be seen "Bonaparte, Lieutenant-Colonel;" "Murat, Sous-Lieutenant;" &c. In the Galerie des Portraits de Personages Célèbres is a collection of American portraits, headed by Washington. In the Galerie des Batailles is a picture by Couder, of the Siege of Yorktown, in which Rochambeau and Washington are depicted, the former being made to appear the chief personage. There are many representations of the great Napoleon in battle-scenes and portraits, and in one of the halls is a fine statue, by Vela. The Salon des Glaces is a gorgeously decorated apartment, two hundred and forty feet long, thirty-five feet wide, and forty-five feet high, where many grand fêtes have taken place, the last having been a state ball, given since the close of the Exposition, by President Mac-Mahon. The ceilings of this apartment are covered with frescoes intended to glorify Louis XIV. Connected with this noble hall are the apartments of Louis XIV., and in the south wing are the sleeping-room and drawing-room of Marie Antoinette. The magnificent gardens are situated in rear of the palace, and contain several ornamental sheets of water, together with fountains and statues. The fountains play on certain days during the summer, generally on

THE PARK AND PALACE OF VERSAILLES.

the first Sunday of the month, and the exhibition, which is said to cost ten thousand francs every time it is repeated, attracts crowds of people.

We returned from Versailles to Paris via Viroflay, Chaville, and Sèvres, stopping for a brief time in the latter place to make a hurried inspection of the porcelain manufactory. The villages on this side of Paris suffered greatly during the siege. Near Sèvres is pointed out the building where Prince Bismark and M. Jules Favre held their interview preparatory to the armistice of 1871.

On one of our rides about Paris we stopped at Messrs. Cook & Son's boarding-house to partake of lunch with Mr. Thomas Cook, the senior member of the firm, who made his home in Paris during the Exposition season. The members of Mr. Bruce's division were also invited, and thus the number of American visitors was made between sixty and seventy. We were greeted very cordially by Mr. Cook, and a delightful hour was passed, after the lunch, in listening to remarks from him and from several members of our own party. Divine grace was invoked by Rev. P. M. Macdonald, of Boston. At the conclusion of the repast, Dr. Tourjée, in a few pleasant words expressive of the happiness felt by himself and companions, both in meeting Mr. Cook, and in consequence of the handsome manner in which they had been entertained at

the Hotel Bedford, introduced Mr. Bruce, of the American party.

Mr. Bruce expressed the thanks of the party for the hospitable manner in which the visitors had been entertained, and also for the other attentions which had been shown during the pleasant sojourn in Paris. In the provisions made for their comfort and pleasure, there was compensation for any previous omissions. While again thanking their host, he tendered the hope that the gentleman referred to might long remain the "Chief Cook."

Mr. Cook replied in a speech full of good feeling, and in the course of his remarks alluded to the growth of the excursion business managed by his firm, and to the patronage which the Americans were bestowing upon it in their travels through Europe. Five years before, a party of one hundred and forty-eight Americans, one of whom was Mr. Bruce, had visited Europe. He regretted that he had been unable, in the present instance, to personally arrange the details of the tour, and to accompany the different divisions over a part of the route at least, as he had done in the previous instance. Had he not been tied to Paris by other responsibilities, he would have personally met them on their landing in Scotland. He complimented Dr. Tourjée very warmly for having brought so large and so respectable a body of travellers from America, and expressed the hope that all might realize their fullest

anticipations in the tour before them. Incidentally, Mr. Cook gave a brief sketch of the rise of the excursion business, which had been begun in 1851 by taking three thousand children to the London Exhibition. Since that time six millions of travellers had journeyed under the auspices of his firm.

Mr. M. A. Root, of Bay City, Mich., spoke of the broadening influences of foreign travel, and of the many good results which were sure to follow a more general intermingling of the nations of the earth. Many prejudices were swept away by travel, and this better understanding of each other would assist the nations in bringing about a common fellowship, when war and strife shall be no more, and when all shall be united as one people, and, perhaps, by the bonds of a common language.

Mr. E. Reignard, proprietor of the excellent Hotel Bedford, which we made our home while in Paris, was also called upon for a speech, and took occasion to compliment his American guests.

In conclusion, the party united in singing "Old Hundred," and we then continued our ride homeward, visiting, on the way, the celebrated Panorama, on the Champs Elysées, of which the "Siege of Paris," exhibited in Philadelphia during the Exhibition of 1876, and latterly in Boston, is a copy.

Tuesday evening, July 23, was the time fixed upon for our departure for Geneva. Mr. Bruce's division

had preceded us Monday evening. At the appointed hour we reluctantly turned our backs upon the beautiful city of Paris — that is, those of us who were not compelled to take our places in the train the other way, — and sped onward towards Switzerland. Our route was over the Lyons Railway, but the greater part of our journey was performed in the night, and consequently we saw but little of Fontainebleau, a place so intimately associated with the careers of some of the greatest monarchs of France, and also with some of its darkest pages of history; of the old town of Sens, where Abélard was condemned in 1140; of Dijon, the capital of ancient Burgundy, and the former seat of the powerful princes of Condé; of Beaune; of the quaint little towns in the Burgundian wine districts; of Chalons-sur-Saône, where Abélard died in 1142; nor yet of Macon, where we found ourselves fatigued, and still sleepy, at an early hour in the morning. The remainder of our journey — some four or five hours — was more interesting, or, at least, we had better opportunities to see what there was to see. We were approaching the Jura Mountains, the outlying range which ushers the traveller into the presence of the nobler Alps, and as the train made its way over its more tortuous line among these lesser hills, there were many beautiful bits of scenery opened to view. We passed through Bourg, Amberieux, and Culoz, the latter being the point of divergence for the Italian line

which runs through the Mont Cenis Tunnel, and also for a line to Chambéry and Aix-les-Bains, and near the frontier town of Bellegarde, passed out of French territory into Switzerland. Near Bellegarde is the Perte de Rhone, a rocky chasm in which the river Rhone is lost. The railway-route through the Jura Mountains was constructed at great expense. There is a costly viaduct near Bellegarde, and near it is the Crédo Tunnel, which is two and a half miles in length.

CHAPTER VII.

SWITZERLAND.

Entering the Country of Lakes and Mountains — Geneva and its Charming Situation — Its Interesting Features — An Organ Concert at the Cathedral — Lake Leman — Lausanne — The Castle of Chillon — Fribourg — Its Famous Organ and a Concert thereon — Bern — Another Organ Concert — Market Day and the Peasantry — Thun and its Beautiful Lake — The Bödeli Railway — Interlaken — The Jungfrau — Lauterbrunnen and the Fall of the Staubbach — Grindenwald and its Glaciers — A New Way to Repulse Clamorous Guides — An Effectual Discharge of "Greek Fire" — The Alpine Horn — The Lake of Brienz and the Falls of the Geissbach — Swiss Music — The Brunig Pass — An Ascent of the Rigi — Sunset and Sunrise as seen from the Summit — Excursion on the Lake of the Four Cantons — William Tell — Lucerne and its Quaint Bridges — More Organ Music — The Inevitable "Storm-piece" — Zurich — Schaffhausen and the Falls of the Rhine.

GENEVA is one of the three principal points at which most American and English tourists enter Switzerland, Basle and Lindau being the others. To enter this beautiful country from the north, and then approach the lofty peaks of the Oberland and the Savoy Alps gradually, gaining thus inspiration and enjoyment from contemplating the less rugged forms of nature before the eye has feasted and become satiated with the

grander features of scenery, is the preferable course; although at Geneva the traveller finds himself charmed beyond measure, not only by the prospect of towering mountains, with the proud, white brow of Mont Blanc lifted above them all, but by the rare scenes of simpler beauty lying all around. Edward King, in one of his graphic letters to "The Boston Journal," has said: —

"Geneva, after Paris, is like sleep after a battle. Here are no rushes of unsympathetic and brawling crowds; no acres of pictures and curiosities to see; no constant search after a happiness which forever flies before one. Among these immemorial mountains one finds profoundest peace. Now and then Mont Blanc is seen for an instant when the clouds move away, and the mighty monarch seems to say to all, Repose. The cool breezes, the ripple of the lake, and the murmurs of the Rhone are full of perfume and music for him who has fled the streets of a great capital."

Lying at one extremity of Lake Leman, the largest body of water in this country of lakes and mountains, surrounded on all sides by scenes of surpassing loveliness, and watched over from afar by the loftiest Alpine peak, Geneva has one of the most beautiful situations of any city in the world. Alexandre Dumas describes Geneva in glowing words. "It is," says he, "after Naples, one of the most charming cities of all the world. Idly lying as she does, supporting her head on the base of Mount Saléve, extending to the lake

her feet that each wave comes to kiss, she seems to have nothing to do but to lovingly regard her thousand villas, spread upon the sides of the snowy mountains which extend to her right, or crowning the verdant hills which stretch to her left. At a sign from her hand she beholds running on the vaporous level of the lake, her light barks with triangular sails that glisten on the surface of the water, white and swift like göelands, and her heavy steamboats, which chase the foam with throbbing breasts. Under a beautiful heaven, in the presence of such fine waters, it would seem that her arms are useless to her, and that she needs but breathe to live. And yet this nonchalant odalisque, this apparently idle sultana, is the commercial Geneva, who counts two hundred millionaires among her fifty thousand inhabitants."

Although Geneva emancipated herself politically from France in 1814, she is almost wholly environed by its territory; whilst her language, customs and every aspect are thoroughly French. Her architecture has nothing distinctively Swiss about it, and her workmen wear blue blouses. French cafés and shops are upon the chief thoroughfares, or upon the quays, which, with the charming gardens by the lakeside, and the handsome bridges thrown across the "arrowy Rhone," form the principal promenades at evening; and down by the river are the *lavoirs* of the washerwomen, just as we find them along the Seine in Paris.

Mediæval Geneva is chiefly upon the hill, and is made up of quaint old houses and narrow winding streets; the modern city is mostly upon the borders of the lake. The home of the tourist is at some one of the numerous large hotels which line the quays or front upon the Jardin du Lac, or the English Garden, as it is also called. Geneva is always full of English and American tourists, and an English newspaper (edited by a Bostonian) is published here.

Our division was quartered at the Hôtel du Lac, and Mr. Bruce's party was at the Grand Hôtel de Russie upon the other side of the river. Some of the later visitors were sent to the Grand Hôtel de la Metropole. All these hotels seem to have given full satisfaction to their guests; and here, let me remark, the Swiss hotels, both large and small, have about them, generally speaking, an air of cleanliness, comfort and quiet, greatly conducive to the enjoyment of travelling.

Geneva is a Protestant city, and long has been so; here John Calvin found a refuge when he fled from France, and here he developed his greatest power. Once this "Babel of Calvinism," this "nursing mother of heretical plots," as St. Francis de Sales was pleased to term it, narrowly escaped being delivered back to Catholic domination. On the night of December 11th, 1602, a detachment from the army of Charles Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy, attempted to gain possession of Geneva, and would have scaled the wall of the Corra-

terie, but for the bravery of some of the citizens. The invaders were carrying all before them, when Jean Mercier, one of the guards of the Porte Neuve, cut the cord of the portcullis at the very moment a Savoyard engineer was applying the petard to the gate. A lucky cannon-shot swept away the scaling-ladders placed against the walls, and the Savoyard party became demoralized. Their leader, Brunalien, was slain, and seventeen of his men were taken prisoners. Meanwhile the main army, under D'Albigny, mistaking the discharge of the cannon for the explosion of the petard, the preconcerted signal for the attack, marched up to the Porte Neuve to find the gate closed and to receive a shower of shot which threw the Savoyard ranks into utter confusion and retreat. A fountain commemorates this event, and there is annually a fête of the Escalade, which is an extravagant sort of merry-making in the nature of a carnival.

Jean Jacques Rousseau was born here, and his statue ornaments a little island in the river. Necker, the minister of Louis XVI., and his daughter, Madame de Staël, were also born in Geneva; and so were De Saussure, Charles Bonnet, De Candolle, and other celebrated savants. Voltaire founded the little town of Fernex, near Geneva, and Byron for a time lived on the opposite bank of the lake, in a suburb of Geneva. Calvin lived in Geneva from 1536 until his death in 1564, and the house he occupied was in the

Rue des Chanoines. He was buried in the cemetery of Plainpalais, but precisely where his body now rests is not known, as he expressly forbade that any monument should be erected to him. A chair which belonged to the great reformer is preserved in the cathedral.

The Cathedral of St. Pierre was completed in 1024 by the Emperor Conrad II., but has been greatly changed in appearance since that time. It contains some interesting monuments, some handsome stained-glass windows, and a fine organ. Near at hand is the Hôtel de Ville, an ancient edifice in the Florentine style, chiefly remarkable for an inclined paved way leading to the upper stories, and up which the councillors in ancient times were conveyed on horseback or in chairs. The building contains the cantonal and municipal offices, and in one of its rooms the Alabama Claims Commission held its deliberations. This fact is duly set forth upon a wall-tablet.

The University Building is a handsome edifice near the Botanic Garden. It was erected some ten years since by the city and canton, and contains a fine library and a valuable museum of natural history. The library was founded by Bonivard, the famed prisoner of Chillon. Near the University are two art museums, the Musée Rath and the Athénée, both of which were presented by women. The former was founded by the Russian general Rath, a native of Geneva, and given

to the city by his sisters; and the Athénée was presented to the Société des Beaux Arts. The Musée Fol is a collection of Greek and Etruscan antiquities.

Upon one side of the Place Neuve, upon which the Musée Rath, and both the old and new theatres are situated, and near which are also the University and the new Palais Electoral, stands the Conservatoire de Musique, a comparatively small, but substantial and conveniently arranged building. The Conservatoire was founded in 1852 through the munificence of a liberal-spirited citizen, M. Francois Bartholony, and the present edifice was erected in 1858.

The old theatre (erected in 1782, after the Calvinistic opposition to dramatic performances had ceased in a great degree) is soon to be superseded by an elegant new play-house, which is being erected with some of the money left to the city by the late Duke of Brunswick. A costly monument to the Duke is also being erected on the Place des Alpes.

On the south bank of the Rhone, and near the lake, is a handsome monument commemorating the union of Geneva with the Swiss Confederation, which occurred in 1814. It is in the form of a bronze group, by Dorer, representing two female figures, Geneva and Helvetia. Within the Jardin Anglais is a kiosque containing an interesting representation in relief of Mont Blanc and the surrounding region.

Geneva contains a Russian church, as well as an

English place of worship. The interior of the former is elegantly finished in marble.

The manufacture of watches and music-boxes constitutes the chief industry of Geneva, and the city is also a great market for carved woodwork. The principal shops where watches and jewelry are sold are fitted up with Parisian taste and elegance, and as they are kept open until nine o'clock, and brilliantly lighted, an evening stroll along the quays, where most of them are situated, is one of the delights of a visit to this charming city.

On one of the evenings of our stay in Geneva our party attended an organ concert given at the Cathedral by M. Haering. This concert, and several others on the great organs at Fribourg, Bern, and Lucerne, were provided by Dr. Tourjée in compliment to his companions; and arrangements were made by him for their repetition on the visits of the several divisions. A printed programme was provided, which announced the concert in the following words: —

ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL.

Grand Organ Concert by M. Haering, Organist of the Cathedral, on the visit of Dr. Tourjée's American Party to Geneva, July 24, 1878.

PROGRAMME.

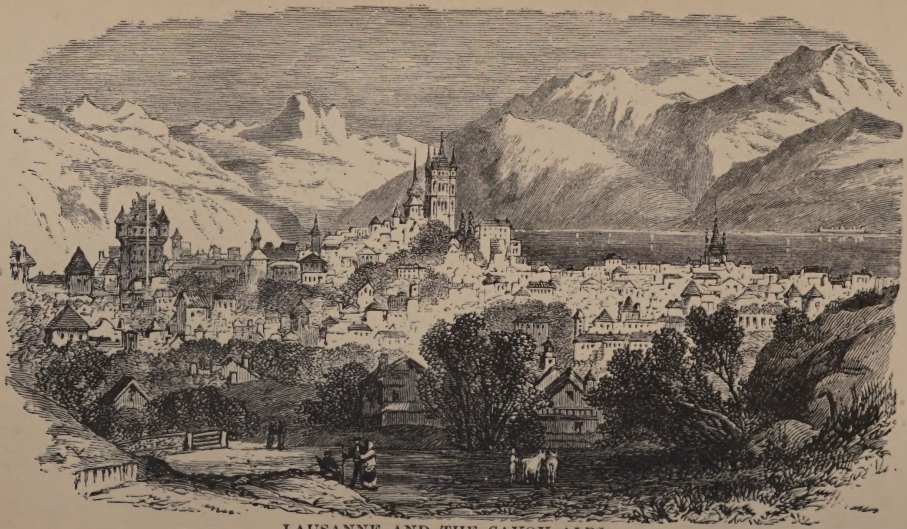
1. Fantasie, ... Toepfer.
2. Air du Stabat Mater, ... Rossini.
3. Pastorale:
   - *a* Ranz des Vaches, ... Air National.
   - *b* Reverie, ... Schumann.
   - *c* Meditation, ... Gounod.
   - *d* Prière, ... Lefébure.
4. Cavatine, ... Meyerbeer.
5. *a* Improvisation, ... Haering.
   b Finale (Lohengrin), ... R. Wagner.

The organ is an exceedingly good one, and the organist brought out some very grand effects in imitation of a storm in the *Ranz des Vaches*, the performance proving all the more effective from the fact that the Cathedral was very dimly lighted. A few weak lamps only served to make the darkness more visible, and to aid the imagination in picturing mountain crags and other stupendous forms from the dim arches and monuments.

Our journey from Geneva to Ouchy, the port of Lausanne, was performed on one of the comfortable little steamers which serve for both excursions and regular traffic over the lovely waters of Lake Leman, or the Lake of Geneva, as it is also known. This is the largest lake in Switzerland, although its superiority in size over Lake Constance is very slight — some fifteen square miles. The area of Lake Leman is about two hundred and twenty-five square miles, and it is of crescent shape, with its horns turned southward. The easterly horn formerly extended nine miles further towards Bex, but the deposit brought down from the mountains by the Rhone has gradually filled that part of the lake. The northern shore is fifty-five miles in length, and the southern shore forty-eight and a half miles; and the lake is about nine miles wide in its broadest part. The waters of Lake Leman differ from those of the other Swiss lakes, inasmuch as they are deep blue in color,

while the other lakes are of a greenish hue. The view of Geneva and its surroundings from the lake is very beautiful. Upon either bank are picturesque villas, most of these abodes of wealth and luxury being upon the westerly side, however, as they command a better view. The water is dotted with pleasure craft, the graceful lateen-sail seen upon the Mediterranean and the Scottish lakes being used here also. The house occupied by Byron is pointed out, and at Pregny is the chateau of Baron Adolf Rothschild. Mont Blanc should have been seen, but persistently kept his lofty brow veiled in clouds. Out on the broader part of the lake, the southern shore presents bolder features, the background being formed by masses of rugged mountains; while on the northern shore, the more graceful slopes are rich in vineyards. At Coppet, a chateau where Necker and his daughter, Madame de Staël, resided, is seen; and near Nyon is a handsome chateau formerly occupied by Bonaparte. The Dole, one of the most conspicuous summits of the Jura Mountains, rises in rear of Nyon. At Rolle, Laharpe, the tutor of Alexander I. of Russia, was born, and a monument to his memory has been erected upon a little island near the shore. At Nyon and Morges some ancient castles are seen. At the end of a three hours' sail we disembark at Ouchy and proceed up the steep, zigzag streets in omnibuses, to the quaint old city of Lausanne.

Lausanne is situated on many levels, partly on the edge of three hills, shoulders of the Jorat, and partly in the gorges opening at their feet. Streets, terraces, and lanes mount, cross, and descend in a most fantastic manner. In one place a stately bridge crosses a ravine, and in another a street burrows beneath a hill. Upon one eminence stands an old castle, and at another level is the Cathedral. This latter edifice was erected in the thirteenth century. It was consecrated by Gregory X. in the presence of Rudolph, of Hapsburg, and within its walls, in 1536, took place the famous disputation in which Calvin, Farel, and Viret participated, and which resulted in the removal of the Episcopal See to Fribourg, the separation of Vaud from the Romish Church, and the suppression of the supremacy of Savoy. Some of the ancient adornments of the church are missing, but the edifice contains some old monuments. Deep in the stone pavement is a cavity, said to have been made by the faithful of past centuries in kneeling before the figure of the Virgin Mary. For a year or two past the church has been undergoing restoration. A terrace near the church commands a fine view of the city, of the lake, and of the noble peaks of the Savoy Alps beyond. During our stay at Lausanne, our headquarters were at the Hôtel Gibbon, from the terrace of which there was a most glorious view at sunset, the Dent d'Oche, and the other high summits across the



LAUSANNE AND THE SAVOY ALPS.

blue waters, being suffused with a roseate flush as the God of Day sank into his golden bed. It was here that Gibbon finished his history of Rome, and the very nook in the garden of the hotel is pointed out where the great author did much of his work. It is an inspiring spot, better fitted for day-dreaming, however, than for such matter-of-fact labor. Aside from the Cathedral, and the handsome Pont-Pichard which leads from one part of the town to another, there is little in Lausanne of interest to the chance visitor, except the glorious view, which, of itself, is enough to make the place famous. The society of the town is said to be very intelligent and refined, and its schools, both public and private, have a high reputation.

The next day after our arrival at Lausanne, we made an excursion up the lake, by steamer, to the Castle of Chillon. It was a most delightful journey. The eastern extremity of the lake is more beautiful and picturesque than that lying towards Geneva. The mountains are higher, the vineyards are more numerous, and there is a succession of charming little towns and hamlets where one could seemingly take everlasting comfort. Vevey is a large and quite pretentious watering-place, much patronized by French, English, American, and Russian pleasure-seekers. Beyond Vevey lie Clarens and Montreux, the former immortalized by Rousseau and Byron; by the latter as —

"Clarens, sweet Clarens! birthplace of deep love!"

Then we come to the little hamlet of Territet, near which, at the edge of the lake, is the grim old castle which Byron's poem, "The Prisoner of Chillon," has made so celebrated. Although not altogether a truthful history of the sufferings of Francis Bonivard, of Geneva, who was here imprisoned by the cruel Duke of Savoy in the early part of the sixteenth century, the world will choose to associate it with his unhappy fate: —

> "Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
> And thy sad floor an altar! for 'twas trod,
> Until his very steps have left a trace,
> Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
> By Bonivard! may none these marks efface,
> For they appeal from tyranny to God."

Byron visited the castle in 1816, and hearing some imperfect traditions of its history, wrote the poem while storm-bound in a hotel at Ouchy. The old castle was built more than a thousand years ago, and one of its earliest prisoners was the Count of Mala, the grandson of Charles Martel. In the thirteenth century it was rebuilt by Duke Peter of Savoy, It now belongs to the Canton of Vaud, and is a modern arsenal. Visitors are shown through the gloomy old edifice by the most talkative guides. The intelligent leader of our party was a handsome girl, who was much too pretty for such service. She would inevitably distract the attention of the visitor from the for-

bidding old dungeons to her own sweet and modest face. Our guide told, in sweet accents, the tales of wrong and cruelty practised by the hard-hearted old duke, and pointed out the pillar to which Bonivard was chained; the place worn by his feet in the stone pavement; the dungeon where the condemned passed their last night on earth; the fatal staircase which led into the deep, still waters of the lake; and then the comfortable apartments, and the chapel of the tyrants who once occupied the place. The chamber of the duchess has a most beautiful outlook upon the Alps and the valley of the Rhone, with the lake in the foreground. Near Vevey is the ancient chateau of Latour, which was also a residence of the dukes of Savoy. There may be seen the same accompaniments of the ducal rule, — dungeons, and the means of torture.

From the Castle of Chillon we returned to Ouchy and Lausanne, regretting all the while that the sail was not longer. Between Ouchy and Lausanne is an inclined railway, worked by hydraulic power. It is sixteen hundred and fifty yards long, and the steepest gradient is one in nine. There is a tunnel about midway up the incline, and one or two intermediate stations. There are two lines of rail, and while one train ascends, another descends, each serving to keep the other in equilibrium.

On our return to Lausanne we met the "Circassia"

division of the Tourjée party, the members of which had landed in Scotland a week earlier than the chief expedition. The same evening we proceeded by rail over a picturesque route to Fribourg, forty-one miles distant. In the economy of the Schweizerische Westbahn this distance meant a ride of two hours and twenty-seven minutes. As darkness came on soon after we left Lausanne, little was to be seen except the beautiful expanse of the Lake of Geneva, and the mountains beyond, as we climbed the slopes. It was quite dark when we went through the ancient walled town of Romont, which is twenty-five miles from Lausanne, and therefore saw little of it or of its picturesque surroundings. A castle situated near the railway was founded by one of the Burgundian kings in the tenth century. Near Oron-le-Châtel, ten miles south of Romont, the cars pass through a tunnel directly beneath an ancient castle which surmounts a hill. Romont is two thousand five hundred and forty-two feet above the sea, or eight hundred and fifty-three feet above Lausanne, and nearly five hundred feet above Fribourg.

In our omnibus ride from the station in Fribourg to the Zähringen Hof we saw little but narrow streets, very dimly lighted. We ascended to the public room of the hotel from a broad archway which led under the building, and through which vehicles could be driven. We were not prepared to be pleased with

either the hotel or the town, for the reason that some fault-finding travellers we had met at Lausanne declared both to be unbearable. Judge of our delight, then, when we found the former an exceedingly comfortable and well-kept house, and Fribourg itself not only picturesque but very inviting. The city is situated on the Sarine, at its junction with the Gotteron, and there is an upper and a lower town, French being spoken chiefly in the former, and German in the latter. The banks are steep, and one of the main thoroughfares between the upper and lower sections is a long flight of stairs, with frequent landings, and numerous houses and shops along the way. In some places a street runs directly over the roofs of these buildings, and, in fact, the pavement of the Rue Grand Fontaine serves as a roof to the houses of the Court-Chemin below. Two high suspension bridges extend across the Sarine and the Gotteron, the one across the former river being nine hundred and sixty-four feet in length and one hundred and eighty-six feet in height, and the other seven hundred and forty-six feet in length and three hundred and five feet in height. A peculiarity of the latter is, that there are no towers or pillars, the wire-chains being secured in the sandstone cliffs on either side of the stream. Curious old watch-towers surmount the neighboring hills, and a quaint old chapel occupies a lonely site opposite Fribourg.

The Zähringen Hof occupies a most picturesque site near the town terminus of the larger bridge, and its pretty little garden overhangs the lower town, which is a hundred feet and more beneath. The chief buildings of interest within the city are the Cathedral of St. Nicholas, the Stadthaus, or town hall, which occupies the site of the palace of the dukes of Zähringen, and the adjacent Rathhaus, or council-hall. In front of these latter buildings stands an aged lime-tree, which has an interesting history. According to tradition, the twig from which the tree has grown was brought to the spot in 1476 by a youth who had come to announce the defeat of Charles the Bold at Morat, — an event that continues to be celebrated by the Swiss. Having declared the joyful tidings in the single word "Victory!" he fell dead. The old tree is partly supported by stone pillars.

The Cathedral is a Gothic edifice which was founded in 1285, and completed in 1500. It has recently been restored. The main portal is embellished with some curious old carvings in stone, representing the Last Judgment. Some of the groups are ludicrous. Fribourg, unlike Geneva and Lausanne, is a Catholic city, and the Catholic form of worship is still in vogue within its cathedral. This edifice contains a celebrated organ, one of the largest instruments in the world, in fact. It was constructed between 1824 and 1834 by Aloyse Mooser, and has seventy stops and

seven thousand eight hundred pipes. A concert was given by M. Vogt, the organist, in compliment to Dr. Tourjée's party. The announcement of this entertainment was as follows: —

FRIBOURG CATHEDRAL.

Concert upon the Grand Organ, given on the visit of Dr. Tourjée's American Party to Fribourg, July 23, 1878. Played by M. Vogt.

PROGRAMME.

1. Toccata, ... Bach.
2. Air de l'Opera "Fidelio," . . . . . Beethoven.
3. Fuga, ... Bach.
4. Invocation, ... Guilmant.
5. Chœur de l'Oratorio "Judas Maccabæus," . . Handel.
6. Prière de "Moise en Egypte," . . . . Rossini.
7. Chœur des "Quatre Saisons," . . . . . Haydn.
8. Pastorale, ... J. Vogt.

The closing number was a characteristic piece, descriptive of a storm in the mountains. The performance was more remarkable than the one we heard at Geneva. The voice of the thunder, the rushing of the cataract and the tempest, the voices of the affrighted animals, and the notes of the Alpine horn, were all interwoven in an elaborate musical composition, and with thrilling effect. The concert was at night, and the dimly-lighted church added to the effect of the music as the mock thunder rolled through the lofty arches. The organ, as we have intimated, is a superb instrument, and not only in this, the chief show-piece of the entertainment, but also in the other selections,

its noble qualities were brought out grandly by the organist. The same programme was repeated to the other sections of the Tourjée party, July 30, August 3, and August 6.

From Fribourg to Bern is a pleasant railway ride of only nineteen and a quarter miles, and we reached the latter city by an early afternoon train. Bern is situated upon a plateau which rises about one hundred feet above the river Aare, and the river, at this point, takes a great bend, so that it flows around three sides of the city. The principal streets run east and west, and the chief thoroughfare is about a mile in length. The houses in the principal parts of the old town are built over arcades, and the sidewalk, as well as the shops, are under shelter. This is a very comfortable arrangement in rainy weather. Streams of water run through the middle of the principal streets, which are thereby kept clean, and there are numerous fountains which are adorned with quaint statues. One of these is a grotesque figure of an ogre devouring children, while below is a procession of armed bears. On another fountain, Bruin appears with helmet, shield, sword, and banner. The bear is the heraldic emblem of Bern, and is seen everywhere in effigy, while in a large pit across the river, at the Nydeck Bridge, several of the animals are kept alive at public expense. Two of the ancient towers are preserved, and one contains a clock which exhibits a number of

mechanical figures when it strikes the hours. Bruin, of course, bears a part in this performance. The Federal Council Hall is a handsome edifice in the Florentine style, completed twenty-one years since. The upper part contains a picture-gallery; and a look-out on the roof, and also a terrace below, command a fine view of the far-away Alps of the Oberland, when their summits do not persist in hiding themselves in the clouds, as they did during our entire visit.

The Cathedral is a Gothic structure, begun in 1421, completed in 1573, and quite recently restored. The main portal, like that of the Cathedral at Fribourg, is adorned with curious sculptures. The figures represent the Last Judgment, together with the Wise and Foolish Virgins. The choir contains some curious specimens of stained glass of the fifteenth century. Here, too, is a large organ, upon which concerts are frequently given.

During our stay in Bern, we were quartered at the Hotel Bellevue, and here we met the "Italian" Division of the Tourjée party. After an interchange of congratulations, the members of both sections repaired to the Cathedral, to listen to an organ concert, provided by Dr. Tourjée. The printed announcement of this entertainment was as follows: —

ORGAN CONCERT.

A special select Organ Concert will be given in the Cathedral of Bern to the Members of Dr. Tourjée's American Musical and Educational

Party, on Tuesday July the 30th, 1878, executed by Dr. ph. J. Mendel, Organist of Bern.

PROGRAMM.

1. Ora pro nobis, . . . Meditation sur un Motif de Mozart.
2. Adagio, ... de Beethoven.
3. Festivo, ... de Van Eyken.
4. Prière, ... de Ch. M. de Weber.
5. Prælude et Fugue, . . de Dr. Ch. H. Rink.
6. Fantasie pastorale sur un air suisse (l'orage), . . de Dr. J. Mendel.

The Bern organ is a fine instrument, and Dr. Mendel brought out its varied qualities very effectively in the programme I have given. I am not, however, prepared to endorse the claim so stoutly set forth by the Bernese, that their organ is superior to the Fribourg instrument. The Fantasie Pastorale was the now familiar "storm-piece"; but Dr. Mendel was disposed to make less of it than M. Vogt, the organist of Fribourg, and the work was not nearly as characteristic as the one we heard from the latter. We had also an opportunity to hear, in the course of our stay, a concert by the *Bernischen Orchester-Vereins*, a very excellent orchestra, under Kapellmeister August Koch. The organization is maintained in part at the expense of the citizens.

The second day of our visit to Bern chanced to fall upon the chief market-day of the week, when the country-folk of the whole district round about came into the city to sell or purchase. Crowds of peasants

with little carts of vegetables and fruits, — some drawn by dogs or horses, but not a few by the women themselves, who seem to be made the chief beasts of burden, — and the inevitable umbrella carred under the arm or slung across the back, poured into town at an early hour. By eight o'clock, and thenceforth until noon, all the chief streets for an aggregate of one or two miles in extent, were lined with booths, at which every article describable or indescribable was exposed for sale. Along the Marktgasse and the Kramgasse were most tempting displays of strawberries, raspberries, cherries, blueberries, and every kind of vegetable the Bernese are supposed to eat. The Kesstergasse was lined with meat-stalls. The upper part of the Waisenhaus Platz revelled in the varied but pronounced perfumes of the different kinds of Swiss cheese, while a large space below was occupied by live pigs and calves. Bread, straw, wood, and baskets occupied an intermediate place. Wooden-soled shoes, second-hand clothes, and old junk could be bought on a side street, and adown the Kornhaus Platz, around the Fountain of the Ogre, were grouped a heterogeneous collection, embracing pretty nearly everything from cow-bells to cradles, and from pottery to penknives. On the Graben below were animated groups of peasants; the men with low-crowned hats, and the women with the short-waisted costumes, chain-ornaments, and broad-rimmed hats, peculiar to the dress of the Canton of Bern;

while, toward noon, the queer old wine-cellars under the Kornhaus were crowded with visitors, who washed down their frugal repast of bread and cheese with Yvorne, Neuchatel, or Lacôte. The arcades were abandoned, and the people walked in the middle of the street among the stalls. It was an interesting sight, the people and their wares alike attracting the attention of the stranger, whilst the latter, perhaps, afforded quite as much entertainment to the natives.

The journey from Bern to Interlaken is very delightful. The traveller is therein led up to the presence of the mighty mountains of the Bernese Oberland, and at all times he is amid scenes of singular beauty. The trip is made partly by rail and partly by water. Leaving the fine, large railway station in Bern, the cars cross the Aare, and, if the weather is clear, a distant view may be had of the snow-capped mountains. In an hour, the old city of Thun (nineteen and a half miles from Bern) is reached. Thun, like Bern, has a peculiar arrangement of its shops and sidewalks. In the streets of Bern the pedestrian walks on a sidewalk within an arcade of stone, where the shops are located. In the principal street of Thun, a row of magazines and cellars, about ten feet in height, are on the street level, and on their flat roofs is the pavements for foot-passengers, lined on the inner side with shops.

At Scherzligen, two miles above Thun, we were transferred to the steamer "Bubenborg," on the Lake

of Thun. This lake is only ten and a half miles long, and two miles wide. It is environed by mountains, and the views in every direction from the steamer's deck are very picturesque and beautiful. On leaving the north-western end, the banks are found to be studded with picturesque villas and gardens, with here and there an ancient castle. Beyond these, the lower slopes are clothed with vineyards. The church at Scherzligen is a quaint, castle-like structure, situated at the water-side. The Stockhorn and the Niesen, the latter a mountain seven thousand seven hundred and sixty-three feet high, and of peculiar conical shape, rise upon the right, and farther away in the direction of Interlaken, the Jungfrau, the Monch, the Eiger, the Shreckhorn, and the Wetterhorn are seen. Along the shore are several picturesque little towns. At Spiez the steamer halts to allow several rugged-looking students, bearing alpenstocks, to go on shore. They are bound for the Rhone Valley, over the Gemmi Pass, or upon some other mountain excursion in the neighborhood of Spiez.

The boat finally stops at Darligen, and the passengers are transferred to the queer little cars of the Bödeli Railway, which connects the Lakes of Thun and Brienz. These lakes are only a few miles apart, and once must have formed a single body of water; but the deposits of the Lütschine flowing into the Lake of Brienz, and the Lombach into the Lake of

Thun have separated them, and given a place to Interlaken and its environs, which comprise the villages of Aarmuhle and Unterseen. The cars I have referred to are two-storied, much like those upon the tramways in London and Paris, except that the upper seats are covered by a roof, while a high wire-guard keeps the passengers from tumbling off. An upper seat is, of course, desirable, even for the short ride, since it gives the better view of the surrounding country.

Interlaken is a village of large hotels and *pensions*. The chief street, the Hoheweg, is lined with them, and the neighboring buildings are largely shops which are supported solely by the patronage of visitors. There is a Kursaal, with an adjoining garden, where concerts are given by a good orchestra two or three times a day. But the chief charm of this delightful summer resort is the magnificent view of the Jungfrau, which lies some miles to the south of Interlaken. There are two near mountains, between which the Lütschine flows, and up the valley the Jungfrau is seen, rising to the height of twelve thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight feet (two thousand nine hundred and fifty-three feet less than Mont Blanc), its sides entirely covered with snow. The lower slopes are hidden, so that the mountain rises into view a majestic form of pure, snowy whiteness. To the right is the pointed summit of the Silberhorn; and from the Kleine Rugen, a little mountain which

stands just out of the village, the lofty crest of the Monch, only two hundred and nineteen feet lower than the Jungfrau, is also seen. From that point both lakes are also in sight.

Back of Interlaken rises the Harder, a mountain five thousand two hundred and sixteen feet high, the scene of the adventure of young Roland, whom Longfellow has embalmed in his "Excelsior." The scene of Byron's "Manfred" is laid near Interlaken; and the legend of "Blue Beard" is associated with a neighboring castle.

An excursion to Lauterbrunnen and Grindelwald occupied a day very pleasantly. The former place is seven and a half miles from Interlaken, the road lying up the valley of the White Lütschine, which joins at the little village of Zweilütschinen, the Black Lütschine. The latter river flows from the direction of Grindelwald. The road leads up the valley between high mountains, with the Jungfrau and other of the highest peaks in front, and many picturesque cascades on either side. Lauterbrunnen itself has an elevation of two thousand six hundred and fifteen feet, although situated in a deep valley, between precipitous mountains. The inhabitants are kept in their houses during the winter by the deep snows, and then manufacture the wood carvings and little ornaments, canes, and alpen-stocks which are sold to summer visitors. The women, and children also, do something of a

trade in the sale of cheap lace, which is made by the women themselves in front of the houses; and these abodes are thoroughly Swiss in architecture and surroundings.

The fall of the Staubbach (Dust-brook), the chief of Lauterbrunnen's numerous cascades, has an unbroken descent of nine hundred and eighty feet, and is the highest waterfall in all Europe. Its pure bright waters sweep down so mistily as to be almost noiseless. The soft wind waves it to and fro like some long bridal veil falling from the face of one of the virgin hills that wait upon the Jungfrau bride; or like a knightly plume dropping gracefully from the crest of a giant guard.

We drove back to Zweilütschinen, on our way to Grindelwald, which lies twelve miles from Interlaken. There is also a bridle-path from Lauterbrunnen over the Wengern Alp and the Little Scheideck, but the former route is traversed by carriages. Grindelwald has an elevation of three thousand four hundred and sixty-eight feet, and is quite a populous village. Its inhabitants are chiefly herdsmen. The pastures in the valley are said to support six thousand head of cattle. High up on the mountain-sides clinging to the diminutive fields of green, and apparently in danger of sliding off into the valley below, are cow-houses, and one wonders how the creatures ever got up there, or, once there, how they get down again. Grindelwald con-

GRINDELWALD.

tains several good hotels, and forms one of the best-known headquarters of Alpine climbers, who start out from here for the ascent of the Jungfrau, the Faulhorn, and the Mettenberg; or on various glacier expeditions and the passage of some of the most difficult passes.

There are two glaciers near Grindelwald which are very accessible, the lower lying between the Eiger and the Mettenberg, and the upper lying between the latter mountain and the Wetterhorn. Both may be visited on foot or on horseback. Most of our party chose the lower glacier, and the former mode of locomotion. The afternoon was rainy, and the path was muddy and disagreeable across the valley, and slippery on the rocks above, but the climb of a mile or a mile and a half, even under these conditions, was amply repaid in the novelty of visiting a glacier. Ice is here gathered for the hotels at Interlaken, and run down into the valley by a gravity railway. An enterprising gatherer of unconsidered half-franc pieces has constructed a grotto in the glacier, and the visitor may penetrate the immense crystal mass to the depth of one hundred feet or more.

The guides at Grindelwald are numerous and very persistent, and, upon the difficult and dangerous mountain ascents frequently made from this place, of unquestioned usefulness; but upon these little excursions to the glaciers they are of no assistance whatever.

Nevertheless, they make the most frantic efforts to impress themselves into the stranger's service, and it is found difficult to obtain the merest scrap of information from any source unless one of them has been employed. A member of one of the American parties hit upon a very happy expedient to rid himself of their importunities. A crowd of persistent fellows had followed him and a party of ladies some distance up the path, when he bethought himself of the words of a Greek tragedy committed to memory when a schoolboy. At the next onslaught, he turned upon them, and assuming a commanding attitude, launched upon them in stentorian tones the impassioned measures of this drama. The guides looked upon each other in a puzzled sort of way, and before our friend had half finished his philippic, they had turned back in dismay, evidently expecting something more striking still at the next discharge of "Greek fire."

While riding to either Grindelwald or Lauterbrunnen, the stranger is made acquainted with the Alpine horn, which is used at several places to raise an echo, — and a few centimes. These instruments are made of wood, and generally wound with thongs of wood and bark. When skilfully blown, their notes have a singularly pleasing effect. They are heavy and cumbrous, some of them being six or eight feet long, and it is the fashion to rest the larger end upon a projecting rock, or a forked post, while the performer evokes the

echoes by a liberal expenditure of breath at the little end of the horn.

We stopped, while in Interlaken, at the fine Hôtel Ritschard, and on our return from our excursion to Grindelwald, we found at the Hôtel Victoria, across the way, the second division of the Tourjée excursionists, whom we had not seen since we left London.

We left Interlaken by the little Bödeli Railway, and at Bönigen, on the Lake of Brienz, took a steamer for Giessbach. The Lake of Brienz is even smaller than its neighbor of Thun, and although its shores are very picturesque, the near mountains shut out the view of the higher peaks. Its length is seven and a half miles, and its width two miles. Giessbach is situated near the upper end of the lake, and opposite the town of Brienz. Here are the famous falls, the river at this point descending to the lake by a series of cascades one thousand one hundred and forty-eight feet. A magnificent hotel, one of the best in Switzerland, has been built upon a plateau directly in front of the falls, five hundred feet above the lake, and every evening the cascades are illuminated by Bengal lights. This exhibition proved much more pleasing than was anticipated, for it seemed that nature was lovely enough without being gilded. Colored lights were cast upon the masses of falling water, and upon the dark foliage of the mountain-side, with very enchanting effect. A path leads up the mountain, beside the

stream, and there are several bridges in advantageous places to see the falls. The Falls of the Giessbach were brought into notice in 1818, chiefly by the efforts of a schoolmaster named Kehrli, and a tablet, inserted in the rocky wall of the roadway leading up to the hotel, commemorates the circumstance in the following inscription: —

ZUM ANDENKIN
AU
JOHANNES KERHLI
WELCHER ZUERST
DIE FÄLLE DES GIESSBACHS
DEN FREUNDEN DER NATUP
ZUGÄNGLICH MACHTE.

We made an early-morning departure from the hotel at the Falls, walking down the zigzag road to the steamboat-landing. Walking is generally resorted to by visitors in ascending from the landing to the hotel, or in descending, although invalids, or lazily-inclined persons, are transported in chairs, or in a small one-horse carriage. These are the only vehicular accommodations of the place, with the exception of a diminutive car for the luggage. Luckily, trunks of the "Saratoga" pattern are unknown to Swiss porters, or, at least, hereabout. One of those abominations would overwhelm the transportation facilities afforded by the avenue of approach to the Hôtel Giessbach, and necessity might compel its removal in sections.

The delights of that morning walk in the pure, health-inspiring mountain air, with the joyous music of the cascade ringing in our ears as it leaped from crag to crag to greet the placid lake below, will long live in memory as a sweet inspiration. While awaiting the boat from Bönigen we were entertained by the singing of a trio of Swiss girls, one of whom had a remarkably sweet soprano voice. Swiss music, or, at least, the kind the traveller hears among the mountains, is of a peculiarly wild, free character, which seems to gain its life and inspiration from the hills themselves, although there is an undercurrent of that happy spirit of peace and content which seems to characterize the Swiss peasantry. The *jödel*, which is of Tyrolean origin, is often heard. Southey says, in describing this music, "Surely the wildest chorus that was ever heard by human ears; a song, not of articulate sounds, but in which the voice is used as a mere instrument of music, more flexible than any which art could produce; sweet, powerful, and thrilling beyond description." At Interlaken a concert was given in the Kursaal by some Tyrolean musicians, one of whom was a fine zither-player.

The sail across the head of the lake to Brienz was all too short, for the day was most inviting. At Brienz carriages were in waiting to carry us over the Brunig Pass to Alpnach, on the Lake of Lucerne, a distance of about twenty-five miles. This is one of

the lower of the Alpine passes, but the scenery is very picturesque, and the journey across is rendered very interesting. For a few miles after leaving Brienz the road has only a gentle ascent, and, in fact, is nearly level. Quite a sharp ascent is then entered upon by a series of zigzags. A pedestrian can avoid going over much of the ground by taking cross-paths, and the three miles or more of roadway is thus materially lessened. Besides, it is advisable to walk up this side of the pass so as to better enjoy the grand scenery, although it should be mentioned, it is far preferable to cross the Brunig Pass from the opposite direction, so as to have the best scenery always before the eye. In ascending, the traveller has constantly to turn to behold the beautiful landscape which is unfolding itself behind him. The valley of the Aare, formerly a useless morass, but now a richly-cultivated district, the river having been confined to a single channel by artificial means, is at the foot of the range the Brunig road is climbing, and upon the mountain-wall opposite, some of whose peaks are flecked with snow, are several beautiful cascades, the chief of which is the picturesque Oltschibach, which the traveller sees successively from every point of view. Farther up the valley lies Meiringen, which is one of the approaches to the Grimsel Pass, and also to the Susten and Joch Passes. This charming little town was almost wholly destroyed by fire in the autumn of 1878.

At one place, on the way up the Brunig Pass, the roadway — at all points finely constructed and admirably kept — is hewn from the solid rock, a huge mass of which overhangs. Just here a dozen girls, with baskets of strawberries and raspberries to sell, had established themselves. Farther on, milk could be bought, and near the summit of the pass, which is three thousand three hundred and ninety-six feet high, is an excellent inn, where wine of good quality is the staple beverage. On the northern descent the scenery is less interesting, yet very pleasing. Lungern is a little village at the foot of the Brunig, and here we halted at the Hôtel du Lion d'Or, for lunch. The road passes the little lakes of Lungern and Sarnen, and also through the town of Sarnen, which is the most important place on the route. While midway on the road, we met the third section of Dr. Tourjée's party, headed by Carl Zerrahn. There was a general halt, and a lively, but hurried interchange of greetings, as the passengers by the regular diligences, who were at the rear of our two caravans, were impatient of delay. At Alpnach-Gestad, we took the steamer "Stadt-Basel" for Lucerne, and the sail of a dozen miles or so across the Vierwaldstatter-See (Lake of the Four Cantons), which is called the Lake of Lucerne, for short, was most thoroughly enjoyed.

At Lucerne we tarried no longer than to await another boat, intending to return on the morrow, and,

embarking once more, we sailed up the Lake of Lucerne to Vitznau, one of the towns which lie at the foot of the Rigi. The Rigi is the most frequented mountain in all Europe. Its height (five thousand nine hundred and six feet above the sea, or four thousand four hundred and seventy-two feet above the Lake of Lucerne) is not as great as our own Mount Washington, but on account of its isolated position, it commands a beautiful and very extended panorama three hundred miles in circumference. There are three railways on the mountain, two of which, of the Mount Washington pattern, convey passengers between the base and the summit. The other, which runs along the side and to the south end of the mountain for a distance of several miles, is of the ordinary kind. The Rigi railway from Vitznau was constructed at about the same time Mr. Sylvester Marsh was building his railway up the side of Mount Washington. The one from Arth, which is situated on the Lake of Zug, was built later. There are four other cog railways for ascending heights in Europe, two of which are in Switzerland, and one each in Austria and Hungary.

The ascent of the Rigi unfolds a succession of very beautiful views. First the lake, and the wooded or grassy slopes of the mountains on the other side, with the picturesque village of Vitznau, which is literally under the beholder's feet, attract attention. As the car rises higher, the view extends, and the majestic

Pilatus, which is only a few miles away, and the distant snow-capped peaks, are seen in all their beauty. The road passes through a tunnel and over a high bridge. Higher up the hotels begin to appear, and the mountain seems to be covered by them. Our own destination is the Hôtel Rigi-Kulm at the end of the route, and the highest point of all. The sun set in a mass of clouds, but there was a momentary scene of splendor when the orb of day burst forth like a mass of fire, suffusing all around with a roseate flush and lighting up the neighboring peaks with a strange weird glow.

The guests at the Rigi-Kulm are aroused from their morning slumbers by a succession of performances on the Alpine horn. This is more romantic than the dinner-bell on Mount Washington, but when the performer toots away again in salutation of the morn, as Sol peeps over the distant mountain-tops, and then passes a hat around through the shivering, blinking crowd of early-risers for contributions, the romance is dispelled. The visitor is generally content, however, to pay the small tax for a performance which has perchance saved him from oversleeping and earned him the opportunity to witness the spectacle of a gorgeous sunrise.

Our sunrise was certainly gorgeous. There were clouds again, but they served to beautify the scene, as the sun's early rays suffused them, as well as the distant

snow-covered peaks, with soft, rosy tints. The lakes of Lucerne and Zug were covered by white masses of clouds and wholly obscured from view, but under the influence of the warm sun, the fleecy waves rose upon the sides of the mountain to engulf us.

There are three lakes at the foot of the Rigi, the two above named, and the little Lake of Lowerz, which was the scene of a terrible disaster in 1806, when an enormous mountain-slide obliterated a large part of the sheet of water and buried wholly the little village of Goldau.

Breakfast over — and here let me remark that the hotel is the best kept mountain-house I ever visited — we descended by the railway to Vitznau. Instead of returning directly from thence to Lucerne, we took a boat going the opposite way, and so enjoyed an excursion over the most picturesque part of the beautiful Lake of Lucerne. The lake in some parts resembles a river rather than a broad sheet of water, and it is bordered by high and stately cliffs, with lofty mountains rising from the water's edge. Along the side of the cliff for much of the way, often hewn out of the solid rock, and in some places through galleries or tunnels, lies the celebrated Axenstrasse, leading from Gersau to Brunnen and Flüelen, and over which the railway will run when the great St. Gothard tunnel is completed. We went as far as Flüelen, near which William Tell's Chapel is situated. This is a small

THE TELL CHAPEL NEAR FLUELEN.

edifice, open on the lake side, and the interior is decorated with rude frescos illustrating scenes in the life of the Swiss patriot. The chapel is near the bank, and the interior is plainly seen from the passing steamer. Altorf, two miles from Flüelen on the St. Gothard route, is the traditional scene of the exploit of William Tell in shooting the apple from his son's head. A colossal statue of Tell, in plaster, presented to Altorf in 1861 by the riflemen of Zürich, is said to occupy the spot where Tell stood. On the opposite side of the lake from where Tell's Chapel stands, but nearer Brunnen, high up the rocky cliff, are the three springs of the Rütli, or Grütli, which mark the spot where the thirty-three patriots of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden met on the memorable night of the 7th of November, 1307, and bound themselves by an oath to drive their oppressors forth. This plateau, and an inn built thereon, belong to the Swiss Confederation. Not far from this spot, a pyramid of rock, eighty feet in height, rises from the lake. It has been inscribed to Schiller, the "Bard of Tell," and a second inscription tells of a young Swiss officer who lost his life there. Brunnen is a flourishing town, and is much resorted to by summer travellers on account of its beautiful situation. Some quaint old warehouses, to be seen from the lake, are decorated with frescos upon the outside of the walls. Gersau is a little village which occupies a shelf between the waters of the

lake and the towering Rigi-Scheideck. For over four centuries (from 1390 until 1798, when the French deprived it of its rights), this little corner of the earth, with scarcely eight square miles of territory at its command, boasted of being an independent state. It was annexed to the canton of Schwyz in 1817. There are various reminders of William Tell and the tyrant Gessler, other than those I have mentioned, one of which is a second "Tell's Chapel" which is situated between Küssnacht and Immensee. The former place is at the extremity of one of the arms of the Lake of the Four Cantons, and the latter lies between two and three miles distant on the Lake of Zug. Near Küssnacht stood Gessler's Castle. Upon the shores near Lucerne are many charming villas, in one of which, the villa of Tribschen, Richard Wagner resided several years. On the opposite bank is the picturesque chateau of Neu-Hapsburg, behind which rises the tower of an ancient castle once occupied by Rudolph, Count of Hapsburg, afterwards emperor of Germany. The castle was destroyed by the Lucerners in 1352.

At Lucerne we remained over Sunday, making our headquarters at the Hôtel Schwanen. The city is most charmingly situated at the outlet of the lake, with the river Reuss running swiftly through it, on its way towards the Rhine. The outlook across the clear waters of the lake is very picturesque. To the right rises Mount Pilatus, with its group of peaks, the

highest of which, the Tomlishorn, rises to the altitude of six thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight feet. To the left, only a few miles away, is the Rigi. In the distance are some of the lofty peaks of the Bernese Oberland, which reach into the region of perpetual snows. The town has preserved its watch-towers and ancient walls, which were erected in 1385, and in other regards retains some marks of its antiquity. There are two old covered bridges across the river, both of which are adorned with pictures. These are for foot passage only, but two other modern structures, one of which is a broad iron bridge, paved with stone, furnish the means of vehicular communication from one part of the town to the other. The Kapellbrücke, one of the two ancient bridges, runs obliquely across the stream, and connected with it, almost in mid-river, is the picturesque old Wasserthurm, which contains the archives of the town. Tradition has it that this building was once used as a light-house (lucerna), and that the town derived its name therefrom. The pictures are upon cross-pieces beneath the roof, and are seen only by persons crossing on the bridges. The Kapellbrücke is thus adorned with one hundred and fifty-four paintings, representing scenes from the lives of St. Leodegar and St. Mauritius, the patron saints of Lucerne. While crossing the Spreurbrücke, which is further down the stream, there is an opportunity to contem-

plate a series of illustrations of "The Dance of Death." The fine Schweizerhof-Quay, with its handsome hotels and charming avenue of chestnuts, was reclaimed from the lake in 1852.

Lucerne is intensely Catholic, but its summer population includes many Protestants, and here, as elsewhere in Switzerland, the government exercises a degree of control over the church edifices that often tends to open a Catholic place of worship for Protestant meetings. During the summer of 1878, the Maria Hilf Church, an old convent chapel, was occupied by the Scotch Presbyterians, and on the Sunday of our visit, Rev. Mr. Macdonald, of Boston, a member of Dr. Tourjée's party, was invited to preach there.

The Cathedral, or Hofkirche is an ancient edifice which was restored in the seventeenth century. Its two slender towers were built in 1506. The church contains a handsome pulpit, carved stalls, some handsome stained-glass windows, two side altars with reliefs in carved wood, and several very good paintings. In addition, it contains a magnificent organ, which fairly vies with the Fribourg instrument. In arcades on the exterior, are some quaint reliefs representing scriptural scenes. The churchyard contains several very interesting monuments.

Lucerne has a veritable lion in the celebrated piece of sculpture designed by Thorwaldsen. It is a colos-

sal figure of a dying lion (twenty-eight feet in length). The animal is reclining in a grotto, transfixed by a lance, and shelters the Bourbon lily with its paw. It was hewn from the natural sandstone, and commemorates the bravery of the Swiss soldiers who defended the Tuileries, in Paris, on the 2d and 3d of September, 1792. The work is very impressive, and its very situation, amid trees, and over a dark pool of water caused by a spring which flows from the top, adds to its effect. Near the lion is the Glacier Garden, which contains some very wonderful evidences of the action of glaciers, discovered only a few years ago. There are several "glacier mills" in the sandstone, one of which is twenty-seven feet in diameter, and eighteen feet deep, and the granite "mill-stones" are in several instances of huge dimensions. There are eighteen of these holes within a comparatively small space. They were first discovered while excavations were in progress for building operations. The granite bowlders must have come from a great distance in the glaciers, as there are no similar formations nearer than the St. Gothard Pass, except where deposits of the same character have been made by glacial action. A pavilion within the Glacier Garden contains an interesting relief map of Central Switzerland, made by General Pfyffer.

The fourth of the series of organ concerts, given on the occasion of the visit of Dr. Tourjée's party to

Switzerland, took place in Lucerne in accordance with the following announcement: —

LUCERNE CATHEDRAL.

Concert upon the Grand Organ, given on the visit of Dr. Tourjée's American Party to Lucerne, August 3, 1878. *Played by Mr. P. Ambros Meyer*

PROGRAMME.

I.

1. Concert variations upon the Harmonious Blacksmith, Hændel.
2. Solo upon the Vox Humana.
3. Adagio from the C Major Symphony, ... Haydn.
4. Prayer, ... Lemmens.

II.

1. Description of a storm.
2. Concert variations on God Save the King, . . . Hesse.

It will be seen that the programme was much the same as those presented at Geneva, Fribourg, and Bern. The Lucerne organ is a fine instrument, and M. Meyer is a musician of high repute. The usual "storm-piece" was played, and well played too. The thunder crashing from crag to crag, the moaning of the winds, the rushing of the mountain torrent, and the pastoral songs of the peasants mingled with the notes of the Alpine horn, and the tinkling of cow-bells, are generally imitated with more or less distinctness; but the traveller may find the real thing in the mountains without much trouble. The organists seem to look upon the business as a necessity, in order to popularize their concerts, although it is to be noted

LUCERNE AND MONT PILATUS.

that M. Haering, of Geneva, and Dr. Mendel, of Bern, seem to have entered into it more gingerly than the others, judging from the length of the pieces performed, and the manner of their arrangement. The Lucerne organ has a marvellously sweet *vox humana* stop, which M. Meyer is extravagantly fond of using. It is of a soft and most delicious quality, and quite free from the strong reediness which is found in some organs. The instrument is remarkably even in quality throughout, and the full organ attains volume and power without harshness.

Our party met at Lucerne several familiar American faces. One was that of Rev. George C. Lorimer, D. D., of Boston. Sunday evening Rev. Dr. Lorimer held a praise service in one of the drawing-rooms of the Hôtel Schwanen, Dr. Tourjée directing the musical exercises.

From Lucerne to Zurich by railway via Zug, is a distance of thirty-seven and a half miles, and the country traversed is beautiful and well cultivated. Zug is a place of something less than five thousand inhabitants, and is the capital of the smallest of the Swiss cantons.

Zurich is a populous and beautiful city, and is most charmingly situated at the northern extremity of the lake of the same name. The city lies chiefly along the banks of the lake, and upon either side of the river Limmat, which is the outlet of the lake, and

which divides the town into the Grosse Stadt and Kleine Stadt. The river Sihl flows through the western part of the town, and unites with the Limmat a short distance from the lake. The Polytechnic School and other public edifices are on the heights east of the Limmat, and there are shaded avenues on the slopes, commanding beautiful views of the town. The lake shores are adorned with vineyards, farms, and pretty villages. An elevation, called the Uetliberg, extends along for several miles, just below Zurich, west of the lake; and, far away over the waters in the south, are the blue outlines of the Alps. The city is renowned for its educational institutions, which include a university and a polytechnic school, and for the culture and intelligence of its people. There is also an air of business thrift and prosperity which is not as noticeable in every Swiss city. The railway station is the handsomest, best arranged, as well as the largest to be seen in all Switzerland, and the new Bahnhof Strasse, which runs therefrom directly through the city, is a broad, handsome avenue, already lined with stately and costly edifices which would do honor to Paris, Vienna, or London. Our hotel was the Bellevue, one of the proprietors of which, Mr. Pohl, took special pains to show our party through the city and its environs. The house, like most Swiss hotels of the best class, is exceedingly comfortable, and its situation, on the border of the lake, is certainly very charming.

The sights of Zurich may be "done" in a day and a half, but a much longer time may be spent in the city and its vicinity with pleasure and profit. Many pleasant excursions can be made upon and about the lake. One of the chief attractions within the city is the town library, and the collection of the Antiquarian Society, both of which are contained in the Wasserkirche, an ancient church edifice, which once stood in the river Limmat, and now joins its eastern bank. Many interesting objects are preserved in these collections, including autograph letters of Zwingli, Lady Jane Grey, Henry IV. of France, and Frederick the Great, together with busts of Lavater, by Dannecker; Pestalozzi, by Imhof, &c. There are also several relief-maps of Switzerland. The library includes about one hundred thousand volumes. The greatest value, however, will attach to the relics of the lake dwellers of Switzerland, which have been collected by the Antiquarian Society in profusion. This collection is the largest in existence, and has been arranged and classified with great care.

From the Wasserkirche we went to the Gross Munster, an old church dating back to the eleventh century, and occupying a site where a still older church existed. The edifice has little beyond its antiquity to recommend it to attention. A statue of Charlemagne occupies a niche in one of the towers. The military establishment of Zurich is quite exten-

sive, and the arsenal contains a fine museum of ancient arms and armor. The "crossbow of William Tell" is shown; but the ancient ownership of the weapon needs verification. There are so many of these bows which are said to have been Tell's, that the traveller grows incredulous after a while. The battle-axe, sword, coat of mail, and helmet of Zwingli, who was killed while battling with the Reformers against the Catholics, at the battle of Kappel, Oct. 11, 1531, are also shown.

In company with Mr. Pohl, we ascended the Uetliberg. Crossing the foot of the lake in boats from the Hôtel Bellevue, we entered a canal bordered by handsome dwellings, and having some of the characteristics of the grand canal of Venice. Alighting from the boats, we had only a short distance to go to a station from whence a railway, not of the Rigi pattern, but of the ordinary kind, leads to the top. The views, both in going up and at the summit, are very fine, and are exceeded only by those from the Rigi, which is a mountain of the same class, though considerably higher. The elevation of the Uetliberg is only twenty-eight hundred and sixty-four feet above the sea, or fifteen hundred and twenty-three feet above the lake; but its isolated position gives a glorious outlook upon Zurich and its beautiful surroundings, and upon the distant panorama of the Alps. There are at the top a large hotel and a gigantic beer-garden,

where sunrise concerts are frequently given in the summer, more especially Sunday mornings.

In the evening we attended a fine concert at the Tonhalle. Zurich is a very musical city, and its provisions for the musical entertainment of its citizens are of the best order. The Tonhalle contains a large apartment where festivals and winter concerts are held, together with spacious billiard, smoking, and lounging rooms, and connected therewith is an immense garden, partly covered and partly *al fresco*, for summer concerts. During the summer, concerts are given here every evening, and if the night of our visit is to be taken as a fair indication, the patronage is very large. The admission is from forty to sixty centimes (from eight to twelve cents), but a good revenue is had from the consumption of beer and light wines, which is here, as in other Swiss, French, and German cities, something enormous.

From Zurich we proceeded to Schaffhausen, by the way of Winterthur, a distance of thirty-five miles, and arriving at that ancient town, proceeded a couple of miles farther by carriages to the little town of Neuhausen, in order to visit the Falls of the Rhine. A fine large hotel, the Schweizerhof, has been built upon the high bank of the Rhine, directly in front of the falls, the river here making a bend. The river is at this point contracted between high and rocky walls, and the water flows in a great volume on each side of

a little island, the descent being about sixty feet. The breadth of the river just above the falls is three hundred and eighty feet. There are fine view-points on both sides of the river, one of them being from Schloss Laufen, an ancient castle, situated on the left bank, and the island in the middle of the river may be reached in a boat at the risk of a wetting. Our time here was unfortunately brief, and four of us determined upon making an evening trip to the island. Our little party comprised Miss Vianna Johnson, of Concord, N. H., Mr. George F. Lane, of Birmingham, Pa., Mr. John A. Squire, of Arlington, Mass., and the writer. Solicitous friends and over-anxious outsiders tried to dissuade us from what they were pleased to consider a dangerous excursion, and the boatmen were inclined to look upon our proposition with some degree of astonishment, but manifested a willingness to earn a few francs. Accordingly we were rowed out in a little skiff from the Schlösschen Wörth. The moon shone not very brightly, and we were shut in by the dark, high banks. To paddle the boat over the tempestuous rapids below the falls, and up the current between the seething masses of falling water at either side of the little island, was no boy's play for the boatmen. Several waves dashed into the skiff, and once or twice the craft was caught by the surging waters and hurled down stream again, in spite of the stout oarsmen, who had then to go to work with

redoubled strength to regain the advantage lost. At length the little craft touched landing at the foot of the island, and we leaped ashore amid showers of spray. By mounting a slippery staircase, several fine views of the cataract were had, but they hardly repaid the trouble taken to obtain them, especially through a night observation. Our passage back to the shore was easy enough, although the boatmen stopped in the middle of the stream long enough to convince us of the importance of giving another franc to each of them as *trinkgeldt*.

Our dinner at the Hôtel Schweizerhof was served upon the broad piazza overlooking the falls and the far-away Alps, and the waiters were Swiss maidens dressed in their native costumes, the distinctive features of which were a black bodice with white sleeves, and ornamental chains of silver hanging beneath their arms and attached by silver rosettes to the breast and shoulder. Each canton in Switzerland has its distinctive costume, but these chains, like the broad-rimmed hats, also worn by the women, seem to be popular in various parts of the country.

CHAPTER VIII.

GERMANY.

Leaving Switzerland — Basel and its Clocks — Strassburg and its Famous Cathedral — Marks of the Siege of 1870 — The Storks and the Geese — The Astronomical Clock — Climbing the Cathedral Tower in a Thunder-storm — Baden-Baden and its Beautiful Surroundings — The Black Forest — Heidelberg — Its University and Ruined Castle — The Great Tun — The Rich City of Frankfort — Wiesbaden and its Attractions — The Storied Rhine — Its Towns and Vineyards — Its Castles and their Romantic Legends — The Brömserburg — The Mouse Tower — The Devil's Ladder — The Pfalzgrafenstein — The Lurleiberg — The "Cat" and the "Mouse" — "The Brothers" Roland and Hildegunde — The Drachenfels — Cologne — Its Great Cathedral — The Church of the Eleven Thousand Virgins and its Relics — Other Objects of Interest in Cologne.

THE canton of Schaffhausen is one of the smallest subdivisions of Switzerland, and it projects so far above the general northern boundary line of the country, that in going in any direction except the south-east, the traveller soon reaches the confines of the Grand Duchy of Baden. To the north are the mountains of the Schwarz Wald, or Black Forest, far less grand and imposing than the Alps, yet very picturesque and beautiful. The Feldberg, the highest mountain of the group, is only four thousand nine hundred and twenty-one feet high. It is situated in the southern

part of the Black Forest country. A railway leads down the north bank of the Rhine from Constance and Schaffhausen to Basel, and thence northward to Carlsruhe, Heidelberg, Mannheim, &c. Another line runs northward to Stuttgart, and connecting therewith is a railway, constructed only a few years ago, running through the heart of the Black Forest country via Villingen and Hausach, and joining the Baden line at Offenburg, nearly eighty miles below Basel. Our route lay directly over the Baden line via Basel; and it should be here remarked, that the German section of our tour extended wholly along the general course of the Rhine, from the point where we first approached the stream near Schaffhausen, down as far as Cologne. In confining ourselves to this route we were, of course, deprived of visiting Stuttgart, Munich, Dresden, Berlin, and many other important places, but our journey was through one of the most beautiful regions of the earth; a region enriched by nature and art, and abounding in scenes of historic and fabled interest.

We left the Falls of the Rhine with regret, making an early morning departure from the palatial Hôtel Schweizerhof. Cattle are frequently used as beasts of burden in both Switzerland and Germany, and one of these animals was harnessed to a cart and made to do service in transporting our luggage to the station. Later in our journey, while at Baden-Baden,

I observed a cow which was attached to a milk-cart. The patient animal was being driven upon her matutinal rounds from house to house. Economy would seem to suggest that the cart might have been dispensed with, and that the nourishing fluid might be had "on draft" from the natural fount, as the custom is at the *Molkencur* establishments. As a general thing the milk-wagons are drawn by donkeys, many of which are so diminutive as to suggest at once to the juvenile mind that the animals might be better employed as playfellows. The drivers are almost invariably women. Women's rights prevail to such an extent all over Europe that the gentler sex is permitted to do a large part of the drudgery, including about nine-tenths of the work in the fields and much of the labor on the streets. Women are frequently seen carrying loads which seem enough to make the stoutest male athlete quiver. In some cities not only girls, but old women, may be seen earning a few centimes or pfennigs by sweeping the streets.

But of our journey. From Neuhausen our course was through a well-cultivated region, and several picturesque towns were scattered along the route, but for a time we were shut in by little hills, and out of sight of the Rhine, so that the view was circumscribed. Emerging again upon the bank of the river, the views broadened and included distant glimpses of the Alps, and later of the Vosges, while upon the

other hand we skirted for the whole day the outlying ranges of mountains of the Black Forest. Beyond the little station of Wilchingen we crossed from the confines of Switzerland into the great German empire. Waldshut, the most important town between Schaffhausen and Basel, contains only between one and two thousand inhabitants. At Laufenberg, a few miles below Waldshut, the Rhine dashes with much fury over its rocky and narrow bed. The rapids have been successfully passed in boats, but the undertaking is hazardous. In 1793, the eighth Lord Montagu, an English nobleman, and the last of his family, lost his life in attempting the feat. By a singular coincidence his ancestral mansion, Cowdray House, in Sussex, was burned down almost on the same day. Laufenberg is in Swiss territory, on the opposite side of the river, which here forms the boundary line between the two countries, and an ancient castle looks down upon the impetuous waters. The cultivation of the grape is carried on quite extensively all along the valley. Rheinfelden, like Laufenburg on the left, or Swiss bank of the Rhine, was in ancient times strongly fortified and frequently besieged. Here, too, the stream dashes over the rocks in rapids. At Kleine Basel, which is on the opposite of the Rhine from the Swiss city of Basel, all the luggage was taken from the train for inspection by the custom-house authorities. The examination in our case was a trivial affair, and caused

no delay whatever beyond the removal of the trunks to the customs office and from thence back to the luggage-van.

Basel is one of the most ancient, and also one of the most populous of Swiss cities. The city derives its chief importance from its advantageous position at the junction of the frontiers of Germany, France, and Switzerland. There are here an imposing cathedral, built by the Emperor Henry II., in the early part of the eleventh century, and a museum which contains quite a collection of Holbein pictures, but, to the ordinary tourist, Basel derives its chief importance from being one of the main points at which the Swiss round is begun. The traveller goes from here, either up the river to Schaffhausen and Constance, or by direct routes to Zurich, Lucerne, or Neuchatel.

The people of Basel, by the way, kept up a curious custom until the end of the last century, of having their clocks an hour in advance of the rest of the world. Now they contrive to have as good times as their neighbors. It is somewhat remarkable that the origin of so singular a practice should not be more clearly traced. One theory mentioned by Thomas Ferguson, in "Swiss Men and Swiss Mountains," is that the people of Basel were an hour lazier than other people, and required this notable device to keep them up to the mark. Another is to the effect that the town clock having been struck by lightning, and the

hand forced an hour forward, the superstition of the people prevented them from interfering with what they considered to be an act of Heaven. A third is that an attempt of an enemy to surprise the town was given up because the erratic but exceedingly timely clock struck an hour in advance, deceiving them into the belief that they were too late. A fourth theory is the most sensible of all. It is, that the choir of the Cathedral being built at a little deviation to the true east, a corresponding variation was caused on the sun-dial. Whatever the cause may have been, Basel for a long period strongly warred against all innovations, and all attempts to set the time once more in joint were defeated until comparatively a modern date. Once the reformers, having been unsuccessful in the open field, made an attempt to put the clock back by stealth. They shifted the hands half a minute each day, and had already succeeded in putting it back three-quarters of an hour, when, by some means, the people found out that their time was being tampered with, and terrible was the commotion that ensued. In the Museum, contained in the Munster at Basel, is preserved the Lällenkönig, a large head which formerly occupied a place on the clock-tower of the bridge across the Rhine, and which was not taken down until 1839. This uncouth figure rolled its eyes and protuded its long tongue at each vibration of the pendulum. It is said to have been erected in derision of the inhabitants of

Kleine-Basel in consequence of some dispute, and it is recorded that the people thus derided returned the compliment by erecting a similar figure on their own side of the river. Thus Basel and Kleine-Basel could "make faces" at each other all day long, and through the darkness of night as well, without being disturbed in their ordinary avocations.

Below Basel, the Rhine valley broadens, and the scenery is not always so picturesque, although the Black Forest Mountains are to be seen most of the way in the east, while glimpses of the Vosges are sometimes had in the west. The Kaiserstuhl is a low mountain occupying something over forty square miles, which lies between the railway line and the Rhine, above Fribourg, the principal place between Basel and Strassburg. Both the Kaiserstuhl and the slopes of the Black Forest Mountains are covered with vines. Fribourg, which is a city of about twenty-five thousand inhabitants, contains a handsome cathedral in the Gothic style, dating back to 1122, the tower of which, three hundred and ninety-seven feet in height, is of exquisite open-work design. Near Fribourg stands the watch-tower of the ruined castle of Zähringen, once the seat of a powerful race, which became extinct in 1218, by the death of Count Berthold V.

At Appenweir, eighty miles below Basel, and about one hundred and forty miles from Neuhausen, we changed from the main railway line to a branch road

leading through Kehl and across the Rhine to Strassburg. At Kehl, the railroad crosses the river just below a bridge of boats. Making a sweep partly around the city, the railway joins the more important lines running south, west, and north, and the traveller is thus left just within the fortifications on the opposite side of the town. The railway approach from Kehl serves almost as well to give a panoramic view of Strassburg, as a ride around Paris, on the Chemin de Fer de Ceinture, does of that city.

The fortifications of Strassburg are formidable in their way, although they did not save the city from being captured by the Germans in the recent war. The Prussian government has for several years been engaged in strengthening the works. The place has always been regarded as a point of great strategetic importance, and in a letter written by the Emperor Maximilian I., it is termed the bulwark of the Holy Roman Empire, and commended for its old German honesty and bravery. The siege of Strassburg by the Germans in the late war began August 11, 1870, and continued until September 27, when the town was forced to capitulate. Not only the citadel on the east side of the town, and the main fortifications on the opposite side, together with many buildings near those points, were destroyed, but much damage was done to public and private edifices in all parts of the city. The damage to the cathedral alone was esti-

mated at one million four hundred thousand francs. The work of restoration is going steadily forward, and the government has dealt liberally with the inhabitants of Strassburg who suffered damage to their property during the siege. Many shops and houses have been rebuilt at government expense. The city, which numbers nearly one hundred thousand inhabitants, is chiefly French in everything save its soldiery, and the Emperor William takes precautions to render this feature essentially Teutonic. The city is the headquarters of the fifteenth corps of the German army, and there are generally stationed here some fifteen thousand soldiers.

The town was founded by the Romans, and named Argentoratum, and in the Middle Ages it became one of the most prosperous and powerful of the free cities of the German Empire.

The visitor to Strassburg is struck by the ancient appearance of many of its houses, and by the presence of a large colony of storks on the housetops. The citizens regard the storks with great love and respect, and it is considered a good omen for the citizen whose chimney-top or roof-tree is chosen by the birds for a resting-place. Strassburg's kind treatment of the storks is a sort of recompense, possibly, for its unhandsome dealings with the geese, which are inordinately fattened, solely in order to turn their gorged livers into *pâté de foie gras*.

A STORK'S NEST IN STRASSBURG

The famous cathedral was, of course, the great centre of attraction for our party. This edifice rises very conspicuously in the centre of the city. It stands upon the site of a church founded by Clovis, about 510, and which was destroyed by lightning in 1007. The foundation of the present cathedral was laid by Bishop Werner, of Hapsburg, in 1015, and the interior was completed in 1275. Under Bishop Conrad, of Lichtenberg, in 1277, the construction of the façade was begun, by Erwin of Steinbach, and after the latter's death, in 1318, the work was continued by his son John, who died in 1339. The spire of the north tower was completed by John Hültz in 1439, but the south tower remains unfinished to the present day. The construction of the edifice having been superintended by the ablest masters during four centuries, an opportunity is afforded to trace the rise and progress of Gothic architecture. The façade is the richest part of the whole structure. Its magnificent rose window is forty-two feet in diameter, and its three portals, which are adorned with scenes from the history of the Creation and Redemption, are regarded as being among the finest Gothic works in existence. In niches are equestrian statues of Clovis, Dagobert, and Rudolph of Hapsburg (all dating from 1291), and of Louis XIV. (erected in 1823). In 1793, several hundred statuettes were ruthlessly torn down and destroyed by the French revolutionists, and the

beautiful spire only escaped the same fate from having been provided with a red republican cap, made of metal, as a protecting badge. The south portal of the church is adorned with sculptures by Sabina, the talented daughter of Erwin. The spire rises to the immense height of four hundred and sixty-five feet, — to the same elevation as the loftiest of the Pyramids of Egypt, but twenty-seven feet less than the new spire of the cathedral at Rouen. The church has been damaged many times by lightning, once by an earthquake, and in the memorable siege became a target for the Prussian guns, for the reason that the French maintained a post of observation on the elevated platform between the towers. Not only was the spire hit several times, but the organ was pierced by a shell, and the stained-glass windows were almost wholly ruined. On the night of the 25th of August, 1870, the roof caught fire, and a great portion of it tumbled in. For several years past workmen have been repairing the damage, and at the time of our visit the new dome seemed to be approaching completion. On the 4th of September, two shells hit the crown of the spire, and on the 15th a shot entered the point below the cross, which was bent on one side, and caused to dangle from the iron bars of the lightning-conductor.

The interior of the church is three hundred and sixty-two feet in length, one hundred and thirty-five

feet in width, and ninety-nine feet in height. It contains, in addition to some interesting statues and monuments, the celebrated astronomical clock. The present clock was constructed by Schwilgue, a distinguished Strassburg mechanic, between 1838 and 1842, to replace a similar clock made by Conrad Dasypodius. There have been, altogether, three mechanical clocks in the cathedral. The first was begun as early as 1352. This occupied a position in the transept directly opposite the spot where Dasypodious built his clock (finished in 1574), and where the present clock stands. The old clocks were marvels in their day, and the present one is far more elaborate than either. In addition to the mechanical figures which move about when the hours are struck, there are complicated devices to indicate various astronomical changes. For example, the old calendar was altered by M. Schwilgue into a perpetual one, with the addition of the feasts that vary, according to their connection with Easter or Advent Sunday; an orrery, after the Copernican system, is made to present the mean tropical revolutions of each of the planets visible to the naked eye; the phases of the moon and the eclipses of the sun and moon calculated for all time; true time, and sidereal time is indicated; and a celestial globe exhibits the precession of the equinoxes, together with solar and lunar equations for the reduction of the mean geocentric ascension and

declension of the sun and moon. A dial placed without the church, and showing the hours and days, is put in motion by the same mechanism. The movable statues attract the chief attention. On the first gallery, an angel strikes the quarters on a bell, while one of the genii reverses an hour-glass at the end of the hour. Death strikes the hours, and grouped around him to mark the quarters, are Childhood, Youth, Manhood, and Old Age. Under the first gallery, the symbolic deity of each day steps out from a niche, — Apollo on Sunday, Diana on Monday, and so on. At noon, the twelve Apostles pass before the Saviour, to whom each one bows in turn, while the Saviour raises his hands to bless each one of them. During the movement of the figures, a cock crows thrice, and Satan peers forth as Peter goes by.

After a hurried inspection of the collection of statuettes, quaint ornaments, models, &c., and the works of the old clock, preserved in the Chapel of the Œuvre-Notre-Dame, opposite the Cathedral, we visited the Church of St. Thomas. This church contains a magnificent marble monument, by Pigalle, erected by Louis XV. to Marshal Saxe, who died in 1750. The design is in very questionable taste. The marshal is in the act of descending into the tomb, opened for his reception by Death, while a female figure, representing France, strives to detain him. Hercules, in mourning attitude, leans upon his club.

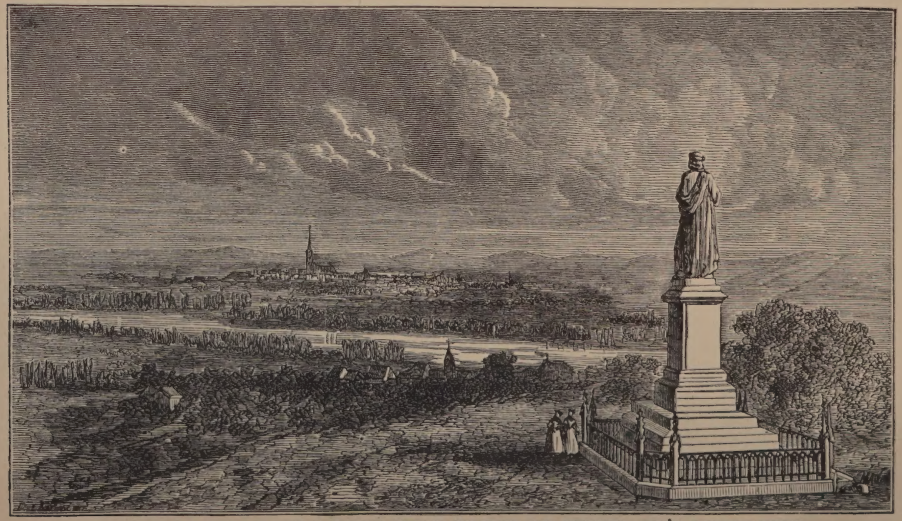
On the left are an eagle, a lion, and a leopard, with the broken flags of Austria, Holland, and England beneath, to commemorate the marshal's victories over those three nations in the Flemish wars. This work occupied Pigalle's time for twenty years. In a side chapel are two mummies supposed to be the bodies of a Count of Nassau-Saarbrücken and his daughter, who died in the sixteenth century. There are two fine statues in Strassburg, one in honor of Gutenberg, who made his first experiments in printing here about the year 1436, and the other to Kleber, the French general. The house occupied by Goethe, who graduated at the University of Strassburg as a doctor of laws in 1771, is indicated by a marble slab. The Brand-Strasse, or Rue Brulée, is a street marking the spot where two thousand Jews were burned in 1349, because they refused to be baptized.

On returning from the Church of St. Thomas, I revisited the cathedral for the purpose of climbing the spire. This is a task of no mean order, inasmuch as the stairs above the platform (which of itself has an elevation of two hundred and sixteen feet above the street) are narrow and steep, and, towards the top, upon the *outside* of the spire. At one place the balustrade was carried away by a Prussian shot at the time of the siege. A severe thunder-storm rendered the ascent additionally difficult, for the reason that the spire, which is open upon the sides, admitted the rain. It was found to

be prudent to await the end of the storm at the keeper's house on the platform. The view from this elevation, as well as from above, was magnificent. From the higher point it was interesting to watch the progress of the storm. The country west and south of Strassburg was covered by an inky pall; but the Rhine valley, and the green masses of the Black Forest, were bathed in sunlight. While listening to the muttering thunder, and watching the vivid lightnings as they played about in the storm, which for a few minutes was very fierce, it was not difficult to imagine that the memorable siege of the city was still in progress; and, to add realism to the scene, a house in the suburbs was set ablaze by a stroke of lightning. When this tumult of the elements was going on, it was not a very consoling reflection that the church had many times been struck by lightning. It was a glorious scene in every aspect, however, and amply repaid all the toil involved in the ascent.

At Steinbach, a few miles from Strassburg, on the summit of a barren hill, stands a monument to Erwin, the architect of Strassburg Cathedral. The place commands a view of Strassburg, and a statue of the celebrated architect stands facing the noble structure his genius aided in creating.

From Strassburg we proceeded direct to Baden-Baden, which was reached just before sunset. During our visit to this delightful spot we were quartered at the



VIEW OF STRASSBURG FROM NEAR ERWIN OF STEINBACH'S MONUMENT.

excellent Hôtel Hollande. Baden-Baden, one of the oldest and most fashionable of German watering-places, is most charmingly situated on the borders of the Black Forest, which extends across the Grand Duchy of Baden and into the kingdom of Wurtemberg. It is a town of some ten thousand permanent inhabitants, and the visitors to its springs number fifty thousand a year. The little river Oos or Oel-Bach runs through the town on its way to join the Murg near Rastatt, and on every side are picturesque hills between one thousand and two thousand feet high. The hot springs of Baden-Baden form its chief attraction, but the rare beauty of its surroundings is, after all, its principal charm. The waters were known to the Romans, who built baths here, and in constructing the old bath-house the Roman masonry surrounding one of the springs was found. Until the end of 1872, Baden-Baden shared with Wiesbaden and Homburg the questionable distinction of being one of the chief gaming places of Europe, but roulette and rouge et noir have now been banished to the little principality of Monaco, and the air is greatly purified. The gaming tables formerly occupied the splendid saloons of the Conversationshaus, which are now but little used except for balls and concerts, and as reading and lounging rooms. For six hundred years the town was the seat of the Margraves of Baden, a long line of whom are buried in the Pfarrkirche. Herman III., who died in

1190, while engaged in the Crusades, was the first to reside in the old castle. The new castle was erected by the Margrave Christopher in 1479, but both town and castle suffered so much during the Thirty Years' War and the War of the Palatinate (1689) that the Margraves soon after the latter date transferred their residence to Rastatt.

The Conversationshaus, the Trinkhalle, and the new Baths are the chief buildings in the town, although the theatre and several of the hotels are also quite imposing in external appearance. Altogether there are upwards of forty hotels, little and great. A bronze statue of the Grand Duke Leopold, who died in 1852, is in the Leopoldsplatz. The Conversationshaus comprises an extensive suite of gorgeously decorated apartments, and in front is a park, where concerts are given three times daily, the band, or orchestra, occupying a gayly decorated kiosk. The chief assembly room, where the balls are given, is a magnificent apartment one hundred and fifty feet long and fifty feet high, lighted by five huge chandeliers. The Trinkhalle is a commodious building, and the inner walls of the portico are adorned with fifteen frescos, illustrating some of the legends of the neighboring Black Forest. Fourteen of these are by Gotzenberger. The springs are thirteen in number, and rise on the opposite side of the town, the water being conveyed to the Trinkhalle by pipes. These springs supply one hundred and sev-

enty-one thousand one hundred and sixty-eight gallons of water daily, and are of different temperatures, ranging from 118° to 154° Fahrenheit. They belong to the class of alkaline salt springs, and are efficacious both for drinking and bathing purposes. Near the Trinkhalle is a little chalet where hundreds repair at the morning drinking hour to solace themselves with fresh milk from goats and cows, the fluid being drawn from the lacteal founts after it is ordered. Some of the patrons of the chalet take a mixture of milk and spring water, and not a few add a piece of bread, which serves as an early "plain" breakfast.

On the slope of the Michaelsberg, back of the Trinkhalle, is a handsome Greek chapel, erected in 1866 as a tomb for the Roumanian Prince, Michael Stourdza, who died three years previous in Baden. Near the chapel Prince Albert zu Solms-Braunfels has recently completed a very handsome and expensive chateau.

A five hours' drive, which included visits to the extensive ruins of the Alte Schloss and to the restored castle of Eberstein, was a very delightful experience. Carriage drives at Baden are not costly, though the prices are possibly a trifle higher than in other South German towns and in Switzerland. The roads are well built and cleanly kept, and as our course was largely within the richly shaded confines of the Black Forest, and later along the beautiful Lichtenthaler Allee, the excursion

was a succession of pleasurable sights and sensations. The Alte Schloss, or old castle of Hohenbaden, is situated nearly upon the summit of the Batter, which rises north-east of Baden to the height of something over sixteen hundred feet, and dates back to the tenth and eleventh centuries. It was here that the line of the Margraves established their seat until the building in 1479 of the Neue Schloss, which is at present the summer residence of the Grand Duke of Baden. The walls are chiefly in ruins and overrun with ivy. Where knights and proud Margraves trod the courtyard pavement, an enterprising restaurant keeper has set up a little establishment, and upon the outer wall appears, not an ancient banner, but the familiar English legend, "Bass's Pale Ale." More romantic is the work of a Carlsruhe tradesman, who has placed in a high window in each face of the old castle walls a large Æolian harp. One of the instruments sang with mysterious sweetness in the south wind, like the contented spirit of some ancient dweller of the castle; perhaps the good Margravine, whose saintly devotion is said to have delivered the country from the scourge of the "Black Death," some five hundred years ago. The view from the summit of the old Roman tower, which embraces the wide valley of the Rhine for a long extent, the city of Rastatt and the neighboring hills and forests, together with Baden itself, is very fine. Near the castle are some curiously cleft masses of

porphyry resembling at a little distance castles and towers. Resuming seats in our carriages, we rode around the Batter, through the village of Eberstein-burg, near which are the ruins of another ancient castle; by the Engelskanzel and Teufelskanzel, where an angel and the imp of darkness are supposed to have held a theological discussion; along the shaded slopes of the Merkur, or greater Staufenberg; and thence to the castle of Eberstein, which is situated above the Murg, near Gernsbach. This ancient stronghold was built about the middle of the thirteenth century, and having fallen into decay, was restored finally by the late Grand Duke Leopold. It is at present one of the summer residences of the Grand Ducal family and contains some fine specimens of ancient armor and some very curious specimens of ancient glassware. From the castle of Eberstein we drove over a winding road down through Mullenbach and into the valley of the Oos, which flows through Lichtenthal and Baden. The Lichtenthaler Allee is a magnificent avenue, lined with large trees, uniting Lichtenthal to Baden, and along which is the fashionable drive. The little river Oos flows at one side, and across it are rustic bridges leading to numerous villas. The opposite side of the *allee* is also lined with gardens and handsome chateaus. The house of Prince Menchikoff is hidden by the foliage, and the residence of Prince Stourdza is across the Oos, near Baden. While driving toward Baden

we met the Empress Augusta of Germany, who was out for an afternoon airing in her carriage, and who had been in Baden for nearly a month enjoying the baths. During her stay in Baden-Baden she resided in unostentatious style at the Maison Mesmer, near the Conversationshaus, and was frequently seen out walking or riding. The Stiftskirche contains a stained-glass window presented by the empress to commemorate the preservation of the Emperor William from assassination in 1861.

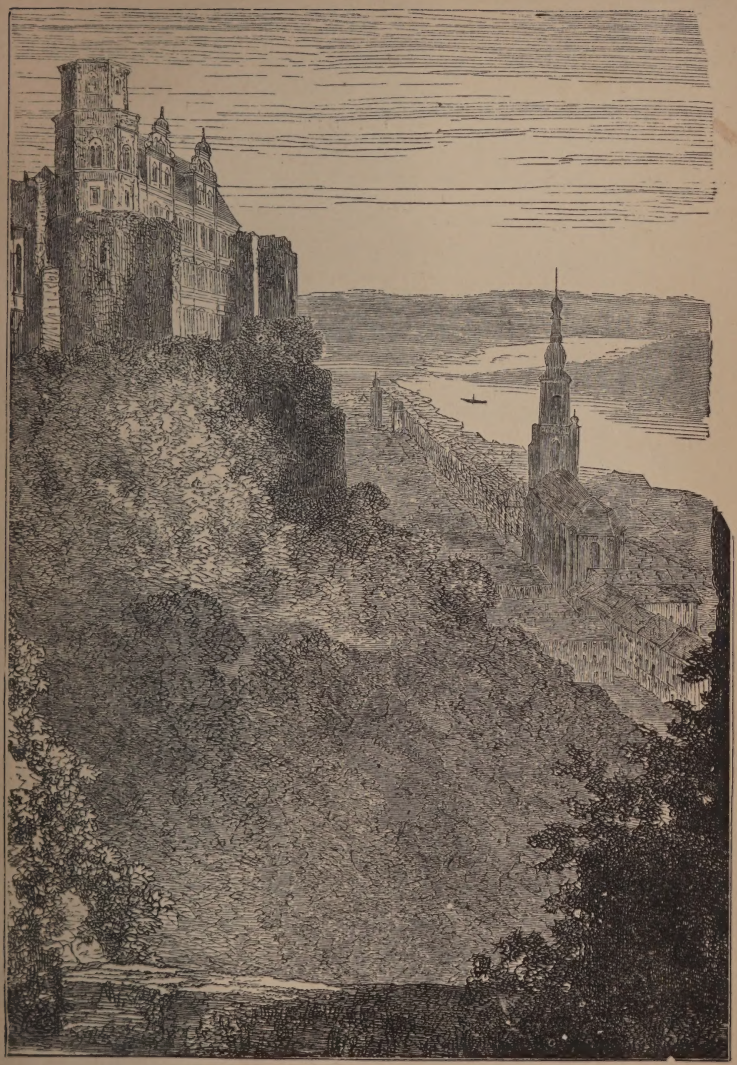
From Baden-Baden we proceeded to Heidelberg, the route taking us through Rastatt, Carlsruhe, and Bruchsal. The distance is about sixty miles, and we were pleasantly quartered in the Hôtel de l'Europe in time for an early dinner, after which we rode out through the city and up to the ruins of the old castle. The University of Heidelberg, one of the most influential of the German seats of learning, occupies a number of old buildings, which do not make such an imposing appearance as the fame of the ancient school would seem to warrant. The University was founded in 1336 by Elector Rupert I., and became indebted for its modern development to Charles Frederick of Baden, who, in 1802, provided it with eminent professors and scientific collections. There are at present seven or eight hundred students, and the visitor to Heidelberg is reminded by the slashed cheeks of the young men that duelling is still in vogue. The duel-

ling ground is at a little inn on the opposite side of the Neckar. The damage inflicted is generally confined to cuts upon the face. The authorities seem to make no effort to stop the practice; on the contrary, it is encouraged in some quarters as a means of making the students hardy and courageous, and of fitting them for the stern duties of military life.

Heidelberg's chief church edifice, the Heileg-Geistkirche (the Church of the Holy Ghost), was divided between the Catholics and Protestants instead of being given solely to either, and the nave is now employed for Protestant and the choir for Catholic worship. The church is in the market-place, and all around the edifice, with barely space for the door-ways, is a row of mean-looking shops. There are two other fine churches, one belonging to the Jesuits and the other Peter's Church.

Before visiting the castle we rode out to the Wolfsbrunnen, a spring where the oldest fish-breeding establishment in Europe is situated. Tradition tells of an enchantress who was killed here by a wolf. From the spring we rode along the slopes to the castle, all the time enjoying charming views of the town and the Neckar; and having first gazed upon the ruins from the Molkencur, two or three hundred feet above them, we dismissed the carriages and devoted the remainder of the afternoon to a closer inspection of the grand old pile.

The ruins, which are of vast extent, stand upon a terrace at the north-east extremity of the town, three hundred and thirty feet above the Neckar, which flows along the north-west side of Heidelberg. The oldest portion of the castle was erected by Lewis the Severe, son-in-law of Rudolph of Hapsburg, about the close of the thirteenth century. Subsequently it was enlarged by other of the electors who successively occupied it, until it had reached, in the seventeenth century, really grand proportions. It suffered much during the Thirty Years' War, and still more during the devastations of the Palatinate. In the Orleans War, the French general Melac, contrary to the stipulation, caused the castle to be blown up. This was in 1689. In 1693, the French once more gained possession of Heidelberg, and besides wreaking their vengeance still further upon the beautiful structure, massacred the inhabitants of the town. In 1764, the lightning nearly completed the work of destruction. The ponderous gateway, some of the towers, and portions of the interior buildings, are still standing, however, to tell of former greatness. The visitor can ascend to the top of the Gesprengte Thurm (Blown-up Tower), and see in the moat below him the prostrate half of the tower, just where it was left by the explosion in 1689. So solid was the masonry, that the dislodged portion fell in an unbroken mass, where it remains to the present day. The walls at this point are no less



HEIDELBERG AND THE OLD CASTLE.

than twenty-one feet thick. The visitor is taken on an extended tour through the castle, and between one and two hours are occupied, even if the inspection is only of a casual nature. He is conducted through underground passages, along galleries and buttresses, and through lofty halls. Several of the towers may be ascended. Ivy creeps over the ruins in many places, and there are several gigantic vines which have thrived for centuries. In one of the cellars is the famous Heidelberg Tun, which holds no less than three hundred thousand bottles of wine. It was constructed in 1751, and has been thrice filled. The huge cask lies upon its side, and flights of stairs lead to the top, where at least fifty persons might be assembled. In a neighboring cellar is a smaller cask, bearing humorous inscriptions. There are extensive gardens near the castle, and from a terrace which extends towards the river a magnificent view of the castle, and of the town and country beyond is obtained. One of the striking features of the gigantic ruin is the great diversity of architecture. Dating from the thirteenth century, the original structures were enlarged and built upon by successive potentates. The electors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, in particular, made sumptuous additions to the already beautiful castle.

From Heidelberg, by the way of Frankfort-on-the-Main, to Wiesbaden, where we were to pass a Sunday,

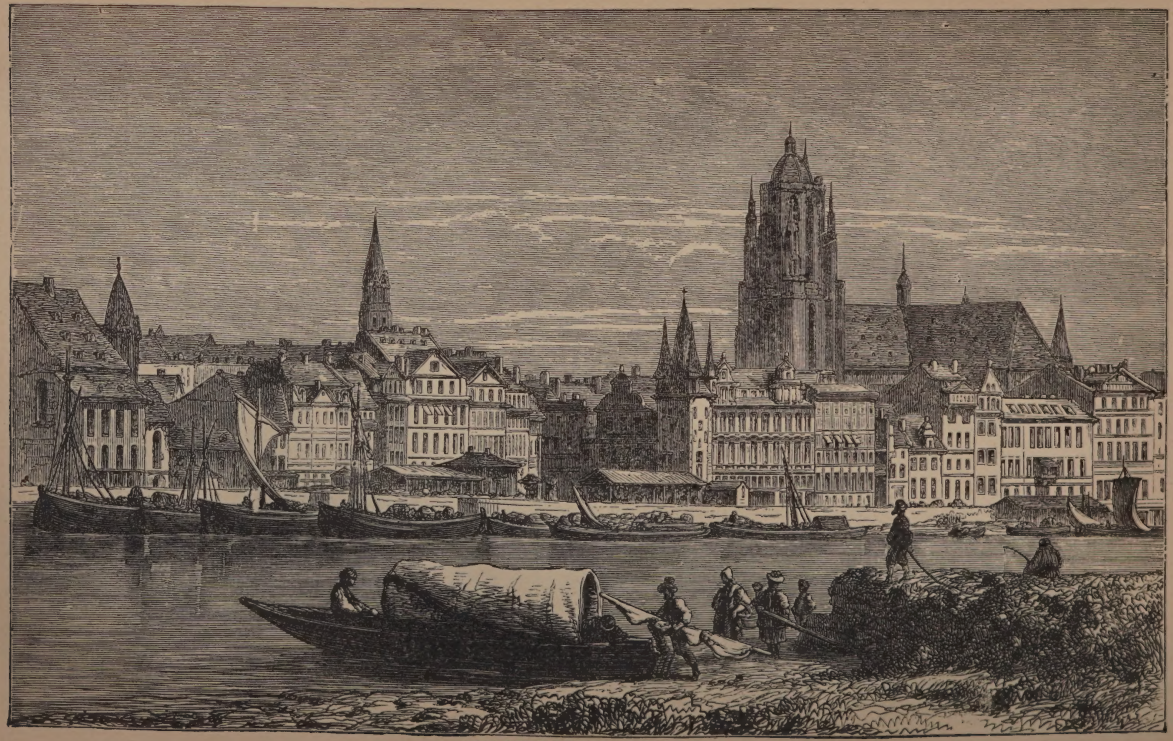
is a journey of between three and four hours, but we took nearly a day for it, by stopping over for several hours at Frankfort. On the way thither we passed through Weinheim, Bensheim, and several other small and picturesque towns, and also through the city of Darmstadt. On our arrival at Frankfort, we engaged fiacres, for a drive through the city and to some of its principal objects of interest. The city dates from the time of Charlemagne, and was long the place where the German emperors were chosen. From 1814 to 1866 it was one of the four free cities of Germany, and in the latter year it was taken by the Prussians. It has nearly one hundred thousand inhabitants, including a garrison of three thousand soldiers, twenty thousand Roman Catholics, and eight thousand Jews. The old part of the town consists of narrow and uninviting streets, but the city long ago outgrew its ancient limits, and the newer portions are handsome and imposing, the broad avenues being lined with stately edifices and many evidences of wealth and refined taste. The Anlagen, or public grounds, which nearly surround the city, are handsomely laid out, and serve delightfully both for driving and promenading.

One of the first objects we saw after leaving the station was the new theatre and opera-house, intended to take the place of a theatre which was burned. It is to be a large and handsome edifice. We rode first to Bethmann's Museum, in a distant part of the town,

to see Dannecker's exquisite group, Ariadne on the Panther, which is familiar the world over through innumerable copies in parian, engraving, and photograph. It is a beautiful work, and Frankfort may well consider it one of its chiefest treasures. Several casts of celebrated pieces of statuary are also exhibited here. Near this spot, and just outside the Friedberger Thor, is a curious monument erected by Frederick William II. of Prussia to the Hessians who fell on the spot in a successful attack on the French, who then occupied Frankfort, December 2, 1792. It consists of a mass of rock, bearing a pillar surmounted by a helmet, sword, and ram's head. Taking a circuitous ride nearly around the city, we passed many charming residences and public buildings, and then rode into the city. We passed through the Judengasse, or Jews' street, and were shown the house where Meyer Amschel Rothschild, the founder of the great firm of bankers, was born in 1743, and where his mother preferred to live until the day of her death. In order to make the site more pleasant for his mother in her declining years, the son purchased some buildings on the opposite side of the street and razed them to the ground. All the houses in the Judengasse are very ancient, and the street is quite narrow, although less so than some of the other old thoroughfares, where the tall, projecting houses nearly shut out the light of heaven altogether. It was the ancient custom

to lock the Jews within their own quarter at night. At the cathedral, — an edifice which dates from the early half of the thirteenth century, — we alighted again to examine the interior, where there are several interesting monuments. It was here the coronation of the German emperors took place, and in the Romer, an ancient building near by, we were shown the Wahlzimmer (election room), and Kaisersaal (Imperial hall), where the new emperor was chosen, and then dined with the electors. A collection of portraits of the emperors adorns the wall of the Kaisersaal. The cathedral was nearly destroyed by fire in 1867, and has recently been restored. A house opposite the church is embellished with a stone effigy of Martin Luther, and it is recorded that the great Reformer addressed the people therefrom while he was on his journey to Worms. Continuing our ride through the city, we saw the Schiller, Gutenberg, and Goethe monuments, all of them elaborate and handsome memorials; Goethe's house in the Hirschgraben; the Bourse and other public buildings; the old bridge across the Main; and the fine new Kaiser-strasse, with its elegant hotels, cafés, and shops.

Frankfort is said to be the richest city of its size in the whole world. There are one hundred Frankforters worth from $4,000,000 to $5,000,000 each, and two hundred and fifty who are worth $1,000,000 and upward. The city is one of the great banking centres



FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN.

of the world. Its aggregate banking capital is estimated at $200,000,000, more than one-fourth of which the Rothschilds control. If its wealth were equally divided among its one hundred thousand inhabitants, every man, woman, and child would have, it is said, 20,000 marks, or $5,000 each; and there are not a few who would be glad to get their proportionate part to lift them out of penury.

The Taunus Railway, which leads from Frankfort to Mayence and Wiesbaden, is one of the oldest in Germany, having been put in operation in 1839. From Frankfort to Wiesbaden is a ride of one and a quarter hours, and the distance to Mayence, which is on the opposite side of the Rhine from Kastel, is a trifle less. The view of Mayence, obtained on the ride to Wiesbaden, is very fine. Kastel is a fortified place, and the railway intersects the line of fortifications on both sides of the town. It is near here that the famous Hochheimer wine is produced. At Weisbaden we were pleasantly located at the Hôtel du Rhin. This city is considerably larger than Baden-Baden, and very much larger than either Ems or Homburg, which, like it, are famous spas. It has a permanent population of upwards of thirty-five thousand persons, and, in 1872, it entertained over sixty thousand patients, travellers, and gamesters, for the gaming-tables were then in operation. The hot springs are here, as at the other places named, the chief attraction for the invalids,

and the drinking of the waters seems to be practised much more zealously than at Baden-Baden. The Kochbrunnen, or boiling spring, has a temperature of 156° Fahrenheit. The Cursaal is a large building, containing elegant saloons, which were formerly the lair of the "tiger." Now they are used for balls, concerts, reading-rooms, &c. The larger hall is a gorgeous apartment, one hundred and thirty-two feet long, sixty feet wide, and forty-eight feet high.

Wiesbaden was known to the Romans, and there have been found near the town, remains of a Roman camp. The Cursaal is surrounded by an extensive park, and in front are fountains which are illuminated at night. Two long colonnades, filled with shops, flank the approach to the Cursaal from the Wilhelmsstrasse.

The Protestant Church, which is a fine Gothic structure, with five lofty spires, is one of the most imposing edifices in the town. The Royal Palace is an unpretentious, though extensive edifice, which is situated in the market-place. There are many pleasant drives in the neighborhood of Wiesbaden, and one of them leads to the summit of the Neroberg, a little mountain which rises about a mile south of the Cursaal. A small temple has been erected at the summit, from which a magnificent view of the city, together with Biebrich, Mayence, the river Rhine, and the wine-growing district of the Rheingau, is had. About

half-way up the Neroberg is a beautiful Greek chapel, erected at great cost by the Duke of Nassau as a mausoleum for his first wife, the Duchess Elizabeth Michailowna, a Russian princess, who died in 1845. The edifice is in the form of a Greek cross, and is surmounted by one large and four smaller gilded domes. The highest is surmounted by a Russian double cross, one hundred and ninety feet from the ground, secured by gilded chains. The interior is entirely of marble. A rich altar-screen, painted in Russia, separates the body of the church from the choir. A recess on the north side contains the monument of the Duchess. A recumbent figure of white marble, resting on a sarcophagus, at the sides of which are statuettes of the twelve Apostles, and at the corners Faith, Hope, Charity, and Immortality, was executed by Prof. Hopfgarten, of Berlin. A Russian burial-ground occupies a plateau near the chapel. The Platte, a shooting-lodge of the Duke of Nassau, is a point some nine hundred feet higher than the Neroberg, and the view therefrom is, of course, more extended than from the latter.

A handsome avenue, about three miles in length, lined with rows of horse-chestnut trees, leads from Wiesbaden to Biebrich, which was formerly the seat of the Duke of Nassau. The palace is pleasantly situated upon the bank of the Rhine. The statues on the top of the building long since went to decay, and now

many of them are headless or armless. A handsome monument to the soldier-sons of Biebrich, who fell in the late war between Germany and France, stands near the steamboat-landing.

At Biebrich we took passage on board the steamer "Deutscher-Kaiser," of the Cologne and Dusseldorf line, for a descent of the river Rhine, as far as Cologne, a distance of nearly one hundred and twenty miles. This part of the journey constituted one of the richest experiences of our delightful round of travel through Europe. We floated down the noble stream, which, for centuries, has been the pathway of great nations, and the line of their deadliest conflicts, amid scenes of singular natural beauty, made stranger still by the presence of grim relics of the long past, and around every one of which are gathered the history and romance of centuries. Shorn of its castles and monasteries, and of its legendary lore and historic associations, the Rhine would scarcely compare, in simple picturesqueness, with our own beautiful Hudson; but with its stately ruins, and the weird traditions which have been handed down from ancient and mediæval times, it must ever occupy a foremost place in history and song. The most romantic scenery upon the Rhine, or, at least, along its navigable waters, — for the river rises among the high Alps, and runs several hundred miles amid the richest and wildest mountain-scenery of Switzerland before it be-

comes of commercial importance, — lies between Mayence and Cologne; in fact, between Biebrich and Bonn: but there is much beauty in perspective and retrospective both above and below its hilly banks.

> "The river nobly foams and flows,
> The charm of this enchanted ground,
> And all its thousand turns disclose
> Some fresher beauty varying round."

The entire length of the Rhine, from its source in the mountains to the North Sea, is eight hundred and seventy miles, and, for a distance of about five hundred and seventy miles, from Basel to its mouth, it is navigable. The Toma-See, on the side of Mont St. Gothard, the source of the Vorder-Rhein, is seven thousand six hundred and eighty-nine feet above the level of the North Sea, and the Rheinwald Glacier, the source of the Hinter-Rhein, has an elevation of seven thousand two hundred and sixty-eight feet. Even in its navigable part the descent is considerable, and the stream is rapid until Holland is reached, where, ignominiously, the mighty river loses itself in a great delta. On its way to the ocean, the Rhine drinks up the waters of three hundred and seventy glaciers, and some three thousand streams, great and small.

The time occupied in descending the Rhine, from Mayence or Biebrich (the two places are only a few miles apart), to Cologne, is, for the express boats,

seven and a quarter hours. The upward passage occupies four or five hours longer, on account of the strong current. The passenger steamers, or the best of them, are commodious and comfortable, and, in the term of summer travel, are always crowded by tourists.

Soon after leaving Biebrich, on the trip down the river, the traveller comes to the rich and beautiful district of the Rheingau, on whose sunny slopes are some of the most valued vineyards in the world. Beyond the vine-patched slopes, are the more sombre masses of the Niederwald, a forest-clad height, where, at no distant day, a national monument is to be placed to hold its "Watch upon the Rhine." Several ancient towns are scattered along the river banks, and upon the vine-covered heights above are picturesque hamlets, chateaus, and castles. The Rheingau was once surrounded by an impenetrable barrier, formed by a dense belt of trees fifty yards in width, so interwoven as to form a gigantic hedge. At the little town of Eltville, at the upper border of the Rheingau, the German King, Gunther of Schwarzburg, held his court until compelled to resign his dignity by his opponent Charles IV. This was in 1349. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, too, the Archbishops of Mayence had a residence here, to which they often resorted to escape from civic broils, and here the Archiepiscopa mint was established. One of the first printing-

presses was set up at Eltville in 1465, fifty years after the invention of the art, and before the death of Gutenberg. Several of these little towns are known to have existed as early as the eighth and ninth centuries. The castle of Johannisberg is picturesquely situated nearly three hundred and fifty feet above the Rhine, amid the extensive vineyards of the estate. The Johannisberg vineyards cover an area of sixty-five acres. The castle is not very old, having been built by the Abbot of Fulda in 1716. It occupies the site of an old Benedictine convent which dated back to 1106. On the suppression of the Abbey of Fulda, in 1802, the castle became the property of the Prince of Orange. In 1807 it was presented by Napoleon to Marshal Kellermann, and in 1816 it was conferred by the Emperor of Austria on the late Prince Metternich. It is here that all the genuine Johannisberger wine is made. Rudesheim, another famous wine-raising section of the Rheingau, is not far below the Johannisberg estates. It is a town of several thousand inhabitants, and is picturesquely set off against the vine-clad slopes of the near hills. At the lower extremity of the town is the Brömserburg, or Niederburg, a massive rectangular tower, from which Gisela, the only daughter of a knight of the house of Brömser, flung herself into a watery grave, because her father, one of the Crusaders, in token of his victory over a dragon, and his deliverance from the hands of the

Saracens, had vowed he would dedicate her to the Church. There was, of course, a lover in the case. According to popular tradition, her pale form continues to haunt the spot; but if all the drowned maidens who are said to still haunt the waters of the Rhine were really to put in an appearance, the navigation of the stream would be seriously impeded.

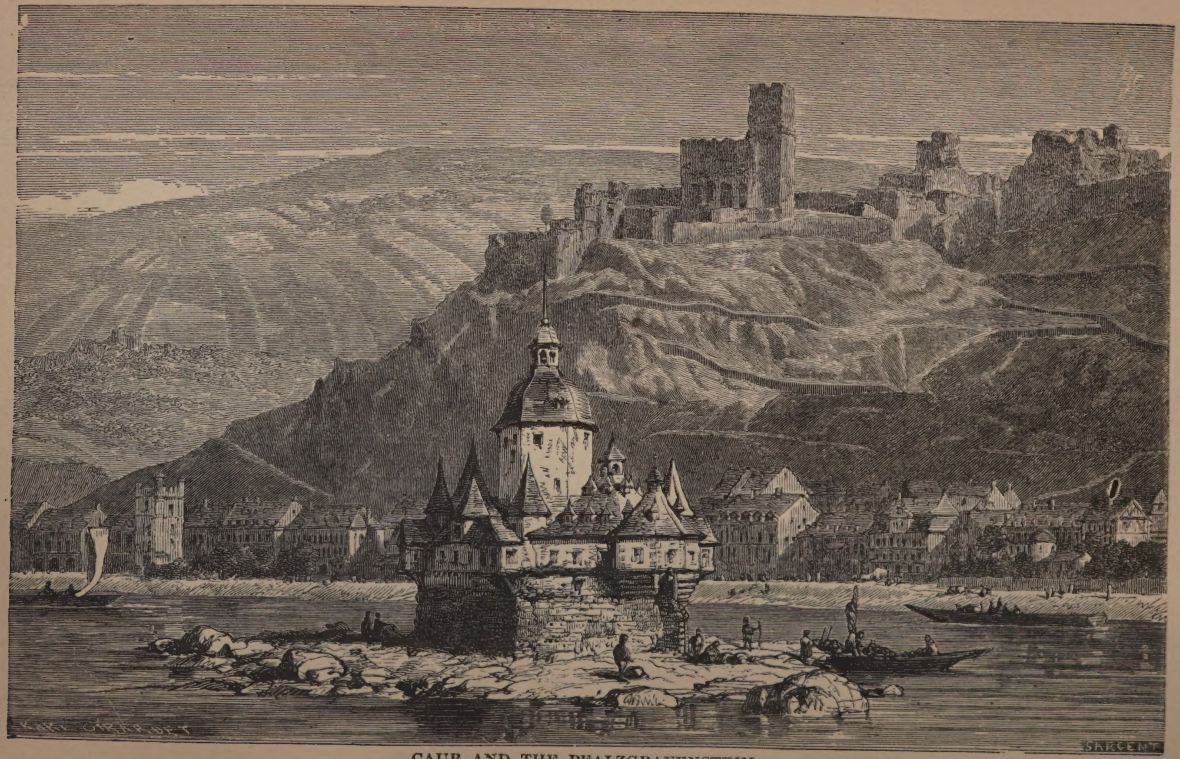
A short distance below Rudesheim, on the opposite bank of the Rhine, at the mouth of the River Nahe, lies Bingen, — "Fair Bingen on the Rhine," — a quaint old town of between six and seven thousand inhabitants, which was known to the Romans. A castle stands on a hill behind the town, and the neighboring heights are clothed with vines. Just below the town, on an island in the river, is the famous Mausethurm, or Mouse Tower, which derives its name from the familiar legend of Archbishop Hatto of Mayence, who caused a number of poor people — whom he compared to mice, bent on devouring the corn he hoarded — to be burned in a barn. After this cruel deed, says the legend, he was attacked by an army of mice. He took refuge in the tower, but thither the little animals swam and devoured His Eminence. This is the tale; but its authenticity is made somewhat questionable by the fact that the Mouse Tower was not built until a couple of centuries after the bishop died. Its real name was probably Mauth-Thurm, or Tower of Customs, and its real purpose was prob-

ably to assist in collecting tolls during the Middle Ages.

Below this point, the gray relics of feudal times increase in number. Nearly every rocky crag bears the crumbling walls of some old castle, and every point is rich in history and legend. Here and there, these lordly habitations have been restored, and now house in summer, nobility, or perhaps royalty. The picturesque castle of Rheinstein, built so many years ago that its early history is wholly lost, was restored some fifty years ago by Prince Frederick of Prussia, who also caused the restoration of the neighboring Clemenskirche. The castle of Reichenstein, or Falkenburg, was, in the thirteenth century, the abode of a band of marauders, under Philip von Hohenfels. It was twice dismantled, the second time by the Emperor Rudolph of Hapsburg, who caused the robbers to be hung. In 1689, the castle was destroyed by the French, and now is in ruins. The slender tower of Sooneck belongs to a castle which dates its existence back to 1015. This, too, was dismantled because it harbored marauders, but it has now been restored. It belongs to the Prussian royal family. The castle of Heinsburg has also been restored. The ruined castle of Nollingen or Nollich, just below Lorch, on the right bank, stands upon a cliff five hundred and eighty-one feet above the river, and near it is the "Devil's Ladder," where, as tradition tells us,

a knight of Lorch, aided by mountain sprites, scaled the heights on horseback, and thus gained the hand of his lady-love. The castles of Furstenberg and Stahleck are in ruins. The former belongs to a sister of the Emperor of Germany, and the latter was formerly owned by the Dowager Queen of Prussia, a descendant of the Counts Palatine who formerly lived there. The castle of Stahleck rises above the ancient town of Bacharach, once a famous wine-mart.

In the middle of the Rhine, just above the town of Caub, rises the Pfalzgrafenstein, a castle which resembles to some extent the castle of Chillon. History says it was erected in the thirteenth century, as a toll-house, but a legend ascribes a different origin to the edifice. According to fiction, it was built as a prison for the daughter of the Count Palatine Conrad, who refused to marry the Emperor Henry VI. The young princess already loved Henry of Brunswick. Aided by the mother of the obstinate princess, the lover gained access to the castle, and married her secretly. As the princess was about to become a mother, the countess disclosed the truth to her husband, who capriciously passed a law that all future countesses Palatinate should repair to the castle to await their accouchments. The castle of Gutenfels rises picturesquely behind the town of Caub. It was here the English Earl of Cornwall, elected Emperor of Germany in 1257, became enamored of the beautiful



CAUB AND THE PFALZGRAFENSTEIN.

Countess Beatrix of Falkenstein, whom he married on the death of his first wife, twelve years later. The ruins of the castle of Schönberg, near Oberwesel, marks the former dwelling-place of a mighty soldier, Count Frederick Hermann of Schönberg, who fought under the Prince of Orange, and with him crossed to England. He lies buried in Westminster Abbey. This castle once fell into the possession of the Swedes.

We are now near the steep, rocky cliff known as the Lurleiberg, which rises to the height of four hundred and thirty-three feet above the river. This is the place where the siren of the Rhine is supposed to have dwelt, and to have lured sailors and fishermen to their destruction. A railway company has utilized the spot in a very unromantic way by making a tunnel through the cliff, and the shriek of the locomotive is supposed to have frightened the seductive siren to other and more sequestered haunts. The famous whirlpool remains, but it does not present a very dangerous appearance.

Near St. Goarhausen is the ruined castle of Neu-Katzenelnbogen, commonly known as "The Cat." It was erected in 1393 by Count Johann of Katzenelnbogen, whose family became extinct more than four hundred years ago. Not far below is the ruins of the castle of Thurnberg, or Deurenburg, which was derisively called "The Mouse," in contradistinction from

"The Cat" of Count Katzenelnbogen. This stronghold was begun by Archbishop Boemund of Treves, and completed in 1363 by his successor, Kuno von Falkenstein. On the opposite bank, just below St. Goar, is the castle of Rheinfels, which stands three hundred and seventy-seven feet above the water, and is the most imposing ruin on the Rhine. It was founded as long ago as 1245, and has seen many vicissitudes. In 1692, it was defended and held against the French General Count Tallard, with an army of twenty-four thousand men at his back, but twice within the next century it was in French possession. In 1797 it was blown up and sold for a sum equivalent to three hundred dollars. The ruin now belongs to the Emperor of Germany.

The ruined castles of Sterrenberg and Leibenstein, which are upon a rocky eminence above Bornhofen, have an interesting history. They are called "The Brothers," and, at the time of the Crusades, were owned by the Knight Bayer Von Boppard, whose two sons, Conrad and Heinrich, became enamoured of their foster sister, the beautiful Hildegarde. Heinrich joined the Crusades, leaving Conrad to win the prize, and the old man built the castle of Sterrenberg, in order that his son and the fair bride might be near him. On account of the old man's death, the nuptials were postponed, and Conrad's love soon grew cold. Hearing of his brother's achievements, he, too, went

to the wars, and when he returned, he had with him a lovely Grecian bride. Hildegarde shut herself up in the loneliest chamber of the castle, refusing to see any one except her attendant. Late one evening, a stranger knight demanded the hospitality of the castle. He proved to be the chivalrous Heinrich, who, hearing of his brother's perfidy, resolved to avenge his foster sister's wrongs. The brothers met for mortal combat, but, before their swords had crossed, Hildegarde interposed and insisted on a reconciliation. Hildegarde then retired to the convent of Bornhofen, at the base of the rock where the castles stand. Conrad's Grecian bride soon proved faithless, and he, overcome with shame and remorse, threw himself on his generous brother's breast, exclaiming that no consolation now remained for him but his friendship. Thus their estrangement ended, and the brothers dwelt together at the castle of Leibenstein, while Sterrenberg was forever deserted.

Boppard is an old Roman town situated on the left bank of the Rhine, and just below this point, the river makes an extensive bend, opening up new scenes of beauty. The imposing castle of Marksburg, four hundred and ninety-two feet above the Rhine, was formerly used by the government of Nassau as a state-prison.

The castle of Stolzenfels is one of the most beautiful of all these ancient structures. It is four hundred

and twenty feet above the Rhine, and is situated only a short distance above Coblenz. Almost directly opposite, near the mouth of the river Lahn, is the picturesque castle of Lahneck, which was the stronghold of the Templars after the martyrdom of De Molay and his sixty knights in 1314. Stolzenfels is a very ancient stronghold. It is owned by the Emperor of Germany, and has been for the most part restored. The castle of Lahneck has also been recently restored.

Coblenz is a large and handsome town of about twenty-five thousand inhabitants, beautifully situated at the mouth of the Moselle; and on the opposite bank is the frowning fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, the "Gibraltar of the Rhine," perched upon a precipitous rock, three hundred and eighty-seven feet above the river. There are two bridges across the Rhine at this point, one of boats and another for the railways.

Below Coblenz are more castles, among which are those of Andernach, Hammerstein, Rheineck, and Arenfels; and several ancient and picturesque towns, including Neuweid, Andernach, Linz, and Remagen.

The ancient counts who held their seats at the castle of Rheineck, were from an early period lords of an independent imperial fief, and towards the close of the eighteenth century, one of them is said to have enjoyed absolute sway over "twelve poor subjects, one Jew, three farms, and one mill." On an eminence below Remagen, is a beautiful Gothic church, built by the late Count Fürstenberg-Stammheim

Near Konigswinter, which is a short distance above the university city of Bonn, are the ruins of the castle of Rolandseck, and on an island in the river, half-hidden by foliage, is the ancient nunnery, which is referred to in the legend of Roland and Hildegunde. The castle is believed to have been built by Roland, who was a peer of France, and paladin of Charlemagne. It is mentioned in a document of 1040. Tradition relates that the knight ascended the Rhine in search of adventure and found himself the guest of Count Heribert, lord of the Seven Mountains, at his castle of Drachenburg. According to custom, the daughter of the host, the peerless Hildegunde, welcomed him. Her beauty captivated him, and they became affianced lovers. But their happiness was of short duration; Roland was summoned by Charlemagne to the Crusade. Time sped on, and anxiously Hildegunde awaited the return of her lover; but he came not. The brave Roland was said to have been slain, and as the world no longer possessed a charm for Hildegunde, she took refuge in the "Kloster," on the adjacent island of Nonnenwerth. The rumors of her lover's death were, however, untrue, and he returned to find the object of his love lost to him forever. In despair he built the castle, of which only one crumbling arch now remains; and there he lived in solitude, catching an occasional glimpse of a fair form passing to or from her devotions in the little chapel. At length he missed her, and soon

the tolling bell and a mournful procession conveyed to him the heartrending intelligence that his beloved Hildegunde was now indeed removed forever. From that moment he never spoke again; for a short time he dragged on his wretched existence, but his heart was broken, and one morning his sole attendant found him rigid and lifeless, his glassy eyes still turned towards the convent chapel.

The Drachenfels, or Dragon's Rock, is the nearest of the Siebengeberge, or the Seven Mountains, which stretch out northward from the Rhine:

> "The castle crag of Drachenfels
> Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
> Whose breast of waters broadly swells
> Between the banks which bear the vine,
> And fields which promise corn and wine;
> Nor could on earth a spot be found
> To nature and to me so dear,
> Could thy dear eyes in following mine,
> Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine."
>
> —*Byron.*

Here Siegfried is supposed to have slain the dragon, whose blood made him invulnerable. The cavern where the monster is said to have lived is in the midst of the vineyards half-way up the hill. The wine yielded by these vineyards is known as Drachenblut, or Dragon's-blood, but its power of imparting the same invulnerability that Siegfried is said to have attained, may be doubted. The ruins of an ancient castle, built at the beginning of the eleventh century,

and afterwards occupied by the Counts of Drachenfels, crown the summit of the mountain.

Bonn is a charming city of about the same size as Coblentz. It is famed not only for its university, but also from having been the birthplace of Beethoven. A bronze statue of the great composer occupies the Münsterplatz. Below Bonn there is not much worthy of description, until Cologne, with its towering cathedral, is reached.

Cologne is the largest town in the Rhenish province of Prussia, and general report ascribes to it the distinction of being the dirtiest. Some of its old streets are narrow, ill-paved, and poorly drained, but the newer thoroughfares are more cleanly. Coleridge declares that he counted "two and seventy stenches," and adds, in wicked verse, —

> "The river Rhine, it is well known,
> Doth wash the city of Cologne;
> But tell me, nymphs, what power divine,
> Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?"

Some of these two and seventy stenches have disappeared since Coleridge's time, perhaps to give place to the scents of *eau de Cologne*, of which there are forty "only genuine and original" makers in the city. At all events, the city has been cruelly maligned, although it is bad enough as it is. The city has about one hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants, and carries on a large commercial trade with the rest of

the world. Its commercial importance was established in the Middle Ages. It is a place of great antiquity, having been one of the chief Roman settlements in this part of Europe. Agrippina, the mother of the Emperor Nero, was born here in the camp of her father, Germanicus, and A. D. 50 founded on the site of the present city a colony of Roman veterans, called "Colonia Agrippiensis," and afterward "Colonia Claudia Agrippina." Hence the present name of the city. In 308, Constantine began a bridge across the the river, and the pillars are still to be seen when the water is low. It subsequently became an important city of the Franks, whose king, Clovis, was crowned here. The inhabitants of Cologne are said to boast still of their Roman descent, and to a certain extent they keep up their affinity with Italy. In no part of Europe north of the Alps is the carnival kept in such style as in Cologne.

Having established ourselves at the Hôtel Hollande, fronting the pier, an achievement which seemed simple enough when contemplated from the steamer's deck, but which became more of a task when it was found that the entrance was on the other side, up, around, through, and about some narrow and dark little streets, we sallied forth to view the cathedral, which is the crowning glory of Cologne. This vast edifice was begun in 1248, and is still unfinished. It is in a fair way to be completed in a few years, however, under

the fostering care of the Emperor of Germany, who has already expended between two and three millions of dollars upon it. The greater part of this sum has come from the royal coffers, while the remainder has been collected from private subscriptions, societies, cathedral lotteries, &c. The work of restoration and completion was begun by Frederick William III., and was continued by his successor.

The building is in the form of a cross, four hundred and forty-four feet long, two hundred and one feet wide (two hundred and eighty-two feet in the transepts), and two hundred and one feet high. The central tower over the transept is three hundred and fifty-seven feet in height. The two main towers, when completed, will reach the great height of five hundred and eleven feet, — forty-six feet in excess of the tower of Strassburg Cathedral, and nineteen feet in excess of the new cathedral tower in Rouen. Several hundred men were at work upon the edifice at the time of our visit. Some facetious writer has denominated this magnificent specimen of Gothic architecture the Church of the Millennium, because it is constructed to hold more worshippers than are ever likely to visit it while sin reigns in this world; and there is an old legend, to the effect that the original design was furnished by the Devil, and that the edifice can, therefore, never be finished. It is a lamentable fact that the most ancient parts of the cathedral — the pillars and foundations —

are already in a forward state of decay, and Prof. Heim of Zurich has pointed out the danger of the prostration of the entire edifice. Even the original designs of the building have been lost, and its continued construction, and expected completion, will be in accordance with the ideas of later architects. The real architect of the cathedral, as is seen to-day, was Zwirner, a master of Gothic art, celebrated throughout Europe, who died in 1861. The work is now being executed in accordance with his plans. The lofty interior, the rich, stained-glass windows (some ancient and some modern), and the magnificent proportions of the whole structure, impress one deeply. The exterior is, however, on account of its richness, as well as its vastness, more impressive than the interior. The main portal is no less than ninety-three feet high. The choir, which is separated from the nave by an iron screen, was completed in 1322. It is flanked by seven chapels, in which are a few paintings and several interesting monuments.

The treasury of the church contains many relics, which are interesting to look upon, whether they are all they pretend to be or not. For instance, the skulls of the Magi, or Three Kings, — Caspar, Melchior, and Balthazar, — who journeyed to Bethlehem to adore the infant Saviour, are here shown, — for a fee, of course. The traveller could not expect such a "show" to be set up for nothing. They are encircled with golden

crowns, and the reliquary in which they are preserved was once gorgeously adorned with gold and precious stones. Most of these latter disappeared at the time Cologne was held by the French, towards the end of the last century. The remains were brought by the Empress Helena to Constantinople. They were afterwards taken to Milan, and, in 1164, presented by Frederick Barbarossa to Archbishop Reiald, by whom they were removed to Cologne. The remains of St. Engelbert are preserved in a silver shrine, which, of itself, weighs one hundred and forty-nine pounds, and there is no end of magnificent vestments, ecclesiastical vessels, monstrances, &c., some of which are of countless value, being studded with diamonds, and other precious stones. It would require extended space to describe, even briefly, the many rare objects contained in this apartment.

From the cathedral we proceeded to the Church of St. Ursula, or the Church of the Eleven Thousand Virgins. This is an ancient edifice, built at the beginning of the eleventh century by the Emperor Henry II. St. Ursula was a princess of Britanny, who, with the modest retinue of eleven thousand vestals, made a pilgrimage to Rome about fourteen hundred years ago. As she returned down the Rhine, her party encountered the cruel Huns, who overran the country at that time, and who murdered the entire eleven thousand. The bones of this numerous band of martyrs are disposed

about the church in glass cases, inserted in the walls on shelves, around the cornices, — in short, everywhere; and the walls and ceiling of the treasury of the church is literally lined and covered with ghastly relics. Skulls peer down upon you from every niche, or are preserved in metallic busts, and pious inscriptions are spelled out, with other osseous remains of the unfortunate women. There are said to be eighteen hundred skulls within the church, and seven hundred and thirty-two others in the treasury. Some are ornamented with precious stones, worked into bands of bead-work by pious hands. The visitor may examine the phrenological developments on the sconce of St. Ursula, or of half a dozen other saints whose mortal remains are here displayed. There are many other curiosities in the treasury, including three thorns from the Saviour's crown (there are said to be two complete crowns in Jerusalem, some at Rome, some at Venice, and one at Notre Dame, in Paris), and one of the vessels used in the Saviour's miracle of turning water into wine at the marriage-feast of Cana in Galilee.

There are other churches in Cologne worthy of a visit: for example, Great St. Martin, the most conspicuous edifice in the city after the cathedral; that of St. Pantaleon, which is known to have existed as early 670; and that of St. Gereon, where are preserved the bones of four hundred and eight martyrs of

the Theban Legion, with their captains, Gereon and Gregory (afterwards the patron saints of Cologne), who perished here in 286 during the persecution of the Christians under Diocletian. Some of the churches also contain some interesting paintings, and the house where Rubens, it is claimed, was born is also shown. In the same street, the Sternengasse, is the house where Marie de Medicis, widow of Henry IV. of France, died in exile in 1642. Her heart was buried in front of one of the choir chapels of the cathedral. There are two bridges connecting Cologne with the town of Deutz. One of these is a stately affair of iron, which serves for both railway and ordinary traffic, with an equestrian statue of Frederick William IV. at one end, and one of William I. at the other. The second one is constructed of boats, and is the first structure of this kind encountered in ascending the Rhine. There are other bridges of this kind at Coblenz, Mayence, and Kehl, near Strassburg. A statue to Bismarck has lately been erected in Cologne.

On the north side of the Neumarkt, near the Apostles' Church, is a house with two horses' heads affixed to the upper story. "Thereby hangs a tale." When Cologne was ravaged by the plague three hundred and twenty-years ago, Richmodis von Lyskirchen, wife of the knight Mengis von Adocht, who resided in this house, was attacked by the malady, and having fallen into a death-like swoon, was interred in

the Apostles' Church. Being awakened from her trance by a thievish grave-digger in his attempts to abstract her ring, she returned to the house of her husband, who was naturally astonished at the sight. Imagining it to be an apparition, he declared he would sooner believe that his horses would ascend to the loft of his house than that his departed spouse should put in a personal appearance. Scarcely had he uttered these words than the clatter of the animals' feet where heard upon the stairs. The horses soon mounted to the top, and their heads were seen looking out of an uppermost window. The lady recovered, and lived many years afterwards, and the miraculous event is commemorated in the manner described.

CHAPTER IX.

BELGIUM AND HOLLAND.

From Cologne to Brussels — Aix-la-Chapelle — Liege — Louvain — Belgium's Capital — The Hôtel de Ville and the Guild Halls — The Galerie St. Hubert — The Cathedral of Ste. Gudule — The Park and the Neighboring Palaces — The Museum of Paintings — The Wiertz Museum — Monuments, Statues, and Fountains — The Conservatoire de Musique — The Lace Manufactories — The Battle-field of Waterloo — Mechlin — Antwerp in Gala Attire — The Cathedral and its Art Treasures — Quentin Matsys's Well — The Church of St. Jacques — Celebrated Works of Art — Rubens and his Pictures — A Quaint Church Exhibition — The Plantin Museum — The Zuid-Beveland of Holland — A Glimpse of the Land of Dikes and Ditches — Crossing the North Sea — Back again in London.

THE distance from Cologne to Brussels by the most direct railway route is one hundred and forty-one miles, and the traveller passes through Düren, Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle), Verviers, Liege, and Louvain, all of which are places of considerable importance, Aachen and Liege being quite large cities. The scenery by the way is everywhere charming to look upon, the country being for the most part rich and fruitful, but it is not of that striking character to enchain the attention after the passage of the Rhine, which inevitably makes all ordinary scenery seem

tame in comparison. A portion of the route lies through a mining district.

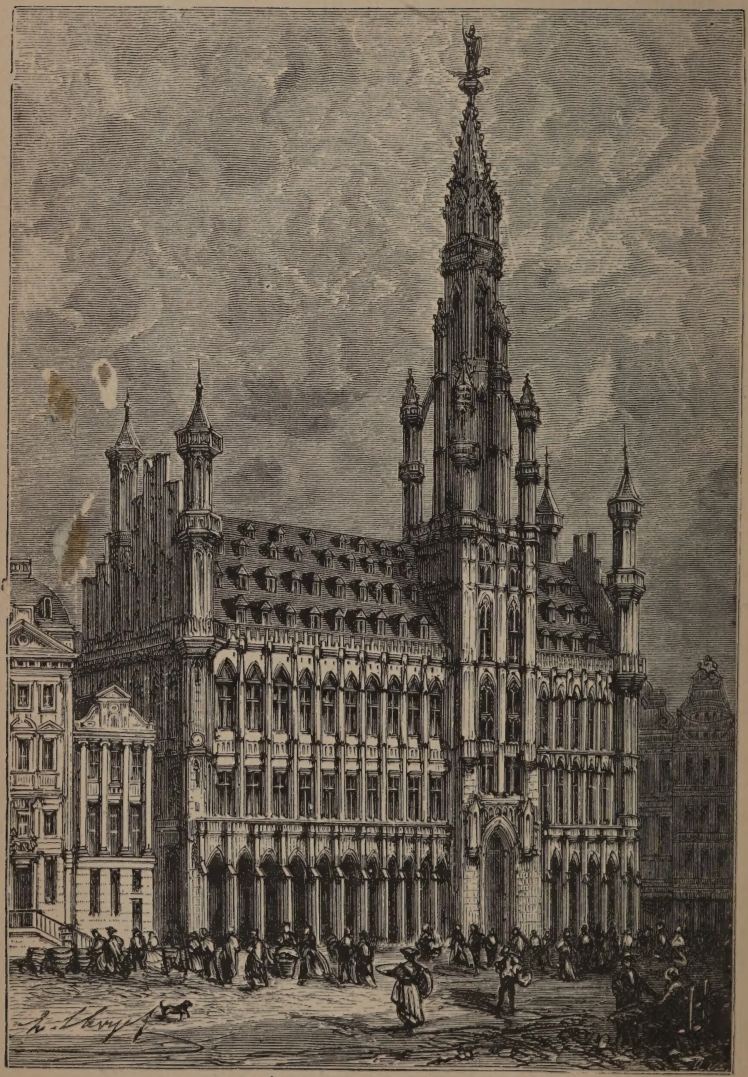
Düren, some twenty-five miles from Cologne, is a busy manufacturing place, situated in a fertile plain on the river Roer. Aix-la-Chapelle, as the ancient city of Charlemagne is generally known to the world, although the Germans still persist in calling it Aachen, is forty-three miles from Cologne. Although a very ancient city, the Aix-la-Chapelle of to-day is comparatively modern. It lies in a fertile basin, surrounded by gently sloping hills, and the ancient walls made the city circular in form. The population is between seventy and eighty thousand. Charlemagne was born and died here, and the town became the second city in his empire, and the capital of his dominions north of the Alps. From his death, in 814, down to the accession of Ferdinand I., in 1531, it was the scene of the coronation of thirty-seven German emperors. The insignia of empire were preserved here until 1793, when they were transferred to Vienna. Aix-la-Chapelle has frequently been the scene of imperial diets, ecclesiastical conventions, and congresses; and several important peace negotiations have been concluded here. The cathedral, corn exchange, rathhaus, and a few gates are all that remain of the ancient town. In the cathedral is the tomb of Charlemagne. It was opened in the year 1000, by Otho III., nearly two hundred years after his death, and the body of the great

emperor was found seated on a marble throne. This throne was afterwards used for the coronation ceremonies of the emperors, and it is now preserved in the gallery, or Hochmünster, together with a sarcophagus of Parian marble, in which the remains of Charlemagne reposed one hundred and sixty-five years after the first opening of the tomb. In the sacristy are what are termed the "Great Relics," consisting of what are claimed to be a robe of the Virgin Mary, the swaddling clothes of the infant Saviour, the cloth with which Christ was girded on the cross, and the cloth with which the body of John the Baptist was covered after execution. These objects are held in great veneration, and are disclosed to view only once in seven years. The lesser relics, which are disclosed to public view on the payment of the showman's fee, include a part of the "true cross," the leathern girdle of Christ, the girdle of the Virgin, &c. The skull, a gigantic bone (said to be the arm-bone, but really the leg-bone), and hunting-horn of Charlemagne are also preserved here. A part of the cathedral was erected by Charlemagne between 796 and 804.

Between the stations of Herbesthal and Dolhain we crossed the line from Germany into Belgian territory; and at Verviers, an important manufacturing place of between thirty thousand and forty thousand inhabitants, situated on the river Vesdre, we were met by the Belgic custom-house officers. These officials were

quite as courteous and considerate as those we had previously encountered in France and Germany, and the delay caused by their examination of luggage was very slight. The little town of Herbesthal is the place of examination on the Prussian side of the line, if the traveller is moving the other way, although trunks are generally permitted to be carried to Aix-la-Chapelle or Cologne before inspection, if the passenger is ticketed through to either point.

Liege, the capital of the Walloon district, and formerly the seat of a principality of that name, has over one hundred thousand inhabitants, and is picturesquely situated on the river Meuse. The city is engaged largely in manufacturing, and the coal mines, which form the basis of its commercial prosperity, are situated in the immediate vicinity, and some of them extend beneath the houses and the river. One of the chief branches of industry carried on here is the manufacture of arms, and in many instances the Walloons have not scrupled to use the weapons in the making of which they excel. There have been frequent insurrections, and many times foreign armies have been called in to chastise the rebellious natives. The ancient bishops of Liege, who were constituted temporal princes by the German emperors, maintained a body-guard of five hundred men, and Walloon soldiers, like the Swiss, were in the habit of serving in the armies of Spain, France, and Austria. They



THE HÔTEL DE VILLE, BRUSSELS.

enjoyed a high reputation for bravery, which has been justly extolled by Schiller in his "Wallenstein."

Louvain, one hundred and twenty-three miles from Cologne, and eighteen from Brussels, is an old walled city which has wholly lost its ancient prestige. It is situated on the river Dyle, which empties into the Rupel, an effluent of the Schelde. The present population is not far from thirty-four thousand. In the fourteenth century, when Louvain was the capital of the Duchy of Brabant, and the residence of the princes, the number was more than ten thousand greater. Here, as in other Flemish towns, the weavers formed a very turbulent class, and always manifested great jealousy of the influence of the nobles in their civic administration. During an insurrection in 1378, thirteen magistrates of noble family were thrown from the windows of the Hôtel de Ville, and received by the populace below on the points of their spears; but Duke Wenceslaus besieged and took the city, and compelled the citizens to crave his pardon with every token of abject humiliation. The power of the nobles soon regained its ascendancy, and their tyrannical sway caused thousands of the industrious citizens to emigrate to England. The decay of Louvain began at that period. The present Hôtel de Ville, erected about the middle of the fifteenth century, is a rich and beautiful example of late Gothic architecture.

We arrived at Brussels after a railway ride of nearly

six hours, and were soon comfortably established at the Hôtel de la Poste, in the Rue Fossé-aux-Loups, ready to begin in real earnest our inspection of the "miniature Paris," as the capital of Belgium is frequently called. The title is not inappropriate, for there are many marks of resemblance between the two cities. These may be traced in the general aspect, in the style of building, in the disposition and adornment of the handsome boulevards and public parks, and in the tastes and customs of the people. Above all, the prevailing language spoken in Brussels is the French. The Burgundian princes, who long ago resided here, were generally surrounded by a large retinue of French knights, and even at that period French became the most fashionable language among the nobility of the Netherlands. Thus the character of the city and its inhabitants gradually developed itself; the court and nobility, with their French language and manners, establishing themselves in the upper part, while the lower quarters were chiefly occupied by the trading community and lower classes, whose language and character were essentially Flemish. These characteristics of the upper and lower parts of the city, are distinctly recognizable at the present day. French is still the language of the upper classes, and Flemish that of the lower. In the best shops, both languages are spoken. Brussels has one advantage over Paris, — at least for the tourist. It is smaller.

Its parks, promenades, museums, and other objects of interest are within a comparatively narrow compass. The area of the entire kingdom is only eleven thousand three hundred and seventy-three square miles, — only a little larger than the State of Maryland, and less than one-quarter the size of the State of New York. Only eight out of all the United States of America are of less area than Belgium. But notwithstanding its comparative insignificance, geographically, Belgium is of much importance politically, holding as it does the balance of power, to some extent at least, among the greater nations. The population of Brussels is about one hundred and seventy-five thousand, or, with its eight suburbs, about three hundred and twenty-five thousand. There are twelve thousand German, and six thousand English residents. Most of the latter reside in or near the handsome Quartier Léopold.

The Hôtel de Ville is by far the most interesting edifice in Brussels. It is of irregular quadrangular form, one hundred and ninety-eight feet in width, and one hundred and sixty-five feet in depth, and encloses an open court. The principal façade is in the Gothic style, the east half having been begun in 1402, and the west forty-one years later. A graceful tower of open Gothic-work, built wholly of stone, rises to the great height of three hundred and seventy feet; but for some unexplained reason it does not occupy the

centre of the façade. The edifice fronts upon a spacious square, — the Grande Place, — and is therefore seen to the best possible advantage. The spire terminates in a gilded metal figure of the Archangel Michael, sixteen feet in height, which serves as a vane. It was constructed in 1454. The rooms and corridors contain some good paintings, chiefly portraits, and some old tapestry. In one apartment are some fine frescos by Janssens. The large banquet-hall is a spacious and very handsome apartment which has recently been decorated in Gothic style, with carved oak ceilings. It is often said that the famous ball given by the Duchess of Richmond, on the eve of the battle of Waterloo, took place here, but it is an error. That celebrated scene of "revelry by night" occurred at a mansion in the Rue Royale. In the Salle des Mariages, where the civil part of the marriage ceremony is performed, Counts Egmont and Hoorne were condemned to death in 1568 by the cruel Duke of Alva, and in the neighboring square those noble patriots were executed, while the wicked tyrant viewed the scene from a window.

Some of the old guild-houses still adorn the Grande Place, although most of these edifices now standing have been restored. They suffered much damage during the bombardment of the town by Louis XIV. in 1695. The old hall of the Guild of Butchers is indicated by a swan. The Hôtel des Brasseurs bears on

its gable a gilded equestrian statue of Duke Charles of Lorraine. This building has been lately restored, and the statue is modern. The Hall of the Carpenters is richly adorned with gilding. The gable of the Hall of the Skippers resembles the stern of a vessel with protruding cannon. The Maison de la Louve, or Hall of the Archers, derives its name from a group representing Romulus and Remus with the she-wolf.

Near the Grande Place, leading from the Rue Marche aux Herbes, is the entrance to the Passage, or Galerie St. Hubert, a spacious and extensive arcade with a great number of shops, which present a brilliant appearance when lighted. The Galerie is seven hundred and two feet in length, seventy-eight feet in width, and fifty feet in height. At the time of our visit, extensive preparations were being made here, and in other parts of the city, for a grand illumination in honor of the silver wedding of King Leopold II. and his Queen. The festivities were to continue four days.

The Cathedral of Ste. Gudule and St. Michel is an imposing Gothic structure which was erected in the twelfth and fourteenth centuries. It contains several fine monuments, but its chief features of interest are some beautiful stained-glass windows, and a curiously-carved pulpit. The windows represent different periods, from the thirteenth century to the present time. One of the windows represents the Last Judg-

ment, and is remarkable for the crowd of figures introduced. It was the work of F. Floris. The pulpit was originally in the Church of the Jesuits at Louvain, and was executed in 1699 by Verbruggen. It is a representation in carved wood of the Expulsion from Paradise. Among the foliage are various kinds of animals, including a bear, dog, cat, squirrel, ape, &c. The ape is represented eating an apple. Above is the Virgin with the infant, who crushes the head of the serpent with the cross.

The Park, though not extensive, is handsomely laid out and finely shaded. It contains several fine fountains, and in one corner is a concert garden and a theatre. During the summer, evening concerts are given by the orchestra of the Theatre de la Monnaie, under MM. Duponts and Warnots. At one end of the park is the King's Palace, and at the opposite end is the Palace of the Nation, formerly the place of meeting for the old Council of Brabant, and now occupied for the sittings of the Belgian Senate and House of Deputies. The royal palace is devoid of interest. King Leopold has a summer chateau at Laeken, a few miles distant from Brussels. The Ducal Palace, formerly occupied by the Prince of Orange, is near the King's Palace. It has been occupied until recently as a museum of paintings by modern Belgian masters. The Palace of the Nation contains some interesting paintings and groups of statuary. The vestibule is

adorned with modern statues of ancient Flemish worthies, including Pepin of Hérista! (died in 714), and Count Baldwin of Flanders, who became Emperor of Byzantium. In the centre of the vestibule are four allegorical figures representing the freedom of the press, of religion, of associations, and of instruction.

The Museum is a spacious and well-arranged building, containing, in addition to a collection of paintings, both ancient and modern, a natural history collection, and a Galerie Historique, containing pictures and busts recalling important events and personages connected with the history of Belgium. The building was the residence of the Austrian stadtholders of the Netherlands after 1713, when the old ducal palace was destroyed by fire. A chapel near the entrance is used as a Protestant place of worship, and services are held there every Sunday in English, French, and German. The Musée de Peinture has recently been considerably enlarged by the addition of the fine collection of modern works formerly kept at the Palais Ducal, or Musée Moderne. The gallery of the old masters contains pictures by Rubens, Teniers, Jordaens, Janssens, Van Dyck, Paolo Veronese, Guido Reni, and other famous painters. The Rubens pictures are by no means his best, but there are two gems by Teniers (the younger), one representing a Flemish fair, and the other the interior of a picture gallery. The former cost the government, in 1867, when it was purchased of the

Boschaert family at Antwerp, one hundred and twenty-five thousand francs. Among the pictures by Rubens is one representing the martyrdom of St. Ursula and her companions at Cologne. The collection of modern works includes paintings by Verboeckhoven, Czermak, De Braekleer, Van Brée, and others, some of them being of great merit. Adjoining the Museum is the Palais de l'Industrie, which contains the polytechnic school and the royal library; and the University is in the same neighborhood. Not far from these buildings, too, are both the old Palais de Justice, and the new edifice of the same name. The latter is a large and very imposing structure.

The Musée Wiertz is a collection of pictures painted by the eccentric artist of that name, who never sold any of his works while living. After his death they were purchased by the government. Some of the pictures exhibit great power, but most of the subjects are of a horrifying character, as a few of the titles may indicate, to wit: "Child Burnt to Death," "A too Hasty Burial," "Hunger, Folly, and Crime," "Suicide," "Thoughts and Visions of a Head after Decapitation," "The Devil's Mirror," "A Scene in the Infernal Regions," &c. "A Scene in the Infernal Regions" is a representation of Napoleon in hell, surrounded by torturing and taunting demons. One of the most horrible pictures represents a maniac mother, in a dimly-lighted room, in the act of cutting up one

of her children with a butcher-knife and putting the pieces into a pot boiling upon the fire. The picture is viewed through a small aperture in a wall, which has apparently been overlooked by the woman, who has carefully covered every other key-hole and crevice. There are numerous semi-nude pictures, and even the Belgian lady to whom the painter was to have been married is represented in questionable taste. In one place you behold the figure of a scantily-clad female through a half-open door, and in another you discover your own reflected face beneath a monk's cowl, as you gaze through an aperture in the wall. The gallery abounds in similar surprises. Two or three of the pictures are familiar through prints and photographs the world over.

Brussels contains several noteworthy monuments and statues. The Colonne du Congrès, erected to commemorate the congress of June 4, 1831, by which the present constitution of Belgium was established, and Prince Leopold, of Saxe-Coburg, elected king, — a tall column of the Doric order, surmounted by a statue of King Leopold I., — rises in the Place du Congrès, which adjoins the Rue Royale. The Martyrs' Monument is an elaborate memorial to the Belgians who fell in the decisive struggle with the Dutch, September 23 and 24, 1830. A figure represents liberated Belgium engraving on a tablet those memorable days, and on marble slabs are the names of four hun-

dred and forty-eight men who gave up their life-blood for their country. The substructure of the monument rises in a sunken gallery. The monument, which was designed by W. Geefs, stands in the Place des Martyrs, near the Rue Neuve. In front of the King's Palace are colossal statues of Counts Egmont and Hoorne; and in front of the handsome Church of St. Jacques sur Coudenberg, is a superb equestrian statue of Godfrey de Bouillon, which is said to stand on the very spot where, in 1097, the knight exhorted the inhabitants of Brussels to participate in the Crusade. At a little distance in rear of the Hôtel de Ville, at the corner of the Rue du Chêne and the Rue de l'Etuve, stands one of the most famous of all the fountains and monuments in the city, the little Mannikin. It is remarkable as an object of art only on account of its close imitation of nature. It may be remarked, however, that the Mannikin is greatly venerated by the lower classes, and that he is provided at public expense with a valet, who on fête days dresses him in some one of the eight suits kept for the special purpose, several of which have been royal gifts. Once or twice the little figure has been carried off by sacrilegious hands, and his disappearance was regarded as a public calamity.

The Conservatoire Royal de Musique of Brussels is well known as one of the leading music schools in Europe, especially for imparting instruction upon cer-

tain instruments. The director is F. A. Gevaert, who also occupies the position of inspector-general of all the royal music-schools of Belgium, some forty in number. The Brussels Conservatoire is a copy, in many respects, of the Paris Conservatoire, and it holds about the same parental relationship to the other music-schools of the country that the Paris institution does to the provincial schools of Lille, Toulouse, Dijon, Nantes, and Lyons. It nevertheless has an individuality of its own. The list of its forty-five professors includes such honored names as Vieuxtemps, Joseph Dupont, August Dupont, Warnots, Brassin, Servais, Mailly, Colyns, and De Swert. M. Faure, the celebrated baritone, is named as the *inspecteur des cours de chant.* The rooms of the Conservatoire, which are situated on the Rue de la Regence, near the Park, were kindly thrown open to Dr. Tourjée and the members of his party. They contain a large collection of modern and ancient instruments, gathered from all parts of the world. These are classified with much care, and an elaborate descriptive and analytical catalogue has been in part prepared and published. Some of these instruments were contributed through the King of Belgium, and many came from the Fetis collection. The museum is not as large nor as rich as the one connected with the Paris Conservatoire, but is nevertheless very interesting.

Brussels is a musical city, and both concerts and

operatic performances abound during the fashionable season. The chief theatre is in the Place de la Monnaie, where the royal mint is also situated; a significant conjunction, since the opera receives a subvention from the government, and the people are fond of music. Some bas-reliefs on the tympanum of the theatre façade, by Simonis, represent the Harmony of Human Passions. The lace manufactories, of course, constitute a peculiar and most interesting feature of Brussels. Visitors are admitted to the workrooms, and are given every facility to observe the process of manufacture, and also to purchase the manufactured product. About one hundred and thirty thousand women are employed in lace manufacture in Belgium, and the value of the product is about fifty millions of francs.

A visit to the battle-field of Waterloo, about a dozen miles from Brussels, may be performed either by coach, or by railway and connecting carriages. A favorite way is to ride out on the English coaches, which leave Brussels every morning. Guides who speak English, German, and French are in readiness to conduct visitors over the ground and to rehearse all the incidents of the memorable struggle of June 18, 1815, in which Napoleon's star sank in disaster. From the summit of an artificial mound erected on the spot where the Prince of Orange was wounded, and beneath which the bones of all who fell on both sides

were interred, a comprehensive survey may be taken of the scene of the conflict; and the various places in the vicinity which are inseparably connected with the great event, can be identified. This mound is surmounted by a huge lion, weighing twenty-eight tons, cast from the captured French cannon. In 1832, the French soldiers, on their march to Antwerp, hacked off a portion of the animal's tail, but Marshal Gérard protected the monument from further injury. From this elevation it may be judged, to a great extent, how the famous battle was fought, as the guide indicates the various positions occupied by the armies of Napoleon and Wellington, and the direction from which Blucher and his troops approached. There are other monuments in the vicinity, and there is a museum containing relics of the battle. A Prussian monument near the village of Plancenoit, suffered some damage at the hands of the French soldiers in 1832, at the same time the Belgian lion was shorn of a part of his tail; but the injury has been repaired.

From Brussels to Antwerp is only twenty-six and a half miles, and nearly half-way between the two cities is the ancient town of Malines, or Mechlin, noted, like Brussels, for its laces, although in this respect, as in everything else, the place has allowed other towns to get ahead and reap an advantage. The unenterprising character of the inhabitants has been manifested for centuries. In 1551, the magistrates

exerted all their influence to prevent the canal between Antwerp and Brussels from being constructed so as to pass near their town. Two centuries later, precisely the same policy was pursued in relation to the canal from Antwerp to Louvain; and on the construction of the railway the corporation refused to allow the station to be built within its walls, so that the traveller, if he designs to visit Malines, must alight some distance from it. The place has some thirty-five thousand inhabitants, is handsomely laid out, and contains several interesting churches and other buildings. The cathedral, which was begun in the thirteenth century, has an unfinished tower three hundred and twenty feet high, its projected height being four hundred and sixty feet. The following lines, written many years ago by a monk to describe the characteristics of the leading Belgian towns, would seem to be as true regarding Malines to-day as then:

> "Nobilibus Bruxella viris, Antwerpia nummis,
> Gandavum laqueis, formosis Bruga puellis,
> Lovanium doctis, gaudet Mechlinia stultis."

Rendered into English, this inscription informs us that Brussels rejoices in noble men, Antwerp in money, Ghent in halters, Bruges in pretty girls, Louvain in learned men, and Malines in fools. The unenviable reputation of the citizens of Malines for stupidity originated in the story that they once mis-

took the moon, shining through their tower, for a conflagration, and endeavored to extinguish it by means of the fire-engines.

Antwerp is one of the most flourishing of European commercial cities, but on account of its art treasures is it chiefly interesting to the traveller. Our visit chanced to fall upon a fête day, the celebration of the Assumption of the Virgin, which was the occasion of special pomp and circumstance within the cathedral. The flags of Belgium, of Antwerp, and of the Romish Church fluttered from house-fronts in every street, and there were preparations for illuminations around the shrines placed in the street walls. The shops were closed and the churches were thronged. There were many thousands of flags displayed in the city.

At the great cathedral, one of the finest Gothic edifices in all Europe, the image of the Virgin Mary stood upon a high platform, decked in costly robes and jewels, while huge banners were hung upon the walls. A million and a half of francs was estimated as the value of the dress, jewels, and golden crown with which the figure was adorned. There are three hundred pictures in the cathedral, including Rubens's greatest works, "The Elevation of the Cross," "The Descent from the Cross," "The Assumption of the Virgin," and "The Resurrection." Another celebrated picture here to be seen is the "Head of the

Saviour," by Leonardo da Vinci. Of all Rubens's works, "The Descent from the Cross" is unquestionably the greatest. The picture is very striking, and is full of marvellous effects in color. The principal figure is drawn with great power, and the attitude is strongly expressive of the inertness of a dead body. The white linen on which the body of the Saviour lies forms an effective part of the composition.

The cathedral contains, in addition to the numerous pictures, some wonderful carvings in wood, including a pulpit by Van der Voort. The open-work Gothic spire, or tower, is four hundred and four feet high, and one of the handsomest in the world. Charles V. is said to have declared that it ought to be kept in a glass case, and Napoleon compared it to Mechlin lace. It contains a carillon of ninety-nine bells. From the top of the spire there is, of course, a fine view of Antwerp and of the river Schelde, upon the bank of which the city lies. The edifice dates back to 1322, but the tower (which, with the façade, was designed by Jean Ammel, of Boulogne, in 1422) was not finished until the sixteenth century. The building is three hundred and eighty-four feet in length, the nave has a width of one hundred and seventy-one feet, the transepts extend two hundred and thirteen feet, and the height is one hundred and thirty feet. Near the cathedral is Quentin Matsys's Well. The interest attaching to it is on account of an iron canopy, which was constructed

by the famous painter in 1529, before he quitted the occupation of a blacksmith. Tradition has it that he loved the daughter of a painter, and to distinguish himself, and so gain favor, abandoned the anvil for the palette.

In the Church of St. Jacques are several fine pictures by Rubens, Martin de Vos, Jordaens, Van Dyck, and other famous artists; some works by Geefs the sculptor, and the tomb of Rubens. Antwerp is the city of Rubens, and the visitor is continually coming upon some memento of the great painter. The house he occupied is carefully preserved, and on the Place Verte is a statue erected in his honor. Antwerp also contains handsome statues of Teniers and Van Dyck.

The Museum of Antwerp is filled with rare pictures, including some of the most celebrated paintings by Rubens, Van Dyck, Quentin Matsys, Teniers, Rembrandt, Otto Venius (the teacher of Rubens), Holbein, Jordaens, Van Eyck, Der Weyden, Steen, Van Veen, De Braekleer, and many others. There are in this collection some six hundred pictures, most of which were taken from the suppressed churches and monasteries of Antwerp. The picture-gallery itself, indeed, occupies a suppressed monastery of the Minorites. The most important works in the museum are fourteen pictures by Rubens, and six by Van Dyck. Among the former are "Christ Crucified between the Two Thieves," "The Adoration of the Magi," "The Holy

Family" (known as "La Vierge au Perroquet," on account of the parrot at the side), and "The Communion of St. Jerome." Van Dyck's pictures were formerly church-decorations. Quentin Matsys's "Dead Saviour," which is regarded as his greatest work, may also be seen here. It was formerly an altar-piece in the cathedral. The museum is owned by the Académie des Beaux Arts, the successor of the mediæval guild of St. Luke.

Connected with the Church of St. Paul, which formerly belonged to the adjoining Dominican monastery, is a curious exhibition, quite at variance with the prevailing art-tendencies of Antwerp. It is a representation of Mount Calvary, in the form of an artificial elevation, covered with pieces of rock and slag, and garnished with rude statues of saints, angels, prophets, and patriarchs. In a grotto below is a representation of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, and there is also a sort of side-show, representing Purgatory. Such an exhibition has a ludicrous aspect in a city filled with the most beautiful and ennobling objects of art.

The Zoölogical Garden, near the railway station, containing a fine collection of animals and a cabinet of natural history, is one of the best in all Europe.

The Plantin Museum is an institution of especial attractiveness to all persons interested in the typographic art. It was established by Christopher Plan-

tin, a Frenchman, who came to Antwerp in 1550, and established a bookseller's shop, a printing-office, and book-bindery. He did much to advance the art of printing, and the establishment was continued long after his death. There are presses, types, thousands of wood-cuts, books, manuscripts, paintings, engravings, and even the wages'-books of compositors, pressmen, engravers, and book-binders. The history of printing during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries is very fully illustrated in this manner. There are memorandum-books containing notes of hand from Rubens; particulars of all the works for which estimates were required, and all the payments by Philip of Spain. Some idea of the extent of the collection may be formed when it is known that the last descendant of the founder has recently sold it to the city of Antwerp for a sum equivalent to $240,000.

The quays and docks of Antwerp are of great extent, and the river-front is lined with shipping flying the flags of all nations. It is a curious fact, that the least maritime of the more important European countries should possess the greatest port on the continent. According to the statistics recently compiled by Colonel Weaver, United States Consul at Antwerp, the maritime movements of that port are inferior only to those of London and Liverpool. Next in importance

come successively Marseilles, Hamburg, Havre, Hull, Amsterdam, Bremen, Southampton, Bordeaux, and Glasgow.

We left Antwerp shortly before six o'clock in the afternoon, after dining at the Hôtel de la Paix. At that hour, the religious festival which had taken possession of the city for the day, had begun to manifest itself at the *cafés*. Crowds of people surrounded the tables of these establishments, and drank in with their beer the inspiration of music furnished by orchestras and military bands. Our course was by railway to Roosendaal, and thence down through the Zuid-Beveland of Zeeland, the southernmost province of Holland, to Vlissingen, where we were to take the Sheerness steamer for England. The country, after leaving Antwerp, is generally low and flat, but it is highly cultivated, and presents a varied and interesting appearance on account of an abundance of trees. There are quite extensive fortifications on the Belgian border, and King Leopold makes a goodly show of his soldiery. After leaving Esschen, we passed into Holland.

At Roosendaal, where we changed cars, we submitted to the mild attentions of the custom-house authorities of Holland, which, however, caused little or no delay, as our trunks received the cabalistic chalk-mark with-

A ROW OF HOLLAND GIANTS.

out being opened at all. Thenceforward our route was through Dutch territory, the characteristics of which were soon apparent. The names of the towns and the stations would alone indicate a Dutch condition of things. Here are some of them: Wouw, Bergen-op-Zoom, Woensdrecht, Krabbendijke, Biezelinge, and 'sHeer-Arendskerke. The railway, for a little distance, runs down into a country that seems all marsh, but soon emerges into a section covered with farms. Trees line the highways, and hither and yon run the little ditches which aid in reclaiming the land for the farmers. In the gathering gloom of the evening, the windmills, without wind enough to stir their sails, look like a row of sleepy giants with outstretched arms. Near the end of our railway journey, we pass the town of Middleburg, the birth-place of Hans and Zach. Jansen, the inventors of the telescope, and the capital of the province of Zeeland. Vlissingen is another of those double-headed towns which are called one thing by the natives, and something else by the outside world. To the English, Vlissingen is known as Flushing. It is strongly fortified, being at the mouth of the Schelde, and has witnessed some stirring scenes in times of war. Admiral de Ruyter, the famous naval hero of the Dutch, who once took his vessels up the Thames, throw-

ing London into great consternation, was born here in 1607.

It was nearly nine o'clock when we disembarked from the cars and went on board the "Stadt-Vlissingen," the largest of the steamers of this line, to find, as is generally the case, that the passengers exceeded the sleeping accommodations of the boat. There is not as much attention shown to the comforts of passengers on European passenger boats as in America, and comfortable state-rooms are the last thing, probably, that would be deemed essential. Such necessities are generally modelled after the contracted spaces devoted to sleeping purposes on the Atlantic steamers, with, perhaps, a still greater compression of the room, and a further crowding of passengers into the limited space. The passage across the North Sea occupies all night, and the waters are often terribly agitated, in which event the journey may be made anything but pleasant, as any one who has been on a crowded boat during a season of sea-sickness can well understand. On this particular night, however, the North Sea was on its good behavior, so that naught can I say against it from personal experience.

The bluffs and beaches about the mouth of the Thames had an inviting look on the bright summer morning we gazed upon them from the steamer's deck,

and we would have gladly enjoyed a closer inspection of their charms at Margate or Ramsgate, but a continuance of our journey to London was imperative. Sheerness, or at least that portion of it seen from the Queenboro' landing, is not particularly inviting. The English officers of customs caused us the least possible trouble, scarcely more than those at Roosendaal, the night before, although Queen Victoria's representatives are generally more particular in such matters than are those of the King of the Netherlands.

The ride up to London was pleasant, as are all railway rides in England. Charming bits of scenery peep out continually with varied landscapes, luxuriant fields, shaded cottages, picturesque hamlets, or populous towns. Chatham, Rochester, and Strood, three large places which run into each other, are passed, and by the time Bromley is reached, the passenger realizes that he is approaching the great city of London. The towers of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, soon flit by the hurrying train, which continues on above some of the houses on the Surrey side of the Thames. The well-known landmarks of the metropolis (St. Paul's, the towers of the Parliament Buildings, &c.) broaden in the view, Blackfriars Bridge is crossed; and then the outer world is lost by the train plunging into a great station, and onward through subterranean ways

to another part of the town. Alighting at the Holborn Viaduct Station, we were soon hurrying across the city in cabs, through a drenching shower, to the Midland Grand Hotel, where most of the other Tourjée parties had already arrived.

CHAPTER X.

THE FIRST SECTION — ITALY.

The Journey from London to the Continent, and through Belgium, Germany, and Switzerland — Mont Cenis Tunnel — Milan — The Cathedral — Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper" — Verona — Romeo and Juliet — The Capulet Mansion — Juliet's Tomb — Venice — The Gondoliers — Venetian Painters — St. Mark's Church — The Doge's Palace — The Bridge of Sighs — The Piazza of St. Mark's — The Doves of Venice — Reception of King Humbert and Queen Margherita — Carnival of Venice — Florence — Its Palaces and Churches — The Baptistry — The Cathedral — Sante Croce — Dante — The Medicean Chapel — The Pitti Palace — The Uffizzi Gallery — The Venus de Medici — The Group of Niobe — American Artists — The Powers Family — The Protestant Cemetery.

THE "Italian" section of the party, the largest of the five divisions, and numbering seventy persons, left London on the evening of July 15, under the experienced guidance of Signor C. A. Barattoni, who had accompanied the entire company from America. Although only twenty-six years of age, Signor Barattoni is a veteran traveller. He has been twice around the world, and has travelled in connection with "Cook's parties" one hundred and thirty thousand miles in America, Europe, Asia, and Africa. He is an Italian, born in Rome; but his experience

as a traveller has made him a cosmopolite. His correct business habits, his care for the wants of all, and his courtly and gentlemanly bearing early placed him high in the esteem of the members of the party who thus found themselves under his charge; and these qualities, united to his experience and good judgment, contributed largely to the enjoyment of the subsequent journey over the continent.

Leaving London by rail for Harwich, the party there took a steamer across the North Sea for Antwerp, arriving in the latter city the succeeding forenoon. The Cathedral, with its paintings, and the other sights of Antwerp, were visited, and the travellers then proceeded to Brussels, where they were quartered at the Hotel de la Poste. The succeeding day was busily employed in inspecting the various objects of interest in that city, many of the party adding to this pleasant task an excursion to the battle-field of Waterloo. From Brussels, the journey was continued by rail through Liege, Verviers, and Aix la Chapelle to Cologne. The day chosen for this journey chanced to be exceedingly warm. At Cologne, the Cathedral and the curious Church of St. Ursula were, of course, visited.

Next came the magnificent boat-journey up the Rhine, an entire day being devoted to this glorious experience. Arriving at Biebrich in the evening, the party took carriages for Wiesbaden, stopping at the

Hotel du Rhin. Frankfort and Heidelberg were the next places visited, the travellers tarrying over a Sabbath at the Hotel de l'Europe in the latter city. From Heidelberg, the railway journey was resumed, through Darmstadt to Baden-Baden, where a very pleasant sojourn was made.

The succeeding stage of the journey was a little more extended, the Falls of the Rhine at Neuhausen, near Schaffhausen, being the next halting-point. Here began the delightful tour through Switzerland, to which the beautiful falls, and the grand outlook upon the distant hills, form a fitting introduction. The party proceeded from this point to Zurich and Lucerne. The sojourn in the latter city enabled the visitors to inspect the various objects of interest in and about the place, and also to listen to a concert on the famous organ in the Cathedral. A visit was made to the summit of the Rigi; but, unfortunately for the excursionists, clouds covered the mountain-top, and no view of the other Alpine heights was had; the novelty of being carried up into the clouds by the iron horse, and the beauty of the scenery bordering upon the lovely lake of the Four Cantons, which could be scanned during the steamer trip to Vitznau, affording the only compensation for the trouble thus taken. Crossing the lake to Alpnach, the party proceeded, in carriages, over the Brunig Pass to Brienz, and from the latter point a steamer was taken across the lake

to the Falls of the Giessbach. After witnessing the spectacle of the illumination of the waters, and passing the night at the fine hotel in front of the falls, the travellers proceeded to Interlaken, where a Sabbath was passed. Signor Barattoni obligingly gave his companions an extra day at this most beautiful of all Swiss summer resorts, and, in addition to enjoying the glorious outlook upon the majestic Jungfrau, such members of the party as desired to do so, made the delightful excursion to Lauterbrunnen and Grindelwald. The "Third Swiss" section, Mr. Bruce's, was met at Interlaken, and a pleasant reunion was held at the Hotel Victoria.

Resuming the journey, Signor Barattoni conducted his joyous band of travellers to Berne, where, at the Hotel Bellevue, the "Fourth Swiss" section, headed by Dr. Tourjée, was met. The two divisions made up a party of over one hundred Americans, and together they attended a special organ concert at the Cathedral, provided by Dr. Tourjée's liberality. Fribourg was the next halting-place, and here another organ concert was listened to. Lausanne and Geneva were the next objective points, and in this stage of the tour an excursion was made upon Lake Leman to the famed Castle of Chillon. The interesting city of Geneva received a due share of attention, and from this point, the party made a divergence from the route

taken by the other divisions, going into Italy by the way of the Mont Cenis Tunnel.

The succeeding account of the journey of the "Italian" section is more in detail, inasmuch as the route was traversed by none of the other divisions.

The seventy members of the Tourjée party who enrolled their names in Division No. 1, or the Italian section, deem themselves the fortunate tourists of the great excursion. Not that the route over which they travelled, in common with the other four divisions, was not full of interest to every intelligent sight-seer, embracing Scotland, England, Belgium, Germany, the Rhine, Switzerland and the Alps, Paris and the Exposition, — but to have our trip shorn of a view of the gorgeous Cathedral of Milan, that flower-garden in marble; Venice, with its palaces, prisons, and churches, its winding canals through which the dark and dreamy gondolas float to the music of the gondoliers; Florence, with its wealth of art and beauty, its galleries lined with treasures of mediæval artists and relics of antiquity; and Rome, that mighty capital of the earth, which so long ruled the world with its armies, its literature, and its laws, sitting in splendid ruins upon her seven hills, "the Niobe of nations," and yet seeming more grand than the most gorgeous city of modern days; the Bay of Naples; Pompeii, the marble city that for eighteen centuries slept beneath the ashes of a volcano; and the throbbing of the fiery heart of Vesu-

vius, as painted on the midnight sky; — to have these pictures taken from memory's gallery, would be to deprive our tour of its sunniest experiences and its most hallowed recollections.

We had made one pass of the Alps; we had ascended the Rhigi; and now, in going to Italy, we were to make their passage through that mighty groove, the Mont Cenis Tunnel. The poet has said truly, —

"Mountains interposed make enemies of nations."

In various parts of the world we find that mountain-chains stand as barriers between different nations, and in many instances the boundaries thus formed by nature have remained unchanged for hundreds of years.

On the map of Europe the most prominent mountain-chain is that of the Alps, and it has stood as a separating line between nations for a long time. It is true that occasionally wars have been carried beyond these mountain-chains, but for practical purposes the Alps have been for centuries the separating line between France and Austria on the north, and Italy on the south. Hannibal crossed the Alps with an army two centuries before the birth of our Saviour. The Mont Cenis Pass was crossed by several armies from the twelfth to the seventeenth century. It was little more than a mule-path till 1803,

when Chevalier Fabroni, under the orders of Napoleon, began the construction of a carriage-road, which was completed in 1810, at a cost of seven million five hundred thousand francs. More recently, in 1868, a railway was completed over this pass, but the ascent is laborious and tedious, so that rapid communication was impossible. It remained for the science of the present day to overcome the obstacles which the mountains interposed, not by cutting away the Alps, but by piercing a passage through them. More than twenty years ago the attention of the French and Italian governments was called to the necessity of a tunnel through the Alps, by which France and Italy should be connected. The Mont Cenis is the largest tunnel in the world, extending from Fourneaux on the French side, to Bardouneche on the Italian — a little short of eight miles. When it was begun, in 1857, with the ordinary system of hand-drills, it was found that it would take thirty or forty years to complete the work. A necessity arose for penetrating the rock much faster than by the ordinary means, and there was also a necessity for supplying the workmen with fresh air. These necessities led to Sommelier's invention of drills worked by compressed air, and of the machinery for compressing the air. The tunnel is about twenty-five feet wide and the same in height; broad enough for two double lines of rails. Its cost was fifteen millions of dollars.

The St. Gothard Tunnel, which is to connect Switzerland and Italy, will be over nine miles long; two miles longer than Mont Cenis, or nearly twice as long as the great American bore, — the Hoosac Tunnel.

After a brief stay at Turin (of which more hereafter), we sped on to Milan, whose great Cathedral is one of the wonders and glories of Italy. One thing is most noticeable in Italy, and that is the unlikeness of every town to every other. Milan is as utterly unlike Florence or Venice, as both of these are unlike Rome. It is a clean, new-looking city, extremely well-kept. It is full of life; it has a population of over two hundred thousand inhabitants, and is one of the wealthiest manufacturing cities in Italy, silk-making being its principal industry.

At seven o'clock, when dinner is over, every one turns into the street. You can hardly hire an open carriage unless you make an instantaneous rush for it, for every one is driving. You see sumptuous equipages without number, with men in gorgeous liveries; also you see no end of the little hackney open phaetons which you can hire so cheaply. The principal streets seem all alive with people. In front of the *cafés* the sidewalks are crowded with tables, at which the Milanese are sipping ices and drinking their after-dinner coffee. From time to time one carriage after another draws up before these *cafés*, and the occupants are

served with cakes and ices, which they eat without dismounting, and go on again. An ingenious American writer suggested, a year or two ago, the manufacture of an artificial climate for invalids, which would do away with the necessity of their flying southward from the inhospitality of our northern winters. One of his plans was to have miles of glass-covered walk, through whose crystal roofs light and air could penetrate, but which could be a complete shelter from wind and rain. This part of the ingenious gentleman's plan has been carried out in Milan. In the centre of the city is the Arcade Victor Emmanuel, the most magnificent affair of the kind in Europe. These arcades are roofed with glass. You can walk there comfortably for hours, while the wind blows and the rain pours outside, amused by as fine shops as there are in the world. Seen at evening, with all its shops brilliantly lighted, with its crowds of gay, chattering promenaders, and other crowds within and without the *cafés*, where orchestral music is served with the beer and wine, it presents a picture of rare animation and interest. The length of the Arcade is nine hundred and sixty feet; breadth, forty-eight feet; height, ninety-four feet. The form is that of a Latin cross, with an octagon in the centre, over which rises a cupola one hundred and eighty feet in height, and it is lighted in the evening by two thousand gas-jets. The decorations of the octagon are well executed, and bear testimony to the

good taste of the Milanese. It is adorned with twenty-four statues of celebrated Italians.

Near the Arcade, in the Piazza della Scala, is a statue of Leonardo da Vinci, whose great fresco of "The Last Supper," now almost obliterated, is the principal art attraction of Milan, and continues to attract copyists from all the world. It has been touched and retouched until its former beauty is gone, and yet, as the original of the multitude of copies and imitations, it is an object of great and thrilling interest. The other objects of interest in Milan are the statue of Cavour; the Church of St. Ambrose, erected in the twelfth century, the picture gallery in connection with the Library of the Academy in the Brera, containing works of several masters; the Theatre della Scala, the largest in Europe; the Amphitheatre, or Arena, with seating capacity for thirty thousand persons; and the Arch of Peace, erected by the first Napoleon. This is a triumphal arch in the Roman style, begun in 1804, by Napoleon, as a termination of the Simplon route, and completed by the Emperor Francis in 1830. The inscriptions in honor of the Emperor Francis have been replaced by others commemorating the emancipation of Italy in 1859. The lofty gateway, with three passages, erected entirely of white marble by Cagnola, is adorned with numerous reliefs and statues.

We have scarcely mentioned the Cathedral, but it is the first thing and the last which you go to see at

THE CATHEDRAL AT MILAN.

Milan. We spent a Sabbath here, and viewed with deepest interest the pageant of worship as seen in priest and people and song and service of this grand temple. We watched the vast tide of worshippers as they surged into the Cathedral, some at the confessional, some bowing, kneeling, and crossing themselves to pictures and statues of the Virgin and saints, others mingling in the grand throng of reverent souls. One cannot but pity these misled and benighted souls, who are so sincere and reverent, whose religion is a thing for times and places, and has so little to do with their every-day life. Far be it from any one to scoff at these forms of devotion, but rather respect a feeling, superstitious though it be, which has but one spark of the element of real sincerity and true religion.

The exterior view of this so-called "eighth wonder of the world" was a slight disappointment. The façade, especially, is lacking in the height and impressive grandeur of those at Cologne, Strasbourg and other places. And yet it fills you with wonder as you gaze upon its countless pinnacles, turrets, and statues; and the more you examine it, the more your wonder grows. Where were found the patient hands to execute all this marvellous carving? the believing souls to give of their substance the means for a work so costly? We were not so fascinated by it as by dreamy, picturesque, solemn old St. Mark's at Venice, or the beautiful Il Duomo of Florence; but this Milan Cathedral is

far more ornate than either. It is a million-leaved rose of architecture. It is a mixture of the Gothic and Romanesque styles; the body of the structure is entirely covered with statues and richly-wrought sculpture, with needle-like spires of white marble rising up from every corner. But of the exquisite, airy look of the whole mass, although so solid and vast, it is impossible to convey an idea. It appears like some mighty fabric of frost-work painted by the cold in arctic winters. There is a unity of beauty about the whole which the eye takes in with a feeling of perfect and satisfied delight.

The interior is rich, grand, and harmonious beyond expectation; but it is not till you have mounted its roof, and roamed through its forest of dazzling white turrets and statues, that you get anything like a correct idea of this miracle in marble.

From the tower, three hundred and sixty feet above the pavement, the eye takes in a picture of wonderful extent and beauty.

The exterior of this Cathedral is decorated by one hundred and six Gothic turrets and four thousand five hundred marble statues; and the whole structure, with labor very cheap for most of the time since its commencement, in 1386, cost 550,000,000 francs, or more than $100,000,000.

We found King Humbert and Queen Margherita at Milan, and the city gayly decorated in their honor;

with the national colors. The new king and queen are very popular, especially Margherita, who is young, and exceedingly beautiful in personal attractions. Their portraits adorn all the shop windows. The king looks brave and stern, and yet we fear he cannot do so much for Italy as did his father, the late King Victor Emmanuel. The royal party came before us on our way to Milan, but we preceded them on our ride to Venice; in fact, we acted, alternately, as escort for each other for a long distance on our Italian journey. The square, on which fronts the Cathedral and the Royal Palace, was brilliantly illuminated in the evening; the gas-jets blazing in semi-circular bands over each door, on the three sides of the grand square, together with a crown on the summit of a lofty staff, with monograms of the king and queen blazing below, lighted up the square with the full splendor of day. While on our way to the station we were greatly amused by the way the Milanese sprinkle their streets. A large sprinkler is mounted on wheels, from the lower part of which depends a dangling hose, six or eight feet long. A man follows behind, with a strap attached to the end of the hose, which he frantically shakes about from right to left, scattering the water in all directions, and looking very much as if he were shaking an elephant's tail.

From Milan to Verona is only the journey of a few hours; but we could not pass this old town, where

Romeo and Juliet lived, loved, and suffered. It is a beautiful old town, and is celebrated not only for its connection with the sweetest and most romantic of tragedies, but for its wonderful fortifications, which, we were told, are the strongest in Italy, if not in Europe. We took the regular sight-seeing round, visiting the churches (in the Cathedral is an "Assumption of the Virgin," by Titian), the Tombs, and the Amphitheatre. The latter is like the Roman Colosseum on a smaller scale. This amphitheatre made us realize more than ever how grand and how immense was the other in its day. It was not so picturesque as the glorious old ruins at Rome, but much more complete; indeed, it is in a very good state of preservation. It was built by Diocletian, in the third century, and is capable of seating thirty thousand persons.

Verona has gone to seed, and is now a dull town, compared to what it was when the "Two Gentlemen" were playing their pranks in its streets, or when the Montagues and the Capulets were carrying on that family quarrel which resulted so tragically for some of the young people. The reader must look elsewhere for a history of this ancient town, but as for its poetry, William Shakespeare is cordially recommended as a reliable person, whose word may be depended upon. The town is situated on a broad rolling plain, within sight of the Alps. The rapid

Adige River flows through it in the form of a blunted "V," and is crossed by half a dozen bridges, more or less. About the whole town there is a flavor of mild decay.

Nearly all the houses have the appearance of having been built three or four hundred years ago, as they were. The churches, which are numerous and handsome, were built from the twelfth to the fifteenth century. One of the squares is adorned by a statue of Dante, who found an asylum here when driven from Florence. Near by, in the yard of a small church, are the tombs of the Scaligers, costly Gothic monuments of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, which still excite the wonder and admiration of the age. The Scaligers were a noble family, who had things pretty much their own way in Verona for two centuries. In the street Saint Sebastiano we saw the Capulet mansion, Juliet's home, which is now turned into an inn.

In the court, and on the street, there are several balconies suitable for a moonlight dialogue of the most impassioned character.

It was but a slight effort of the imagination to see Juliet looking into the garden, with its roses less bright and sweet than her lips, and to see the gallant Romeo standing beneath, lifting his handsome southern face into the moonlight, towards her who was his sun, and eclipsed the moon.

Here you may also see Juliet's tomb; but you have a strong suspicion that it is only such for the purpose of getting a trifle of your money. There is an air of doubt about all the relics of Juliet at Verona.

We were conducted, in the burning sun, through street after street, till we came to the deserted monastery, and wandered through its blossoming garden, to the tomb where they say she was buried. The stone sarcophagus in which they tell us her fair body used to lie was certainly empty, save for the wreaths and bunches of flowers affectionate pilgrims had laid in it. I should have liked to think that the fair flower of Verona had slept there once; but the guide-book casts a doubt on the matter, and since guide-books are given to affirmation, and believe all they possibly can, we too have to confess our doubts. If Juliet were not buried there, however, she ought to have been, for it was a lovely spot; and, at any rate, here in Verona she once lived, with her beautiful dark eyes, and her warm, bright lips, and the glory of her abundant hair; and somewhere in this old town she has turned to dust, from which, no doubt, flowers are springing as fresh as those she used to wear on her bosom.

Mark Twain said he could n't weep at Juliet's tomb, because he was n't near enough of kin. We always thought Mark a bad fellow, but we never supected he was a heathen; yes, worse than that, even destitute

of all humanity, for did not a heathen writer say, two thousand years ago: "*Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto.*" Mark ought to blush when he thinks of that.

> "There is a glorious City in the Sea.
> The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
> Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea-weed
> Clings to the marble of her palaces."

The ride from Verona to Venice, of about three hours, was a charming one. On our left the Alps towered grandly against the blue sky, the foot-hills crowned by castles and churches and fortified towns of mediæval appearance; on our right, the broad plain, like a cultivated garden. We passed through Vicenza and Padua, whose grim walls and dingy towers speak of the days of Rome's greatness and her decay. Toward sunset a golden cloud appeared far ahead and to our right. It stood over the Adriatic, and seemed to beckon us towards Venice, which soon rose above the gilded waters, dotted with gondolas and barges and picturesque, yellow-sailed fishing-boats. It was the realization of a life-longing, and, when we stepped into a gondola to float down the Grand Canal to the palace which had become our hotel, we could not have felt better if we had all been doges, and Venice were still queen of the sea.

And what shall we say of Venice, — this curious, novel, and fascinating place; the best described, and

still the least known of the cities of Europe? Unique in her history, as well as in her situation; set aside, as it were, on her piles, while barbarians overran the rest of the Roman Empire, Venice preserved through the Dark Ages some of the strongest and most charming characteristics of pagan civilization; and when light began to break through the darkness, there was still, in her new birth, many gleams of the old pagan spirit. The history of the rise of Venice to the commercial supremacy of the world; her prowess, her wealth, her luxury; what other history is so poetical? No wonder that art took root in such a soil and made the Venetian school of painters one of the most celebrated. The decline of Venice was as natural as her rise. The world outgrew the methods by which she governed; and corruption prepared her for her fall. But in her decline, even in her moral decay, she was still bright, sparkling, and beautiful; and she exists to-day as the gem among cities, the charming resort above all others for those who would seek the new, or would forget the old.

We had no sooner been landed, after our gondolier race, at the Grand Hotel Victoria, and been refreshed by Venetian viands, than our conductor treated us to a first-class surprise in the shape of a concert by the gondoliers. They came into the court of the hotel, and for an hour the air trembled alternately with the sweet strains and harmonies of the singers and

the applause of the listeners. These same gondoliers were to be our companions on the morrow through the canals and over the lagoons of the city, and the melodious songs they had given us haunted our dreams through all the hours of that sweet summer night. It is sad to record that these singers do not make music for the love of art, or to win the smiles of the fair, but for the vulgar purpose of gain. "Modern degeneracy" has overtaken the Italian singer. However, come to think of it, they do not very much differ from other singers in that regard. Some of the gondoliers know by heart long passages from Ariosto and Tasso, and often chant them with peculiar melody. But this talent seems at present on the decline. Of course, in the doing of Venice, a gondola-sail by moonlight is the proper thing, and to be omitted would be an endless regret. No sooner had the last echoes of the gondoliers died away, than a goodly number of the party chartered their gondolas and embarked on the green waters, now bright and silvery with the beams of the full-orbed moon. That first night in Venice was too full of poetry, romance, and song. We could not sleep. Though no horse is ever seen, or rumble of carriage heard in the streets, yet the nights are vocal with the dialogues, songs, and shouts of the gondoliers; and it was not till the small hours of the morning, after the shouts and songs had died away, that sleep came to our eyes.

Don't think you can never walk in Venice. The city is permeated by streets like any other city, only they are very narrow, and only serve for pedestrians. There are no horses or hand-carts. All transportation of people or merchandise is by the canals. One can walk all over Venice in the streets, which vary from four to twelve feet wide, but the ways are crooked and blind, and for any distance the gondola is the ordinary means of conveyance. Almost every house in the city fronts on a canal, and also on one of these narrow ways. Here and there, on a ramble, one comes upon an open space of five to ten thousand square feet, generally in front of a church, and called by its name. Venice is a city of enchantment, and its spell was upon us from the moment we left the railway-station and stepped into a gondola. There is only one Venice in all the world. Think of a great, populous city, where the rumble of wheels is never heard, and not a single horse within its limits. Your sole carriage is a gondola, and these are all painted black. This is in accordance with a law passed by the Venetian Republic, when, long ago, the rich merchant-princes of Venice were beginning to adorn their gondolas with such lavish license of luxury as offended the republican simplicity of their rulers. Since that time, only black gondolas are to be seen, but some of these are very luxurious. They are long and slender, with high, steel beaks, and many of them are exqui-

sitely carved. In the centre is a little covered house, of one tiny room, with glass windows and door, cushioned inside, often most luxuriously. It is something like a carriage-top set upon a boat.

These black gondolas are the boats of romance and mystery. You think they ought to convey no freight but dark-eyed Venetian girls, or stately cavaliers, on their way to some deed of daring valor. It impresses you curiously to see them loaded with potatoes and cauliflowers. But your butcher employs a gondola, and your baker takes one to carry round his hot loaves. You go to the post-office for your letters by water, and you go to church in the same manner.

The gondoliers are not the captivating, brigand-looking fellows you see in pictures. Those who are in the service of the rich wear elegant boating-costumes; those of the large hotels, too, wear handsome sailor-suits of blue and white. But the ordinary gondolier, who hangs about the quays, is a shabby-looking fellow.

In no place have we ever seen such captivating variety of color as in Venice. The waves that lap your black gondola are green, except when the sunset crimsons or the moonlight silvers them.

Some of the houses are white, with the pure whiteness of unstained marble; some vivid yellow, and some pink; and some which were white once have turned absolutely black with time and tide, — grand

old palaces these last, dreaming there, above the waters at their base, of a past which all the arts have combined to make immortal. Browning spoke of Venice as a city —

"Where the sea the street is";

and it is the best description we know. Imagine, instead of Washington Street, or Tremont, or Broadway, or Fifth Avenue, a deep canal. Imagine houses, in front of which is not even a sidewalk, but to the doorsteps of which you step from your gondola, the first floors being often too damp for occupancy.

Venice is the place of all the world for the boys who are fond of piscatory pleasure. Here they can fish by day or by night, without the trouble of leaving their home. They can throw open the door, or raise the window, sit in their easy-chair, run out their rod and line, and pull in the finny tribe at leisure. It was a novel scene as we watched the Spanish Minister's boys, across the canal from our hotel (over which we could almost reach to shake hands), engaged in this sport, as if fishing from a boat.

The Grand Canal is the Broadway of Venice. It extends through the city in the form of an inverted S, and is about two miles in length. On it rise the handsome buildings which were the homes and palaces of the wealthy in the flourishing days of the Republic. The architecture is peculiar, highly ornate; Byzantine in its origin, but forming a school of its own. The

buildings rise directly from the water, or have a narrow footway in front of them. The Grand Canal varies from one hundred to two hundred feet in width.

The Rialto crosses it about midway, and this was the centre of the city's commercial life, as the Piazza of St. Mark was of its political life. If you look for Shylock's face on the Rialto to-day, you will find him selling second-hand clothing, or frantically shouting over a small stock of vegetables. Antonio and Bassanio, and their friends, that courtly throng, where are they now? You may find Jessica; but Portia takes her degrees at Wellesley College this year. The Rialto, where great merchants met and talked of their argosies on many seas, is given up to petty traffic, and at one end of it slip-shod women sell lunches of smoking boiled turnip. The bridge rises sharply from the shores, and crosses the canal with a massive arch. Its sides are covered with small shops.

A chapter on art in Venice would include the palaces and churches, the walls of which are covered by the works of this wonderful Venetian school, of which Paul Veronese, and Titian, and Tintoretto formed the first rank.

All these masters except Tintoretto can be studied in other European cities; their works are well scattered through the galleries; but Tintoretto can only be seen here. The amount of his work is prodigious. He covered whole walls of churches and halls. In

the Doge's Palace is a picture of his, eighty-eight feet long, by thirty-eight feet broad, — the largest canvas in the world. There are some eleven hundred figures in the painting; it is a representation of Paradise, and in completing the picture the artist consumed seven years of his precious time. His "Miracle of St. Mark" is one of the finest pictures we have ever seen. Titian's "Assumption," and the "Madonna," by Bellini, Titian's master, are pictures one lingers over lovingly and parts from sadly. But without going into details, let us enjoy this school as a whole. For warm, brilliant coloring, the power of using lights and shades, of expressing action, or portraying the beauty of flesh, and the abundance of life, we have seen nothing like the works of these Venetian masters. We visit church after church to see fine pictures by Titian, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, the Palmas, the Billinis, and a dozen others, until their glowing richness of color enters into our very souls, and we wonder again whence came this wonderful development of art, and why it passed away like the colors of a sunrise.

There are about ninety churches in Venice, many of them strikingly beautiful, enriched by sculpture and painting; in fact, nearly every church is a superb art-gallery. In the Church of Santa Maria dei Frari, Titian and Canova are buried, and magnificent monuments are erected to their memory. Titian lived to

the age of ninety-nine, and was then carried off by plague. He was the pride and glory of the Venetians, and in the midst of that reign of terror, when the other victims of the plague were hurried to their nameless graves like dogs, they stopped to give their great painter a funeral.

We visit again and again old St. Mark's Church, the most poetic of all churches, and the one dearest to poets and painters. It is a thousand years old, and herein repose the bones of St. Mark, brought from Alexandria in 828. The architecture of this cathedral is, in a great measure, Byzantine. It is celebrated for its historic associations, and the choiceness and profusion of its Oriental marble works, as well as for its carvings, paintings, and bronzes, and its mosaics of the tenth, and seven succeeding centuries, covering more than forty thousand square feet, almost an acre. There are more than five hundred columns inside and outside the church, many of them of the most costly description. The interior of this celebrated edifice disappointed at first sight, like most really great things. It looks dark and dingy. There is a half-pagan air about it. It is not imposing like the great Gothic cathedrals at Milan and Cologne. There is something fantastic in the abundant decoration. But it grows upon one at each successive visit, and the impression it leaves is permanent and abiding. The façade is adorned with some very fine mosaics, and

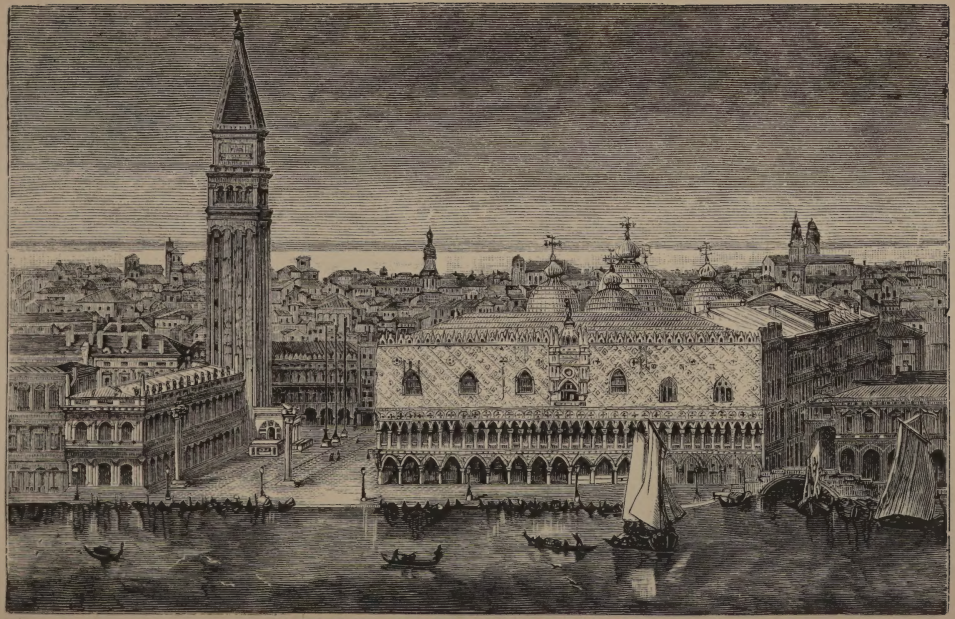
with statues and statuettes, carvings, and *bas-reliefs*, all very much admired. The winged lion of St. Mark is to be seen here, with paw upon a book, wide open, with this inscription in golden letters, "*Pax tibi Marce Evangelista meus.*" Beside it are the four bronze horses, made famous by their varied travels and history. They once belonged to the Arch of Nero at Rome. They were transported to Byzantium by Constantine, and taken from the Hippodrome at Constantinople by the Venetians when they conquered that city. Once on a time, the great Napoleon stole them, and carried them off to Paris, along with the lion. But after his fall, they were brought back to Venice in season to be apostrophized by Lord Byron: —

"The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord;
And annual marriage now no more renewed,
The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestored,
Neglected garment of her widowhood!
St. Mark yet sees his lion where he stood,
Stand, but in mockery of his withered power,
Over the proud place where an Emperor sued,
And monarchs gazed and envied in the hour
When Venice was a queen with an unequalled dower.

. . . . . .

Before St. Mark still glow his steeds of brass,
Their gilded collars glittering in the sun;
Are they not bridled? Venice, lost and won,
Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done."

From the Doge's Palace we crossed the "Bridge of Sighs" into the dungeon, where none entered and hoped to see the sun again, and where many an inno-



PALACE OF THE DOGES AT VENICE.

cent man went to torture and death. This is a celebrated bridge, made doubly so by the lines of Byron:

> "I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,
> A palace and a prison on each hand."

In the old days the Patricians alone governed Venice — the common people had no voice in the government. There were fifteen hundred Patricians; from these three hundred Senators were chosen; from the Senators a Doge and a Council of Ten were selected, and by secret ballot The Ten chose from their own number a Council of Three. All these were government spies. No man knew who the Council of Three were; not even the Senate or the Doge. They sat upon all political offences; and from their decision there was no appeal. The doomed man was marched over the Bridge of Sighs into the dungeon, to torture and lingering misery, or to sudden and mysterious death.

The great Piazza of St. Mark is the gem of Venice. It is the heart of the city, and the centre of all its gayety and brightness, — an open space, some six hundred feet long and two hundred wide, on three sides of which rise imposing buildings, forming apparently one marble palace, representing the architecture of the fourteenth, sixteenth, and eighteenth centuries.

The fourth side is filled with the peculiar façade of the Church of St. Mark, bulbous with domes and rich with the colors of marbles and mosaics. A smaller

piazza extends from one end of the larger to the quay on the lagoon. Near the water stand the two famous columns, brought to Venice in 1120, from the islands of the Greek Archipelago. One is surmounted by the Winged Lion, a work of the fifteenth century; the other by a statue of St. Theodore, Patron to the Republic, previous to the year 828.

Here the band plays for half the summer nights, and hundreds of gondolas are drawn up near at hand, that their occupants may listen to the music. There are arcades under the three palace-fronts of the piazza, and these are filled with brilliant shops, devoted to jewelry, photographs, mosaics, and all manner of antiquities, and the daintiest little *cafés*, fitted up like drawing-rooms. In front of them are scores of tables where the young folks are chatting and sipping their ices. In the evening the square is brilliantly lighted and filled by a gay throng of idlers, singing, chatting, and promenading to and fro, looking into the seductive show-windows, or smoking, and drinking their beer and coffee in the *cafés*. Here is the high *Campanile*, or bell-tower, from the top of which you have a view of the near city and the far-off Adriatic such as the world can hardly match for beauty. Here congregate, not alone the people, but the doves, the beautiful doves of Venice, which the Republic held in such honor that she decreed they should be fed forever, at two o'clock each day, at the expense of the city.

All Venice is out of doors as soon as the sun is set. You can fancy how like fairy-land it is — the music playing; the graceful gondolas rocking on the water; the myriads of gas-lights illuminating the piazza; neat-handed servants bringing you tempting squares of colored ices; cheerful salutations from gondola to gondola; and, round all, the mirth and music, the soft mystery of the summer night, with its air of balm, and the calm, far-off splendor of its shining stars.

Our hotel was built for a palace. Most of the hotels of Venice are of a similar origin, and many business houses. Some fifty palaces are pointed out to us as we glide through the Grand Canal, including one where Byron lived; also the home of Petrarch, Desdemona, Shylock, and Lucretia Borgia. And as if the world of interior walls were not a substantial field for painting and fresco, many façades of the palaces blush with the glowing colors of these lavish Venetian painters. Our guide shows us where was started the Bank of Venice, the first bank in the world; and a building wherein was printed the first newspaper.

Venice is not all bright with beautiful pictures — it has its dark districts, its abodes of squalor and poverty. We turn into a narrow canal and pass through crowded districts, where ragged men, women and children harmonize with the dingy and crumbling buildings. We stop to look into a church, and officious loungers offer their services to hold the gondola, to assist in alight-

ing, and help up the steps. They then run to raise the sacristan, and hold out their dirty caps for payment.

Five centissimi (about one cent) wins their "grazie." Wherever we go these loungers follow, importuning for employment. If we look towards a church or a gondola, half a dozen ragamuffins offer suggestions and guidance. We are beset by guides, pedlers and beggars.

But the event and pageant of our stay in Venice was the reception and *fête* given to King Humbert and Queen Margherita. From the heartiness and enthusiasm displayed on this occasion, we judged that the "effete despotisms" of Europe are not quite played out. A new lease of life seems to be accorded to them, at least so far as the reign of the new king and queen of Italy is concerned. The booming cannon announced their arrival at the station; and this was the signal for scores of church bells to swell the grand chorus of welcome. The Grand Canal was the route of the royal pair from the station to the palace on St. Mark's Square, followed, escorted, and surrounded by a fleet of six thousand gondolas. It was a gala-day, and the Venetian lads and lasses appeared at their best. The scene of the Grand Canal beggars description. The pencil of Titian might paint a picture like it, with all its wealth of color and beauty of effect, but how poor and empty is a pen-picture of such a novel and indescribable spectacle. The enthu-

siasm of the populace was at fever heat. Flags, banners, and tapestries were flying in the breeze and hanging from the windows and balconies of the palaces on either side of the water-paved street. Gondolas in countless numbers were flitting hither and thither, mostly on their way to the station; others were seeking a place by the shore, to await the procession. There were large ones and small ones, some adorned with ribbons and streamers, others decked with flowers, velvets, and laces, and rich fringes sweeping the waters. The gondoliers were dressed in the nattiest of suits, embracing all the colors of the rainbow: their white shirts and pants, with their broad blue collars, and blue bands upon their white hats, and their blue and scarlet sashes dangling from their waists gave a most fairy-like effect to the glowing picture. The large and most richly-decked gondola that bore the royal party was drawn by a steam-tug. As they passed along, it seemed as though they would be swamped by the flood of flowers that fell upon them from window and balcony on every side. It was indeed "the Carnival of Venice," and well worth a journey over the ocean to see.

In the evening, the Square of St. Mark was illuminated and densely packed with the people eager to get a view of the king and queen. In answer to the incessant cheers and applause of the great crowd the royal pair occasionally appeared upon the balcony of

the palace, when it seemed as if the Venetians would go wild with their tumultuous shouts and cheers. Margherita waved her handkerchief, and the King swung high in air his plumed hat, and it was midnight ere the great square was emptied of its loyal and demonstrative subjects.

In going from Venice to Florence we pass through Padua, whose railway station was being dismantled of its profuse decorations in honor of the recent visit of the king and queen; Ferrara, recently a populous city, but now almost deserted on account of its low, marshy, and unhealthy climate; and Bologna, the city of sausages.

We then cross the Apennines, rising about two thousand five hundred feet above the sea, and pass through a succession of forty-five tunnels, two or three of which are a mile long.

It was an enchanting scene, as we descended the steep grade under the soft and magical light of the moon, showing us the clear outlines of the mountains, with the white houses and villas perched upon their sides, and the dark, deep gorges and chasms into which the light of moon and stars could not penetrate.

Our visit to "Florence the Fair" was anticipated with no ordinary degree of pleasure; for it is not only one of the most beautiful cities in the world, but it was the cradle of the *renaissance*, and contains more art treasures than any other capital, unless it be Rome.

In the first place, its location is lovely, in the fertile valley of the Arno, surrounded by gently sloping hills, which are covered by vines and olive-trees, and in the distance a few sharp peaks, which seem to be where they are for the simple purpose of reflecting the morning and evening light and giving a finish to the charming landscape. The whole valley is highly cultivated, and the vineyards stretch, on climbing terraces, to the very tops of the hills, all of which are crowned by imposing edifices, villas, churches, and monasteries.

The Arno runs through the city from east to west, leaving about three-fourths of it on the north side, and the other fourth on the south. No commerce vexes it, and it is almost too rapid for pleasure-boats. It runs over artificial dams, at the upper and lower parts of the city, making graceful and musical falls. Some of the bridges are lined on both sides with gay shops and most attractive show-windows. The quays give a delightful finish to the banks of the river, and form agreeable promenades, which are always thronged in pleasant weather. That on the north side continues directly along the river-bank, to a magnificent park, the Cascine, which on sunny afternoons presents a gay scene of brilliant turnouts, and multitudes of men, women and children afoot. But this preface scarcely touches upon the charm of Florence to the stranger. Its beautiful setting, in a soft but

varied Italian landscape, is only worthy of the gem. It contains much that is old and much that is new; but the two harmonize happily together.

It is a gay capital of the nineteenth century, as modern, vivacious, and enterprising, apparently, as Boston; but its architecture illustrates its wonderful history, with every form that has been evolved for a thousand years. And it is such architecture as we see nowhere else. It is neither Grecian nor Gothic, but a peculiar form, evolved by a great race of men, in a great era, influenced by every form of art, yet daring to be original, seeking, finding, and creating. Besides, this architecture is the natural growth of surrounding circumstances, and so illustrates history. The Tuscans of the Middle Ages were stormy, turbulent, quick-tempered, given to broils, to rebellions, to civil strife, to feuds that lasted for generations.

The old palaces, half fortresses, which still are picturesque features in Florence, tell of these times. They are square, solid and lofty. The first stories are made of rough stones of great size, scarcely smoothed. The windows in these stories are small and heavily barred. The entrance is by a square court, which the building surrounds. The upper stories are somewhat lighter and more elegant, but still massive and unpretentious, the architect seeking effect only by grandeur and harmony of proportions. We noticed some twenty or thirty large palaces,

dating from the twelfth to the sixteenth century, which answer to this general description, and in the Pitti Palace, begun in the fifteenth and finished in the sixteenth century, these characteristics find their extreme expression. In this palace the first story is made of enormous blocks of stone, some of them fifteen or twenty feet long, and almost as rough as when they came from the quarry. There is no attempt to ornament the façade. It presents, in three stories, three masses, growing smaller as they rise. The effect of the whole is of massive and dignified grandeur. It looks as imperishable as a mountain, and as immovable. Another specimen, more picturesque, because much older and ruder of construction, is the Palazzo Vecchio, or old Palace, in the Piazzo della Signoria. This palace was erected in the thirteenth century, though a long time afterwards it was altered and furnished with a lofty tower. It is as grim as a prison of the Middle Ages; but it was formerly the seat of the government, and one of the palaces of the Medici, whose court was the centre of art and scholarship three or four hundred years ago. Speaking of the Medici, it is curious to observe how they pervade Florence. Palaces, bridges, churches and villas are their monuments, and most of the numerous statues bear their names. They began as merchants, and became princes; and much of the fame of Florence, in the history of art, is due to their magnificent patron-

age. Art would have advanced without them; but they made Florence the centre, and gave it the lead in that fruitful period when every art flourished.

The objects of special interest in Florence, are the Cathedral; the Baptistry; the Campanile, or bell-tower; the Uffizzi Gallery and Pitti Palace, with their museums and galleries of art; the Boboli Gardens, with their rich foliage and shady walks; the convents and churches, rich with works of art; and a large number of public and private edifices, which wealth has adorned and beautified.

The churches of Florence are a feature of unfailing interest to the stranger, for the religious history of this city is as interesting as its political, and the churches drew all arts to their adornment. The Baptistry dates from the eighth century, some say the sixth. It was fashioned after the Pantheon at Rome. It is covered with black and white marble, grown brown and yellow with age, which dates from the thirteenth century. But what merits special attention are the magnificent bronze gates, so celebrated in the history of the fine arts. One is by Pisano, and two by Ghiberti. Of the latter, Michael Angelo said they were "worthy to be the gates of Paradise." There are scores of scenes in Bible history wrought upon these doors. The figures in these pictures are smaller than we expected, and yet their execution is marvellous. Skill, patience, and genius are indubitably stamped

upon the work; but, after all, they seem but an inadequate result of a labor of forty years; for that is the period Ghiberti was occupied upon them, according to Vasari.

But the Cathedral, or Il Duomo, as every one calls it, which was begun in the thirteenth century, and was over a hundred years in building, better illustrates the spirit of the Florentines. When determining to build it, they set about it with the avowed intention of making the most magnificent building in the world. It would be impossible to describe its perfect external graces. The dome, erected more than a hundred years before, by Brunelleschi, is the one from which Michael Angelo modelled that of St. Peter's; and he is said to have looked back at Il Duomo, as he left Florence for Rome, and cried out, "I may build a greater dome, but I can never make one more beautiful." It is Gothic, but Italian Gothic, entirely different from the Gothic cathedrals of Northern Europe. In size it is immense: five hundred and fifty feet long, and three hundred and forty feet broad across the transept, with an enormous dome, surpassing in height and circumference that of St. Peter's at Rome, which, with its lantern, rises to a height of three hundred and fifty-four feet. But inside, it is only impressive on account of its size. The exterior is covered with black and white marble, some of which has become brown and yellow, arranged in patterns, — squares,

diamonds, oblongs, &c. It is a great mosaic, impressive not only for its grand dimensions, but compelling admiration by the beauty of its finish. At one corner rises the Campanile, nearly three hundred feet high, of the same rich materials; square, with projecting corners, and so elaborately decorated with statuary and carvings, that Hawthorne, when he saw it, could only think of a column of ivory, enriched by the patient toil of some devoted artist, and then by magic multiplied a hundred fold. How they did build churches in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries! It must have been a very active time in the church. Here in Florence, besides the Cathedral, the Santa Croce, Maria Novella, Annunziata, Michele, San Marco, the Misericordia, and, perhaps, many more of less importance, were begun in the last part of the thirteenth century. The most of them were built on a magnificent scale, with marble façades, some with marble cloisters, carved stalls, mosaics, statues, pictures, *bas-reliefs*, &c., &c.

The church of Santa Croce is Italy's Westminster Abbey. Here repose the remains and mausoleums of her mighty dead. Michael Angelo, Machiavelli, Galileo, Leonardo Bruno, and Alfieri, here sleep side by side. Here also is an honorary tomb to Dante, a superb marble monument, inscribed, "Honor to the greatest poet." But Dante himself sleeps at Ravenna:

"Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar!"

The people of Ravenna very properly refused to surrender to the tardy justice of the Florentines, the remains of the illustrious foreigner whose last sigh they had received; and Florence could only show her sensibility to the genius of her greatest writer by the empty honors of a cenotaph.

The Medicean Chapel is the great mausoleum in Florence. It was built to receive the Holy Sepulchre of our Lord, which the Emir Faccardino had promised to get out of the hands of the Infidels; but being deluded in this hope, Cosmo the Second destined it to receive the tombs of his family. It is as large as a church. The walls of the chapel are encrusted with the richest marble and precious stones, such as porphyry, verde-antique, jasper, agate, alabaster, mother-of-pearl, red coral, and lapis-lazuli. Its great dome glows with magnificent frescoes. The cenotaphs of the Medici family, which are ranged around the walls, sparkle with gems. Rubies, turquoises, and topazes are lavished upon them with a profusion which recalls our youthful visions of Aladdin's palace. Before one of these statues reposes a crown that blazes with diamonds and emeralds enough to buy a ship-of-the-line. No less than $25,000,000 have been expended upon this costly toy.

The Pitti Palace and Ufizzi Gallery, those world-renowned art centres, are connected by a long corridor, lined with tapestries that have held the art-

student's admiring gaze for centuries. The Pitti Palace contains five hundred paintings, all of great value, and many of them the finest works of the old masters.

What can we say of the Ufizzi Gallery? One wants a year to see, and a large volume even to hint at its treasures. The impressions borne away from these grand storehouses are too diverse and too numerous to be transmitted by the pen. It contains thirteen hundred paintings. It is a universal depot, a sort of Louvre, containing paintings of all times and schools, bronzes, statues, sculptures, antique and modern terra-cottas, cabinets of gems, an Etruscan museum, artists' portraits painted by themselves, twenty-eight thousand original drawings, four thousand cameos and ivories, and eighty thousand medals.

Here, for the first time, the traveller from the north is made to feel the full power of art, for though Paris, Dresden, Munich, Vienna, Venice, and Bologna are rich in pictures, yet in sculpture there is very little till you come to Florence. In the galleries and corridors of the Ufizzi we comprehend, for the first time, what is meant by the antique, and see the Greek and Roman mind as it expressed itself in bronze and marble. At first every one hurries to the Tribune, that celebrated room, unsurpassed by any in the world for the number and value of the gems it contains; and probably no one ever opened the door of

that world-renowned apartment, for the first time, without a quickened movement of the heart. The floor is paved with precious marbles, and the ceiling studded with polished mother-of-pearl. It is lighted from above. Here are assembled some of the most remarkable works of art in the world. There are four statues, the Venus de Medici, the Knife-Grinder, the Dancing Faun, a charming little Apollo of sixteen years, and a group, the Wrestlers. On the walls are hung five pictures by Raphael, three by Titian, one by Michael Angelo, four by Correggio, and several others by artists of inferior name. Of course the Venus de Medici, the "goddess living in stone," is the presiding divinity of the place. She is a slender young girl, only five feet high, with a small delicate head, not a goddess, like the Venus de Milo, in the Louvre, unconscious alike of her beauty and her nakedness — into whose bosom no ray of human passion or human weakness has ever darted — but a lovely woman who knows her power and enjoys her triumphs. She is, perhaps, a copy of that Venus of Cnidus, of which Lucian relates an interesting story; you imagine, while looking at her, the youth's kisses pressed on the marble lips, and the exclamations of Charicles, who, on seeing it, declared Mars to be the most fortunate of gods. On each side of the Venus de Medici hangs a Venus by Titian, the size of life, and painted in that rich and gorgeous style of coloring which has been so often and vainly attempted since his time.

The Group of Niobe has, very properly, a room to itself, for a work of such great excellence and such depth of feeling should be left to address the heart, unmixed with inferior or even different matter. This group has attracted great attention, and one can see that the sculptor fully believed in the legend it commemorates. It seems a most touching domestic tragedy. The grief of Niobe is feminine, deep and overwhelming, but not fierce and struggling. The dying youth is one of the most admirable figures in the world, full of expression without distortion, a serene image of death, at once mournful and soothing.

In the "Hall of the Old Masters" are pictures that blossomed out of the very dawn of art, — Giottos, and Cimabues, and Fra Angelicos. These last need not fear comparison even with the latter works of the great days when Titian and Raphael painted. Always Fra Angelicos stand alone. Fra Angelico was a pious monk — a truly believing soul — who never commenced a picture without a prayer. He lived an absolutely holy life; and the sweet reverence of his saints, the exquisite purity of his Madonnas, almost make you feel that, in answer to his prayers, blessed souls must have kept him company, and sat to him for their portraits. There is one picture of his at the Academy of Fine Arts in Florence — "The Last Judgment" — in which, seated on his throne of clouds, the Lord judges the world. The Madonna, in a robe

of stars, sits below him, and looks up with adoration in her eyes, and troops of shining saints come singing into glory. No other painter has given such a glimpse of heavenly joy. Here in Florence are some of the loveliest of Raphael's Madonnas; here are the tenderly painted holy families of Andrea del Sarto; here are wonderful painted Venuses of Titian, and standing below them, the marble Venus de Medici, as if she had strayed out of some gallery of statues to come here and assert the majesty of sculpture.

The American colony in Florence is quite a large one. Its basis is artistic, of course, but it includes people of various conditions, attracted here by the opportunities for æsthetic culture, by the agreeable climate, and by the simple economic fact that the cultivated resident gets more for his money here than elsewhere.

The list of American sculptors has been considerable for many years, and is now increasing. Quite a number of them have here made world-wide reputations. Thomas Ball, Thomas R. Gould, Launt Thompson, and J. A. Jackson are doing good work, creditable to their countrymen and their own fame.

Mr. Powers, who was long the Nestor of American sculptors in Florence, still lives in the many works of his studio, where he is succeded by two sons, Longworth and Preston. Longworth is the elder of the two brothers, but he has only recently turned his

attention to modelling. Preston is well advanced towards his father's position. There are frequent calls for the elder Powers's works, and the great studio is quite an interesting museum of the heads or full-length statues of distinguished Americans. Mrs. Powers seems to be happily situated, in her handsome villa outside the Porta Romana. She has her married children, two sons and a daughter, settled around her. Some of our party took this opportunity to renew old acquaintanceship with the Powers family. The cordiality of their reception, the revival of old and by-gone memories, the pleasant chat upon art and social life in Florence, is one of the most delightful recollections of that beautiful city. Their long absence abroad has not dimmed their patriotism, or made them less American in their feelings and sympathies.

The Protestant Cemetery is a place beautiful for the living or the dead. It is situated on the outer edge of Florence, where the skylark soars and sings, and the cypress trees grow, and the roses cluster more thickly than anywhere else, and fill the air with their fragrance. Here, too, sleep some illustrious names. Theodore Parker was buried here, and Walter Savage Landor, Arthur Hugh Clough, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and many other well-known names. We plucked a flower from Mrs. Browning's grave, which we shall keep and cherish as a treasure. The distant hills look down on these graves; the blue Italian sky

arches them, — statelier dome than even Michael Angelo could build; the birds are the choir, whose anthems reach to heaven; and the winds blow by their gales of fragrance, rifled from the flowers that bloom forever.

A little way off, lies the city, — the fair flower, which one loves more and more the more one becomes familiar with her charm. The Arno sparkles in sunshine or glooms in shadow; the shops glitter with their dazzling temptations; the churches open their quiet doors, and offer you pictures and music, and peace wherein to pray; the galleries are rich with the world's great wonders of art; and the whole makes up this Florence, this Tuscan lily, which Italy wears like a blossom upon her bosom.

But we must leave Florence, however much we might wish to dwell longer upon its beauties and pleasures. We say good-by to the city of Dante and Petrarch, the smiling Arno, the region of Italian poetry, the studios of the artists, and speed our way to the Eternal City.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FIRST SECTION — ITALY CONTINUED.

Rome — St. Peter's — The Arch of Constantine — The Arch of Titus — The Colosseum — The Ancient Gladiatorial Contests — The Capitol — The Forum — The Pantheon — The Baths of Caracalla — The Appian Way — The Tomb of Cecilia Metella — The Footsteps of St. Paul — The Mamertine Prison — St. Paul's "Hired House" — The Basilica of St. Paul's Beyond the Walls — The Holy Staircase — The Vatican and its Treasures — The Sistine Chapel — Raphael's "Transfiguration" — The Apollo Belvidere — The Laocoon — The Catacombs — A Visit to the Pope — The Church of St. Clement — Recent Excavations — The Roman Aqueducts — The Column of Trajan — The Castle of St. Angelo — Beatrice Cenci — Presentation to Signor Barattoni.

"Oh, Rome! my country! city of the soul!"

"The Niobe of nations! there she stands
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe,
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago."

No one can approach the "Eternal City," be he antiquarian, artist, or student of history, without experiencing a thrill in every fibre of his being. Reverence for scenes of exalted deeds is a noble instinct implanted in us for noble ends. It is inarticulate adoration addressed not more to the understanding than to the heart. Whatever withdraws us from the

power of the senses; whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings.

It was a burning afternoon of an August day that we approached Rome, and it was at a curve in the railroad, when miles away, the dome of St. Peter's stood out in *silhouette* against the glowing sunset sky. We entered the city by the Central Railway Station, situated on the Esquiline Hill. The approach is through an aperture made in the wall of fortification, built by Aurelian, at a spot about midway between the gates called Porta Maggiore and Porta San Lorenzo.

We were beset at the station by as hungry a set of loafers and beggars as ever waylaid a party of tourists. Our valises and shawl-straps were seized *nolens volens*, and we were, for a time, in a state of bewilderment, not knowing whether we were beset by station-agents and hotel-porters or a fierce band of Italian brigands. They were requested by some, with politeness, and ordered by others, with more than emphatic language, to let the luggage alone. Not understanding Yankee dialect, nor heeding Yankee desires, they coolly bore our trappings to the carriages outside the station, and then began to clamor for their fees. Most of us threw a few pennies to the vagabonds, but one determined he would not be imposed up in that way, and refused a farthing to the fellow who had persistently disobeyed his order to "put my baggage down, and let it alone."

Thereupon he carried his case to the Supreme Court — our conductor, — who, being himself a Roman, decided that his countryman was entitled to his reward for disobeying the orders of the owner of the luggage. But our brave knight of the law eloquently pleaded his own case, perched aloft in air on the topmost seat of the coach, to an admiring concourse of American fellow-citizens, and won a signal victory, thus early, over the persistent and redoubtable Roman. Released from the superserviceable loafers, we drove to the Hotel d'Allemagne, near the Piazza di Spagna, at the base of the Pincian Hill.

We arrived in Rome Saturday evening. After breakfast, on Sunday morning, where should we go but follow the surging tide across the Tiber, past the Castle of St. Angelo, to St. Peter's, the grandest temple ever reared by human hands? The impressions received by our party, on our first visit, were not materially different from those recorded by other intelligent travellers. The approach to the building is of the most magnificent character. On either hand semicircular porticos, supported by four rows of columns, enclose space enough between the two inner rows for the passage of two carriages abreast. The galleries and porticos, together, are not unlike, in form, to sickles, of which the galleries make the handles. All these structures are of the most colossal size. The porticos are sixty-four feet high, and the holy

army of saints which crown the entablature — nearly two hundred in number — are eleven feet high. But so harmonious are the proportions that, when seen from the centre of the piazza, the whole effect is light, airy, and graceful. The galleries and porticos seem like all-embracing arms of invitation extended by the church to the whole Christian world, summoning them to come and worship under the roof of this most majestic of temples. Standing in this grand court, with the majestic colonnades sweeping around; the fountains on either side sending up their showers of silver spray; the mighty Egyptian obelisk piercing the sky; and, beyond, the great front and dome of the Cathedral, we confessed our unmingled admiration. It recalled to our mind the grandeur of ancient Rome, and, mighty as her edifices must have been, we doubt if there were many views more imposing than this.

The square ascends towards the church, and a magnificent flight of steps, the whole width of the façade, leads up to the doors. The façade itself is enormous in its proportions; the figures will give an idea of it. It is three hundred and seventy-nine feet long, and one hundred and fifty-two feet high, surmounted by a balustrade and colossal statues of the Saviour and the Apostles. The portico is two hundred and thirty-six feet long, forty-two wide, sixty-eight high, magnificently decorated with stucco; with equestrian statues of Charlemagne and Constantine in niches at the end.

From the portico, we push aside the heavy leathern curtain, and stand in the great nave. We need not describe our feelings as we gazed upon this miracle; but will speak of its dimensions, and let the reader fancy them. Before us was a marble plain over six hundred feet long, and under the cross four hundred and seventeen feet wide! One hundred and fifty feet above, sprang a glorious arch, dazzling with inlaid gold, and in the centre of the cross there were four hundred feet of air between us and the top of the dome. The sunbeam stealing through the lofty window at one end of the transept, made a bar of light on the blue air, hazy with incense, nearly an eighth of a mile long, before it fell on the mosaics and gilded shrines of the other extremity. The grand cupola *alone*, including the lantern and cross, is two hundred and eighty-five feet high, or sixty-five feet higher than the Bunker Hill Monument; and the four immense pillars, on which it rests, are each one hundred and thirty-seven feet in circumference! We were as much surprised at the freshness of the interior, as we have been at the dinginess of other churches, notably St. Mark's at Venice. The whole surface taken in by the eye, shines with marble and gilding. Everything is in perfect order, as if just made. But the first view gives no idea of the size of the building. Everything is on an immense scale. The marble cherubs, in high relief on the columns, are six feet long.

A constellation of lamps burning over the tomb of St. Peter, just beneath the high altar, in the centre of the cross, helps the mind to form some conception of the immense size of the building. They shine like stars in a distant firmament. People moving about in the parts, are dwarfed to pigmies. But even after walking about it, and returning to it again and again, the dimensions remain a mystery. It covers nearly five acres of land. Nothing obstructs the full length of the nave but the high altar in the centre where the transept crosses, covered by the baldachino, a highly ornate canopy, which rests upon four prodigious twisted pillars of bronze and gilt. This canopy, which is ninety-five feet high, has been much denounced by purists in architecture; but it seems to be in keeping with the whole building, which is magnificent and grandiose in the extreme. The impression one gets after repeated visits is, that somebody with unlimited means said to his architects and workmen: "Let us make the most gorgeous building that was ever known among men." And the idea was carried out. This is undoubtedly the most magnificent temple ever built by man, though it is not the most beautiful or impressive. It excites wonder and admiration; but does not inspire awe like one of those grand Gothic cathedrals, as York or Cologne.

On further examination, we find that St. Peter's is not one church only, but many churches assembled

together, still preserving unity. Every part harmonizes, from the pavement, a mosaic of marble, to the grandly swelling dome. Even the magnificent monuments in the aisles and chapels, many of them in exceedingly bad taste, do not jar in the grand chorus of effects produced to the eye. Some object that St. Peter's does not give an idea of a religious temple (for it is a church, a museum, a gallery of art, and a mausoleum); that its enormous richness does not lead the soul upward to things spiritual, but rather turns it to thoughts of earthly greatness. The criticism may be just; but it cannot be denied that it is the appropriate and sumptuous headquarters of that great ecclesiastic establisment, which, at the highest tide of its grandeur and power, controlled the destiny of empires.

We were specially fortunate in having Shakespeare Wood, the eminent English archæologist, as our guide in Rome; for though our conductor, Signor Barattoni, was a Roman "to the manner born," yet Mr. Wood, who has made Roman archæology a specialty for nearly thirty years, has no equal in that field of sight and study; and the few days we were under his pilotage, were worth more to us in gaining reliable information upon Roman history, architecture, painting, sculpture, and ruins of the Eternal City, than months of time spent in ordinary sight-seeing. In a city whose history joins so closely upon mythological story and

legend, we found Mr. Wood's "scientific process" of great value in untangling the mazy knot of fable, tradition, and reliable historical data; and in sifting out the truth and facts having an historical basis.

What Mr. Wood, with his clear, scientific mind, stamped as authentic, we felt safe in accepting as a probable truth. Mr. Wood is high authority in Roman archæology, and the non-scientific mind feels that where there is doubt or uncertainty, his conclusions rest upon a preponderating weight of evidence.

His criticisms upon art matters were listened to with great interest, as from a *connoisseur*, and the fruit of large experience and wide information. He was introduced, and dined with us Sabbath evening, and, in his after-dinner remarks, he gave us a pretty and sensible speech of welcome. He told us we were there in the season of "Roman fever." For illustration, he drew from "The Pilgrim's Progress," saying, "The lion is here, but he is chained." "If we get in his way, if we lie down at his side, we shall be in his jaws ere we are aware of it." He cautioned all to take special care of themselves; not to drink much cold water, and no brandy, but take pure wines in their stead (we were a temperance party, and wines and strong drink, for the most part, were given a wide berth), and to keep in-doors in the middle of the day. "From the night air there is nothing to fear." This last statement was applauded by

the "paired-off couples," who had feared their evening strolls would have to be given up while in Rome; and moreover, they could see the Colosseum by moonlight, and this is an experience few visitors to Rome omit.

In the small space allotted us, we quite despair of giving the reader anything like a complete picture of the manifold scenes that attract the stranger to Rome. The theme is so vast, the details so diverse, that we are baffled upon what subjects to write, and where to begin. There are seven basilicas in Rome, and over three hundred churches, and it is a common saying that the Pope might say mass every day in the year in a different church. And each of these churches might be regarded as a museum and art gallery, adorned with *chef-d'œuvres* of the old masters, where hours and hours might be pleasantly passed.

Our first visit was to see the Triumphal Arches of Constantine and Titus. These arches were monuments to the vanity of living emperors and generals, and equally available as expressions of gratitude and respect, reared to the memory of those who had so lived as to be regretted after death. In their form and structure, the resources both of architecture and sculpture were called into exercise. The Arch of Constantine is the most imposing and the best preserved of these structures. When this was reared, the pernicious habit had already begun of piecing

out new buildings with patches torn from old ones, and the fragments of earlier works are wrought into this. Many of its sculptures and *bas-reliefs* are known to have been those which were carved to honor the Emperor Trajan, who reigned two centuries before Constantine. It was erected in honor of the great victory over Maxentius, at the Pons Milvius, now called the Ponte Molle, situated about two miles beyond the Porta del Popolo. Seen from a short distance, and taken as a whole, it presents the appearance of a grand work of art and architecture combined; but examined in detail, it is found to be a remarkable piece of architectural patchwork. The inscriptions relate to Constantine; but the greater part of the sculptures belong to the time of Trajan, and illustrate events in his reign; some also belong to an intervening period, possibly to the time of the Gordians.

The Arch of Titus is the most graceful in form of all the Roman arches. The great interest which attaches to it arises from the representations which its *bas-reliefs* contain. On the inside of the arch are represented two scenes from the triumphal entry of Titus, after the war. On one side, Titus in his triumphal chariot, drawn by four horses, preceded by a personification of Rome, and surrounded by senators, and lictors carrying the *fasces*. On the other, soldiers bearing the chief trophies brought from Jerusalem,

the golden table, the seven-branch candlestick, and the silver trumpet of the Jubilee. The vault of the arch is ornamented with rosettes and sunk panels, and, in the centre, is a representation of the apotheosis of Titus. The Jews, to this day, it is said, never pass under this arch; avoiding the sight of this mournful record of the downfall of their country and the desecration of their religion.

Adjacent to these arches is that grandest ruin in all the world, the Flavian Amphitheatre, commonly called the Colosseum, a name it received from the venerable Bede in the eighth century, from its enormous proportions, which make it a Colossus among buildings. It was called the Flavian Amphitheatre from the three Emperors of the Flavian family, Vespasian, Titus, and Domitian. It was founded by Vespasian, about the year 72, on the site of the ornamental lake in Nero's garden. In the year 80, Titus dedicated it with games which lasted a hundred days, and during which nine thousand wild animals were slain on the arena; and it was completed by Domitian, who added the shields and ornaments which surmounted the cornice. According to the traditions of the Church, thirty thousand Jewish prisoners of war were employed in building it; and an inscription discovered in the Catacomb of St. Agnes, now in the crypt of the Church of Sta. Martina, has led to the supposition that the architect was a cer-

THE ARENA OF THE COLOSSEUM.

tain Gaudentius, who became a Christian and himself suffered martyrdom on the arena.

The Colosseum is the one great central figure in all imaginations of ancient Rome, and, in fact, one that always rose in fancy's pictures when we wondered if we should ever visit the old city.

That sturdy, enduring monument of the past, that has witnessed the triumphs and excesses of successive tyrants, echoed to the shouts of Rome's populace in her palmiest days; whose arena has been soaked with the blood of barbarian gladiators and Christian martyrs; whose walls have withstood the assaults of vandal conquerors, the inexorable tooth of time, and, more than all these, the vandal-like assaults of modern Romans themselves! It has been degraded to be a fortress, factory, and stone quarry, and plundered by ancient vandals, who wrenched off its marble sheathing for the metal bolts in the wall, and by modern desecrators who carried away its solid blocks of stone to build four palaces. Despite all the injury wrought by ancient spoiler and modern plunderer, it is still impressive from the symmetry and grandeur of its proportions; while the interior arrangements, which can be plainly traced, for the accommodation of more than eighty thousand spectators, were so perfect as to elicit to-day the admiration of modern architects. The shape of the Colosseum, a grand ellipse, is familiar to all. Between the arches are, or were, columns through-

out the whole circumference, and each successive ring or tier of arches and columns was of a different order of architecture; the lowest, Doric; the next, Ionic; the third, Corinthian; and the fourth, of the Attic style of architecture. The whole structure covered about six acres. Its height is about one hundred and sixty feet. The space occupied by the arena is two hundred and eighty-seven feet long by one hundred and seventy-seven in width; and to accomplish its circumference, you must walk one-third of a mile. No one who is at all familiar with the bloody scenes enacted on this spot, so famous in the world's history, can stand here for the first time without a thrill of emotion. Imagination at once recreates the vast circle; and tier on tier of galleries rise above the visitor; great swelling waves of spectators, all with their eyes of eager anticipation. You can almost imagine you hear the hum and murmur of the vast throng in the marble balconies that ring in the bloody battle-ground; the muffled growls of the wild beasts behind their iron gratings in the lower wall of the arena, becoming more distinct in the hush of expectation that succeeds, as the spectators lean forward in breathless interest when the gladiators cautiously approach each other to cross weapons in deadly combat.

Do not suppose that only two or three gladiators or half a dozen wild beasts were let loose at once in the amphitheatre. Had this been all, a far smaller space

would have sufficed. This vast area was the result of a bloody appetite that grew upon what it fed, and a thousand savage beasts a day have fallen within its dreadful circle; gladiators by hundreds at a time have closed in deadly contest with each other, and piled the ground with scores of slaughtered combatants. Elephants fought with lions, tigers with bears, bulls with leopards; and ostriches, stags, boars, giraffes, and even cranes and pigmies were brought into the arena. Here Hadrian celebrated his birth-day by the slaughter of a hundred lions and as many lionesses, beside eight hundred other wild beasts; and the arena was so arranged, as has been recorded and since been proved by recent excavations, that it could be flooded with water and the spectators treated to a representation of a sea-fight, the combatants being gladiators in galleys that met upon the water and engaged in deadly contest. The Emperor Probus had, about A. D. 280, a grand wild-beast slaughter here, and at another time he had in the ring six hundred gladiators and seven hundred wild beasts. At length Constantine, in 330, made a law prohibiting gladiatorial combats; but the people were too fond of the bloody spectacle to give it up. Seventy years after, however, when Christianity was four centuries old, and the brutal gladiatorial combat was in full progress, a Christian monk leaped from the podium into the arena, and rushing amid the combatants entreated them with prayers to separate.

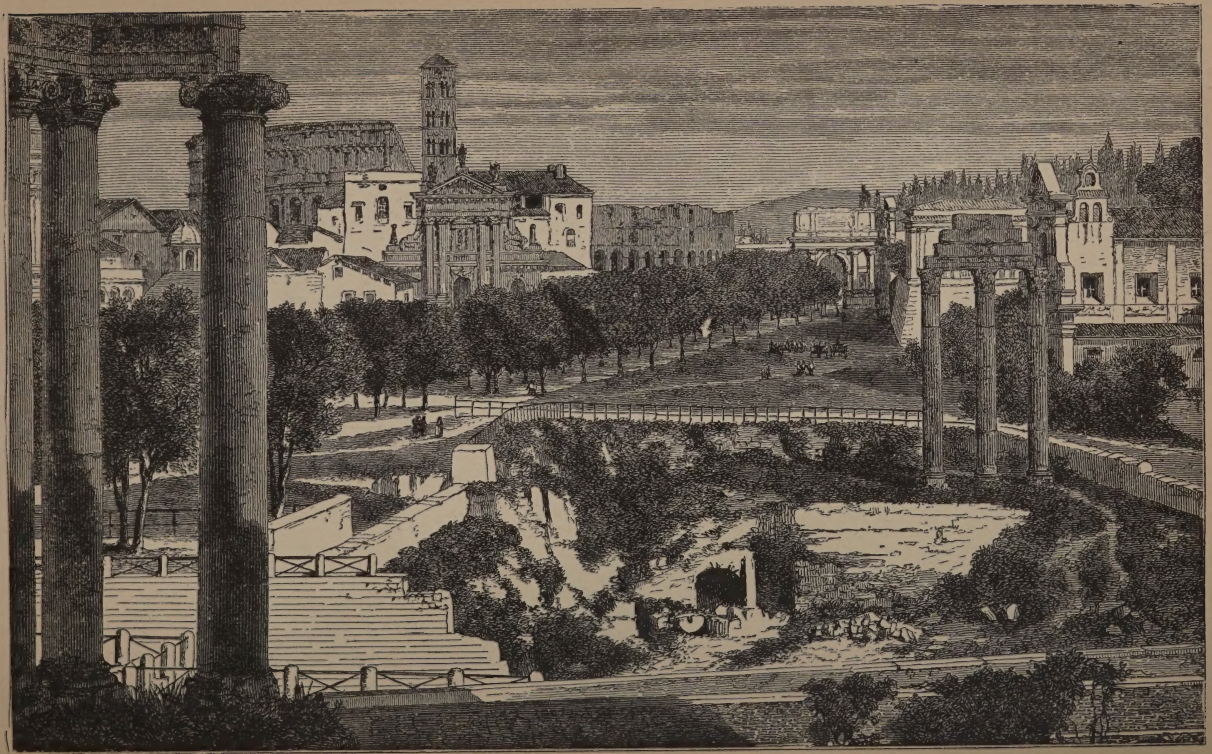
Enraged at the interruption, the Prætor Alybius bade the gladiators kill the intruder, and the monk Telemachus paid the penalty of his life for this noble endeavor; but it was a successful one, for the Emperor Honorius abolished gladiatorial combats from that time; and Telemachus, who was hewn down by gladiators, marked with his death the day of the last gladiatorial combat in the Flavian Amphitheatre.

No language contains a word of more expression and significance than the Roman Capitol, nor is there a spot on earth more full of historical interest. It was at once a fortress and a temple; the head of the Roman State and the shrine of their religion. Ascending the tower we are undoubtedly presented with an area more densely crowded with the footprints of history, from the time Eneas landed to that of Augustus, from that to the present day, than from any other point on the face of the earth. From that, a scene of varied and magnificent beauty unfolds itself to the eye, in which the natural features, grand and striking as they are, are lost in that magic charm of association, which gives a richer verdure to the plain, a deeper purple to the hills, a finer blue to the sky, and bathes every roof in spiritual light. The history and literature of Rome are lying at our feet, and the living landscape is a page on which is written one-half of all that we have learned at school and at college. Here lies the city, — once of one, two, three, some say five millions

of inhabitants, — in the centre of this vast plain, one city, one plain, surrounded on the outskirts by the Apennines, Soracte, and the Mediterranean. From fifteen to twenty miles in every direction, the early inhabitants could detect the approach of an enemy, in the infant days of the republic, an advantage to which may have been owing many a deliverance and many a triumph; a natural position of strength, to which she must have been indebted for her prosperity, almost as much as to her statesmen and her generals. But first, as you look off from the tower of the Capitol, the eye falls upon the very objects directly under you, for which you have been waiting with a fever of impatience; the time-worn vestiges, the sublime yet melancholy ruins of the ancient city. At your feet you behold the Forum, that name which can never be uttered without emotion; the remaining columns of the Temple of Jupiter Tonans; the Triumphal Arch of Septimius Severus, almost perfect in its form, and bearing to-day the inscription placed upon it two thousand years ago; the temple of the virtuous Antonine and his wife, the dissolute Faustina; the huge brick arches of the Temple of Peace; and, farther on in the same direction of the Sacred Way, the Arch of Titus, and the Colosseum. On the right of that, and a little nearer, on the summit of the Palatine, — a low swell of ground, — you see the remains of the Palace of the Cæsars; then the Aven-

tine, crowned with convents and churches; the Tiber flowing below; and, east of that, the immense remains of the Baths of Caracalla. Then turning south, your eye surveys the graceful dome of the Pantheon, and the magnificent masses of the unrivalled Vatican. These, all within the walls of Rome. Then without, you contemplate the wide-spreading Campagna; the site of Alba Longa, on the Alban Hills; the Sabine Hills; the long ranges of the Apennines, with Tusculum and Tiber, and the ruins of Cicero's and Horace's villas on their slopes, till the scene is shut in by Monte Mario, a few miles without the gates, and the lofty walls of St. Peter's and the Janiculum. This brief survey of the city from this lofty tower of observation, with your recollections in your head and your maps before you, is itself worth a visit to Europe. Indeed, to pass a morning there, simply studying the relations in respect to position and distance of places so remarkable in Roman history and poetry, is the best commentary possible upon all you have read or remember, and leaves impressions on the mind that can never be effaced; sheds the light of day upon the youthful studies of the Viri Romæ, Virgil, Horace, Livy; converts obscurity and fable into probability and substantial truth.

The Capitol Hill is the highest point in Rome, and crowned by some extremely ugly edifices, by Michael Angelo, but adorned by the finest equestrian statue in



THE ROMAN FORUM.

the world, that of Marcus Aurelius, as it was once by the most magnificent citadel and temple in the world, covering many acres. This hill retains something of its ancient elevation, though by the crumbling away of the summit and the filling up at the base, one may easily conjecture it to have lost a portion of its original height. On the eastern side is the Tarpeian Rock, still a rock, and still, notwithstanding all its losses and the filling up below, retaining sufficient height to serve its former purpose of execution, by pitching criminals from its highest point. The far-famed Palatine, where the cottage of Romulus long stood, and, in marvellous contrast with it, Nero's golden house afterwards, and which the Emperor Vespasian demolished, as a dwelling too sumptuous for any mortal, has lost nearly all of its original elevation, save the ruins by which its covered. At the foot of the Palatine, extending from the Capitol toward the Colosseum, is the Roman Forum, a rectangle, as the antiquarians tell us, of more than a thousand feet in length by about eight hundred in breadth. On the four sides of this small square once stood a crowd of the noblest public edifices of Rome. Temples, basilicas, comitiæ, curiæ, all adorned in the sumptuous manner by columns, flights of steps, statues of marble and bronze, and by rostra or pulpits, from which the orators harangued the people on all occasions of great political excitement. Of this thrice-celebrated place

scarce a vestige now remains. A portico of six or eight columns of the Temple of Concord, the Arch of Septimius Severus, three pillars of a temple of Jupiter, a portico of the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina; these are all that now serve to mark the spot where, so long, once dwelt the seat of that vast power, at the name of which the earth trembled. Nowhere else in Rome does one experience the sensations that crowd upon the mind as he paces to and fro along the site of the Forum, with the hill of the Capitol towering above him; the remains of the Palace of the Cæsars clothing the Palatine on one side, and, in front, the monarch of ruin, the Flavian Amphitheatre, characteristic funeral monuments all, of the greatest of earthly empires.

The Pantheon, — built by Agrippa, and presented by him to Augustus, — happily, like the Colosseum, stands open and free to all. This beautiful object, so well preserved as to make one doubt whether it be a church of the Middle Ages, or a building twelve or fifteen hundred years older, is in the heart of the modern town, covering one side of a small square. Though time seems hardly to have made any impression upon it, yet even a careless inspection shows you that fires as of a furnace have raged around and over it, burning away all the projecting members of the cornice of the main building and of the portico, and eating their way into the very substance of the walls.

Walls less substantial than those of the Pantheon, some twenty feet thick, could hardly have stood under the fiery deluge of three days' duration, in the time of Nero, and its frequent repetition since, especially in the days of the Gothic invasions, and from that day to this. The building looks as if it had suffered; but, at the same time, as if it could not be destroyed by any power less than that of an earthquake. It is interesting beyond any other building in Rome, for this especially; that though older than the Colosseum, and than almost any other building whose fragments are scattered around, it is itself not a ruin, but a structure almost untouched by time, which looks, in the nineteenth century, very much as it did in the first, both without and within. Emperors, consuls, and scholars, and the crowds of Rome entered it then, or passed it by in admiring delight; our eyes of to-day rest upon the same forms, and with the same delight. True, the polished marbles that sheathed all the exterior, have been stripped bare to the brick. The plates of brass and of silver that once sheeted the dome and the portico, have been wrenched from their fastenings, and removed to adorn other fabrics; the thousand statues of brass which decorated the vast circumference of the cornice, the roof and beams of brass from the portico, the brazen gates of entrance, these also carried away by a Christian pope from this pagan temple, now decorate St. Peter's in that absurd

mountain of brass, the baldachino, and defend the Castle of St. Angelo in their batteries of brazen cannon. These mere ornaments to the general form of the edifice, are, by the robberies of the emperors, Goths, and popes, all gone; and the morning and evening sun of Rome no longer strikes upon a scene of architectural pomp, which must, we might think, have not only dazzled but awed into reverence the barbarians who, for the first time, approached in order to dismantle it. The noble swell of the dome, with its circular openings at the top (its only light); with its bold and beautiful graduated panelling, stripped, indeed, of its bronze; the running entablature below; the niches for the statues of the twelve greater gods, filled now instead with the forms of venerable saints, and even the original mosaic pavement of the floor; all this remains to show us almost the only existing Roman interior; certainly the only one of such magnificence as to have fastened upon it the admiration of those early centuries, as it does ours to-day. Victor Emmanuel is buried here, as are also Raphael and several other celebrated artists.

One cannot enter such a structure with such a history attached to it, without emotion. He may think as he may of the bloody and savage Roman people, of their lust of conquest, of their cruelty, which delighted in the slaughter of animals, and yet more, of men; of their vices which shock the imagination; yet he

cannot forget that, with much that was detestable in Roman character, there was much that was refined, and more that was magnificent; that Christianity notwithstanding, the reader of history can hardly point to a period of more grateful, undisturbed repose, than that which occurred between the accession of Trajan, and the death of the second Antonine; that if Rome conquered the earth, one state after another, it then united them, otherwise at ceaseless war with each other, beneath one strong and stable government; and that such union is a source of security and peace, on the whole, however it may be brought about, as the disunion of the Italian States throughout the Middle Ages abundantly testifies, and *our* disunion would, were the golden band once broken that now holds the States together; we cannot forget that with all the evil Rome originated and transmitted, it has left, among other good, the rich legacy of her literature aud her arts; some expiation at least for her aggressions, cruelties, vices, and crimes. Nowhere else does melancholy, yet a pleasing melancholy, so oppress the mind as in Rome. You feel there always as if wandering among funeral monuments, — the monuments of a fallen empire, and the greatest of empires, — of an empire, however, whose most durable monuments are not the few vestiges of structures, magnificent as they are, and imperishable as they seem, but much more in the literature which her

genius has bequeathed; and more still in the language, wrought in the process of ages, into the substance of every living tongue in Europe. Those are monuments of her former greatness, evidences of her universal sovereignty, greater than any other. Marble and brass may perish with time; but a flavor of the ancient Roman speech, we may reasonably believe, will hang about human language while any remnant of mankind will survive to use it.

The traveller who, when invited to visit the Baths of Caracalla, declined, on the ground that after having seen so many ruins, he didn't care to visit an old bath-house, only displayed the ordinary lack of intelligence in regard to the remains of these wonderful structures. While gazing upon these, Mr. Wood observed, "We Englishmen think we have accomplished something in our history, and I suppose you Americans think you have done some deeds that will live, in the first century of your nation's life; but I venture to assert there is no structure in England or America that can compare with these buildings as they stood in their original splendor and magnificence."

The richness of the marbles, vases, and statuary seen in the museums of Rome, and throughout Italy, as having been found in these baths, naturally excites a desire to visit these famous ruins. Many have very erroneous ideas of Roman baths, deriving their impressions, probably, from baths of modern times, and

supposing the ancient ones to be like the modern, except that the former were more luxurious and perfect in fittings and appointments. The tourist will find himself in the midst of arched passages, a long extent of ruined walls, great halls with lofty, shattered ceilings and elegant mosaic floors, with beautiful colored designs wrought in the pavement, — a collection of ruins which requires the walk of an English mile to encompass them.

The buildings must have been in the form of a large parallelogram; exterior, or outer buildings, of four thousand two hundred feet, enclosing an inner, or great court, which was cut up into various divisions. In this great inner court was a grand building on arches, which was seven hundred feet long by four hundred and fifty broad. These great buildings now present to the spectator only a series of roofless ruins, with great fragments of arches and walls; and you may pass through what were once large and elegant halls and apartments, well-defined by lines of masonry, from which the decorations and rich marbles have been stripped, as is plainly evident by fragments that here and there remain, or a patch of what was once one great sheet of mosaic pavement. The numerous halls and apartments of this extensive ruin will indicate to the visitor how complete must have been this grand establishment for the comfort and luxurious enjoyment of the people. First, for the purposes of bathing,

there was every possible convenience that could be devised, — the disrobing room, the vapor bath, the tepid bath, the hot bath, or cold bath, and the unctuarium, where the bather could be perfumed and anointed with oil. The remains of these, in various stages of ruin, are traced out, and also the vaults beneath, by which the water was heated by means of furnaces or stoves.

Then there was one large, open swimming bath, open to the sky above, in which sixteen hundred swimmers could paddle about in the water together. But it was not alone for bathing and swimming that the people resorted here; for there were, besides the baths of different temperatures, gardens and fountains, libraries, art-galleries, rooms for discussion, theatres for athletic games, shady and pleasant walks, an arena for running and wrestling, refreshment-shops, perfume and fancy bazaars, and halls for poets to recite their verses, lecture-rooms and theatres for comedy performances, with seats for spectators, — all of which made the baths a place of resort, not only for cleansing and refreshment of ablution, but a great place of amusement, entertainment, and luxurious enjoyment of the Roman people.

Considerable portions of the arched roof are remaining, and a few years ago a beautiful grove crowned its summit, beneath whose shade Shelley wrote his "Prometheus Unbound." It reminds one of the hanging-garden which the king of Babylon reared for the grati-

fication of his Median bride, who pined for the breezy slopes of her native land. In the preface, Shelley says: —

"This poem was chiefly written upon the mountainous ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, among the flowery glades and thickets of odoriferous blossoming trees which are extended in ever-widening labyrinths upon its immense platforms and dizzy arches suspended in the air. The bright, blue sky of Rome, and the effect of the vigorous awakening spring in that divinest climate, and the new life with which it drenches the spirits even to intoxication, were the inspiration of the drama."

Over the Appian Way is the scene of the first drive the stranger takes out of Rome. It is a magnificent promenade amongst ruinous tombs, the massive remains of which extend for many miles over the Roman Campagna. It is well known that no one was allowed to be buried within the walls of the city, save the Vestal Virgins. The powerful families of ancient Rome loved to build monuments to their dead by the side of the public road, probably to exhibit at once their affection for their relatives and their own power and affluence. Most of these monuments are now nothing but heaps of ruins, upon which are placed the statues and sculptures which have been found in the earth or amongst the rubbish. The inscriptions found on these tombs and monuments bear witness to the grief of the living for the dead, but never to the hope of reunion.

On a great number of sarcophagi, or the friezes of tombs, may be seen the dead sitting or lying, as if they were alive; some seem to be praying. Sometimes a white marble figure, beautifully draped, projects from these heaps of ruins, but without head or hands. Sometimes a hand is stretched out, or a portion of a figure rises from the tomb. It is a street through monuments of the dead, across an immense churchyard, for such the desolate Roman Campagna may be regarded.

To the left, it is scattered with the ruins of colossal aqueducts, which, during the time of the emperors, conveyed lakes and rivers to Rome, and which still, ruinous and destroyed, delight the eye by the beautiful proportions of their arcades.

One of the most imposing monuments on this road is the Tomb of Cecilia Metella, the wife of Crassus, a wealthy Roman tax-gatherer. It is a round tower, seventy feet in diameter. On its broad summit rise the battlements of a mediæval fortress, out of the midst of which grow trees, bushes, and thick festoons of ivy. This tomb of a woman has become the dungeon-keep of a castle (the battlements were added in the thirteenth century), and all the care that Cecilia Metella's husband could bestow to secure endless peace for her beloved relics only sufficed to make that handful of precious ashes the nucleus of battles long ages after her death.

"There is a stern round tower of other days,
Firm as a fortress, with its fence of stone;
What was this tower of strength? Within its cave

What treasure lay so locked? A woman's grave.
Thus much alone we know, — Metella died
The wealthiest Roman's wife: Behold his love, or pride."

Between the tomb of Cecilia Metella and the ruins of Roma Vecchia, a distance of about two miles and a half, Sir William Gell noted fifty-one tombs on the right, and forty-two on the left of the road. From this fact we may learn how numerous these structures must have been along the Appian Way in the flourishing periods of Rome. Near Roma Vecchia is a large castellated farm-house, built entirely from the plunder of ancient tombs. Manifold are the uses of the dead to the living. Mummies are split up to boil the tea-kettle of an American pedestrian, and a Roman peasant sleeps in the tomb of the Metelli.

It was a fact full of interest, to be told soon after we started out, that here stood the Porta Capena, where the survivor of the Horatii met his sister on his return from the memorable combat, and slew her with a blow of his sword on seeing her express grief for one of the Curiatii who had fallen beneath his victorious blade; and it was at this gate that Cicero was received by the Roman people and Senate on his return from banishment, B. C. 57. This world-famous road, over which the thundering legions of Rome have, many a time, tramped to victorious battle, was built by the Censor, Appius Claudius the Blind, three hundred years before the birth of our Saviour. But the thought that is

uppermost in the mind of the Christian visitor on this road is the fact that it was trodden by the footsteps of the Apostle Paul, while on his way, a prisoner, to be tried at Rome :—

"And so we went toward Rome. And from thence, when the brethren heard of us, they came to meet us as far as Appii Forum, and the Three Taverns ; whom when Paul saw, he thanked God, and took courage. And when we came to Rome, the centurion delivered the prisoners to the captain of the guard : but Paul was suffered to dwell by himself with a soldier that kept him."—*Acts* 28 : 14–16.

It is well to remember that, amidst the dim traditions of later times, one figure at least stands out clear, distinct and undoubted, and this figure is the Apostle Paul. Whatever we may think concerning any other apostle or apostolic man in connection with Rome, he, beyond a shadow of a doubt, appears in the New Testament as her great teacher. No criticism or skepticism of modern times has ever questioned the perfect authenticity of that last chapter of the Acts, which gives the account of his journey, stage by stage, till he set foot within the walls of the city. However much we may be compelled to distrust any particular traditions concerning special localities of his life and death, we cannot doubt for a moment that his eye rested on the same general view of sky and plain and mountain ; that his feet trod the pavement of the

same Appian Way; that his path lay through the same long avenue of ancient tombs on which we now look and wonder; that he entered (and there we have our last authentic glimpse of his progress) through the Arch of Drusus, and then is lost to our view in the great Babylon of Rome.

We must not omit to speak of the Mamertine Prison, believed to be the dungeon in which Paul and Peter were imprisoned while at Rome. This is the most ancient, and, at the same time, the best-verified edifice belonging to ancient Rome. It was here that Jugurtha, after being dragged in chains behind the triumphal chariot of Caius Marius, was shut up and starved to death. The prison now, or upper part of it, is made into a little church or oratory, with religious emblems and votive offerings hung about. In ancient times there was no staircase, but prisoners were let down through a trap-door, or hole in the roof. Now, however, a monk, for a gratuity of course, shows you down a flight of stone steps into the dungeon described by Livy and Sallust.

Its damp, cold, pitiless stones have been witness to the most terrible scenes of torture and suffering, for the visitor here stands in the enclosure which, built four or five centuries before the Christian era, was the prison where, B. C. 449, Appius Claudius, the emperor who endeavored to obtain possession of the daughter of Virginius, slew himself to escape the ven-

geance of the people; and here was the brave Manlius Capitolinus immured, despite his services to his countrymen. Here, as the triumphs turned aside after their grand march through the city and the Forum, were captive kings and chiefs plunged, after having been exhibited as a spectacle to the populace. The accomplices of Catiline were strangled in this gloomy vault by order of Cicero, who came forth himself bearing the news of their death to the people in the Forum, exclaiming, in answer to their clamorous inquiries, "*Vixerunt*" (they have ceased to live).

A cruel cavern it is indeed, for within it Julius Cæsar basely thrust his gallant enemy, Vercingetorix, King of the Gauls, who surrendered himself voluntarily to save his people; and, after keeping him six years captive, murdered him here. Here Sejanus, the friend and minister of Tiberius, disgraced too late, was executed for the murder of Drusus, son of the emperor, and for an intrigue with his daughter-in-law, Livilla. Here also, Simon Bar Gionas, the last brave defender of Jerusalem, after being dragged and scourged at the chariot-wheels of Titus, in his triumphal entry into Rome, yielded up his life upon the floor that for twenty-three centuries has been soaked with the blood of chieftains, senators, kings, and emperors.

Yet it is not these events that render it so interesting a spot to the Christian visitor, for it was here that

Peter and Paul are said to have been confined for nine months, during their imprisonment in Rome; and we confess, as the monk pointed out what he averred to be the very pillar to which these apostles were chained during their captivity, that although we did not reverently kiss it, as did a Roman Catholic at our side, we could not leave without laying our hands upon the spot upon which might perhaps have rested the hands of those who had pressed the blessed palm of Christ our Saviour. The little fountain or well in the floor, the Romish Church must, of course, ascribe to a miraculous origin; they say it sprang up at the bidding of the two apostles, for them to baptize their jailers, whom they had converted. As we came up the staircase, our guide also called attention to a depression, or indentation in the stone, which is said to have been the impression made by the head of St. Peter, who was rudely thrust against it by his jailer. It is thus the Church of Rome, by the demand for such credulity as this, and appeals to the most ignorant, really tends to shake historical belief in other ruins, relics, or localities, that have a certain amount of authenticity.

Under the Church of Santa Maria, in Via Lata, we were shown what is generally believed to be Paul's "own hired house," where he "dwelt two whole years." Descending by a staircase, we enter a series of three rooms, grievously transformed by *restorations*, and

encumbered by modern altars, but yet showing sufficient evidence of their original construction. In these rooms, or in rooms of the house of which these form the ground floor, St. Paul taught and ministered. Here he wrote his Epistles to the Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, Hebrews, Philemon, and the Second Epistle to Timothy. Here were gathered around him Onesiphorus of Ephesus, Epaphras of Colosse, Timothy, Hermas, Aristarchus, Marcus, Demas, Luke the Physician, and Onesimus, "whom I have begotton in my bonds." It is said that in this house St. Luke wrote the Acts of the Apostles, and painted a portrait of the Virgin Mary.

The whole Church of Christ has abundant reason to bless God for the dispensation which, during the most matured period of St. Paul's Christian life, detained him a close prisoner in the imperial city. Had he, to the end of his course, been at large, occupied as he had long been, "in labors most abundant," he would, humanly speaking, never have found time to pen those epistles which are among the most blessed portions of the Church's inheritance.

The footsteps of the Apostles Peter and Paul are strangely linked with the history and traditions of Rome. Churches are built to their memory, statues crown columns and cathedrals, and magnificent basilicas stand upon the spots of their martyrdom and burial. The Church of the Three Fountains was built

upon the spot where St. Paul was beheaded, the superstitious monks telling us the fountains sprang up wherever the severed head struck the ground during three bounds which it made after decapitation. The interior of the Basilica of St. Paul beyond the walls, built on the spot where St. Paul was buried, surpasses in grandeur any church in Rome. It is a new church, and not yet completed, the old one having been mostly destroyed by fire in 1823. On this spot, Anacletus, the third Bishop of Rome, 78–91, built an oratory, in place of which Constantine the Great founded a Church in the year 324, at the prayer of St. Sylvester, at the same time when the Church in honor of St. Peter was founded upon the Vatican, the site of his grave. Beneath the altar repose half of the bodies of Peter and Paul; the other half of their bodies lie in St. Peter's. The heads of those apostles are shown in the Basilica of St. John Lateran. Following the footsteps of the great apostles, much of our wanderings in Rome seemed like travelling in the Holy Land.

Near this Church of St. John Lateran is the building containing the "Santa Scala," or Holy Staircase, of twenty-eight steps of marble, believed, by devout Catholics, to be those ascended by our Saviour, on his way to the judgment hall in Pilate's house. They are said to have been brought from Jerusalem by St. Helena, the mother of Constantine, a tradition which

would seem to receive support from the fact that they are formed of the veined white Tyrian marble. If you would ascend these stairs, you must do it upon your knees — no one is permitted to walk up. These steps are covered with wood, with the exception of small apertures, rimmed with brass, through which a spot of the step may be touched by the lips. Up these stairs, one by one, upon the knees, the worshipper ascends, kissing each step through the aperture as he comes upon it, and saying a prayer over it before leaving it for the next.

About three-quarters of an hour is consumed in getting to the top in the prescribed manner, and we noticed that the wood covering was well worn by the knees of the worshippers, and the brass rims of the apertures had been polished to a glittering brightness by the frequent contact of lips. These are the stairs up which Martin Luther was ascending in the usual manner, painfully upon his knees, when, half way, he suddenly seemed to hear the whisper of a divine voice say, "The just shall live by faith," and he rose to his feet, descended, and left the place.

Among the anticipated pleasures of the art-student at Rome, stands out first and foremost, a visit to the halls of the unrivalled Vatican. It stretches away on the north side of St. Peter's, with its twenty courts, containing, it is said, eleven thousand chapels, saloons, and chambers; and with its gardens and St. Peter's,

occupying nearly thirty acres of ground. It is the largest palace in the world, and additions have been made to it from time to time for the last five hundred years. The popes have resided here since their return from Avignon, surrounded by the richest treasures of art the world has ever possessed. Besides the papal establishment, the Vatican contains great galleries, libraries, and museums. Its collection of sculpture is the largest in the world, containing many of the great masterpieces familiar to nearly all by casts, photographs, and engravings. It also comprises the highest triumphs of painting, in the frescoes of Raphael and Michael Angelo. He who has seen the Vatican, has seen the utmost point reached by the human mind and hand in these two arts. The world is no more likely to witness anything beyond what is here visible, than to have a nobler epic than the Iliad, or a greater dramatist than Shakespeare.

Foremost among them, and placed by general consent at the head of all oil paintings in the world, is the Transfiguration, by Raphael. It was the last work of the artist, and not entirely completed at his death. All will be slow to criticise such a picture, not only in deference to the consenting judgments of more than three hundred years, but on account of the touching interest thrown over it from the fact that these were the last lines traced by that immortal hand. It hung over his death-bed as he lay in state,

and was carried in his funeral procession. Many will recall the graceful lines of Rogers, where he has commemorated this incident in his "Italy":—

> "And when all beheld
> Him where he lay, how changed from yesterday —
> Him in that hour cut off, and at his head
> His last great work; when, entering in they look,
> Now on the dead, then on that masterpiece —
> Now on his face, lifeless and colorless,
> Then on those forms divine that lived and breathed,
> And would live on for ages — all were moved,
> And sighs burst forth and loudest lamentations."

Opposite the Transfiguration, hangs the Communion of St. Jerome, by Domenichino; a picture which is sometimes ranked as the next in merit to the Transfiguration, of all the pictures in the world. However, all such judgments in ranking paintings as first, second, and third is senseless, as no two persons will agree in their estimates, and there is no common standard to appeal to for a decision between conflicting judgments. The aged saint, — feeble, emaciated, dying, — is borne in the arms of his disciples, to the chapel of his monastery, and placed within the porch. A young priest sustains him; St. Paula, kneeling, kisses one of his thin, bony hands; the lion droops his head with an expression of grief; the eyes and attention of all are on the dying saint, while four angels, hovering above, look down upon the scene.

In the same room hangs another work by Raphael, his famous Madonna de Foligno, which is another illustration of his power of blending things celestial and things terrestial in such a way as to disarm criticism by the reconciling power of genius.

From the paintings and frescos of Raphael, we pass to the Sistine Chapel, the ceiling of which, and the great western end of the church, are the work of Michael Angelo. On the end wall is the picture of the Last Judgment; on the ceiling, the prophets and sibyls. Let no one go to Rome in the hope of either seeing or enjoying the world-renowned picture of the Last Judgment. It is now scarcely visible, — what with damp, neglect, the smoke of wax candles, and time. Other reasons will not now allow it to be enjoyed, could it be *seen* ever so well. The awful subject of the picture is treated in a manner too gross and material, and, we must say, with too much levity for the mind of the present generation. One is ready to think Michael Angelo intended it as a satire on the vulgar doctrines of the church. Certainly the human heart, under the influences of Christian truth so long, has become too much softened to endure a treatment of a subject, which, in the sixteenth century, one must suppose, occasioned to the Christians of those days the finest delight, if we may judge from the frequency with which it was treated in all parts of Italy. Nothing, apparently, gave them more heartfelt

pleasure than witnessing on the walls of churches, or the domes of cathedrals, the torments of the damned, — God the Father sitting and with complacency surveying the scene; Christ the active agent, by whom the millions of mankind are plunged into the fiery billows of endless woe. That is precisely the subject, and the manner of treating it in the Sistine Chapel. Michael Angelo made no advance over the ideas of his age. Great as he was, he was not great enough for that. Or if he had, he would doubtless have been prevented from giving them expression by the prevailing superstitions of his age. Any attempt on his part to show that the sufferings of futurity were of a moral, not physical nature, might have proved him a better theologian and a wiser man, but might, at the same time, have confined him for the rest of his days to the dungeons of the Inquisition.

But if one is to be warned against expectations of pleasure from seeing the picture of the Last Judgment, he may be assured that he would be well repaid if he journeyed hence to Rome, with the single purpose of seeing the ceiling of the Sistine; saw that, studied it thoroughly, and returned, having seen nothing else. If one understands enough of the art of painting to appreciate its difficulties, the genius it requires, and the obstacles to be encountered and overcome, especially painting in fresco, and especially, still again, painting upon a ceiling, — then casts his

eye to the ceiling of that chapel, and is told that one mind conceived and one hand executed it, with all the miracles of art that astonish you, in the short space of two years, he would stoutly deny its possibility; or else assert that divine creatures descended, and stood at his side, inspired his mind, and guided his pencil.

This ceiling is covered with the figures of the prophets and the sibyls, of the grandest form, designed and painted with a freedom of hand, and a sublimity of conception, to which there is nothing corresponding in the whole history of art. Any one of those forms, done by an artist in the maturity of his powers, and with years at his command, would have raised him at once to celebrity.

Our Allston was a man of great genius; in one department of art almost without a rival. Yet he left half finished a single picture on which he had been employed many years, — conquered by the multiplied difficulties of the task. But the mind that painted the ceiling of the Sistine, was the same that raised the dome of St. Peter's; and the same that struck out of the marble the marvellous statues of Night and Day, Morning and Evening, Julius the Second, Moses, David, — an accumulation of power in a single mind, to which a parallel can scarcely be found in any age. None have doubted that he was the greatest man of his age; or as one who had exercised the three first-named arts, the greatest, probably, that ever lived.

But it has been doubted and disputed in which of the three he was greatest. After contemplating at leisure the ceiling of the Sistine, and calling to mind the other works of Michael Angelo, for ourself, we could not doubt. We would rather have designed and painted that ceiling, as an intellectual achievement, than have done any other work in the same department of art, the fame of which has descended to our time.

It is a happy circumstance, that in respect to one of the most perfect pieces of statuary in the world, the famous Apollo Belvidere, it was, when first disinterred from the ruins, found almost perfect; the right forearm, the left hand, and a portion of the right foot were alone necessary to be added. This was done by a disciple of Michael Angelo. As it now stands, in a beautiful cabinet called the Belvidere, it is certainly worthy of all the homage it has ever received, and still receives, from every lover of art, from whatever quarter of the world he may come. Still it rouses little feeling, it stirs little enthusiasm. You look at it, admire, praise, and depart. There is no sentiment in the form to call forth sentiment in the beholder, beyond the admiration of mere animal beauty, and that can hardly move or fire the mind. When in the Museum of the Capitol, you look at the form of the Dying Gladiator; though the one is a god and the other a slave, you can hardly withdraw your eyes from

what so deeply interests you. As works of art, one perhaps is not less perfect than the other. The difference in the attractiveness and power of the one over the other must be explained by the existence in the one of the tragic element, which reigns paramount over every other. But in the Apollo there is not only nothing that yields a tragic interest; there is too little to yield anything at all. From the expression of the eyes, looking upward, and the position of the remaining portions of the arms when found, it has been generally supposed he was watching an arrow which had just left his bow. It seems, from a statuette recently discovered, similar in all points, and evidently a copy of the Apollo Belvidere, that the original did not hold the bow in his hand, but the ægis or shield of Jupiter, made for him by Vulcan, bearing upon its front the head of Medusa, and used for putting to flight a fatal enemy. The ægis, bearing Medusa's head, was the symbol of storm and tempest, and was lent to Apollo, according to Homer's Iliad, and with it he drove back the hosts of the Achaians. Hence it is decided by some authorities that the extended left arm (restored) bore the terrifying shield, and that by the same reason the left hand, also a restoration, is not in its correct position.

But how inferior is this statue to the Venus, either of Florence or the Capitol. You may say that in both these cases there is only animal beauty to excite an interest; and it is true. And the only difference

is, that in one it is the beauty of man, in the other of a woman. But just as in real life, in ancient and in modern times, as female beauty is that for which the world has a thousand times gone mad, while it has never done so for the beauty of a man; so in these statues, the Apollo receives few worshippers, is comparatively neglected, while for the Venus, crowds gather around her, and few leave her for the last time without a sensible pang.

Not far from the Apollo stands the Laocoon, discovered on the Esquiline, among the ruins of the Palace of Titus, and placed in the chambers of the Vatican by Leo XII.

Notwithstanding the size and complicated character of this wonderful group, each of the three figures in the most violent action, and the folds of the serpent winding around all the limbs of both father and sons in the most intricate manner, it has sustained but the most trifling injury from time; an escape almost miraculous, when one considers the masses of building which must have fallen upon it, but beneath which it then lay securely buried. It is a subject for sculpture which can possess no attraction except for the difficulties, almost impossible, by which its execution was attended, and by which they have been overcome with a genius second certainly to that of no other whose fame has descended to our time. Such truth pervades it as if living persons were dying before our

eyes, within the crushing folds of the hideous monster. The tragedy is too real, too loathsome for enjoyment. You leave it in the deepest admiration of the powers of the human mind, but you never wish to see it again, and do not believe it can ever cease to visit and torment your dreams.

But it is impossible to describe or even name all the works of sculpture which crowd the magnificent halls of the Vatican. There are seventeen hundred and sixty separate works of the ancient Greeks and Romans described in the catalogues and standing on the floors, all of which are possessed of merit enough to make them worthy of the attentive examination of the student of art.

The Catacombs are places of melancholy interest which all tourists visit. We visited those under the Church of St. Sebastian. These subterranean refuges of the early Christians are indeed very melancholy, dismal, and awful places; and yet there is a remarkable interest clinging to them as the refuge and residence of the early Christians in times of persecution. We were conducted by a dirty Franciscan friar, looking, in the coarse brown dress of his order, as though he had burrowed for a lifetime in those low, dark passages. Each of us bore a torch, yet never ventured to diverge from the way taken by our guide, or to fall more than a few feet behind him. He led us through a bewildering labyrinth, vault after vault,

passage opening on passage, chill chambers of death, interminable halls of night, where our torches seemed to struggle with the heavy air, and to cast faint and fearful gleams into the profound depths of that ancient darkness. He showed chapels and rude shrines, and everywhere sepulchres, hollowed from the soft rock. Since the christianization of Rome, most of the bones of the martyrs who perished here have been removed to less humble tombs in the churches. Many are kept in costly cabinets and shrines, as precious and holy relics.

It was formerly supposed that there was direct communication between all the different Catacombs of Rome; that the names, in fact, were merely indications of the different localities in one bewildering labyrinth of galleries; but it is now found that they are separate and distinct. Stripped of their contents during past ages, from the mouldering bones of the dead to every scrap of marble by which the bodies were enclosed in their long, horizontal, shelf-like resting-places, the Catacombs revealed nothing but an interminable series of weird, tunnel-like galleries; but within the last twenty years a fresh interest has sprung up in these last resting-places of the early Christians. New explorations have been made, and through the labor and erudition of the celebrated Christian archæologist, Giovanni Battista De Rossi, we can now see portions of the Catacombs, sufficiently uninjured to

ROMAN TEMPLE OF HERCULES, CALLED THE TEMPLE OF THE SYBIL.

enable every one to form an idea of what they were before they became the prey of the curiosity-seeker and the relic-monger. The Catacomb of St. Calixtus is especially interesting, from the discovery recently made of a chamber or crypt wherein a number of the early Popes were buried. On the walls are the remains of fresco paintings, and enclosing four of the recesses are — though in a shattered condition — the marble slabs bearing the names in Greek of four martyred Popes, entitled simply, Bishop and martyr; St. Anteros, 236; St. Fabianus, 236–51; St. Lucius, 253–55; and St. Eutychianus. There is reason for believing that the other niches contained the bodies of St. Urbanus, 224–31, and of St. Sixtus II., martyred in 258. The crypt has also been discovered in which St. Cecilia was buried, and whence her remains were removed by Paschal I., in 820, to the church dedicated to her in Trastevere. On its walls are several paintings: a Roman lady richly attired, supposed to be St. Cecilia; a large head of our Saviour, with the nimbus arranged like a Greek cross; and figures of St. Urban and three saints, — Polycamus, Sebastianus, and Curinus.

Early in our sojourn in Rome it occurred to many of us that we ought to pay our respects to His Holiness the Pope. There is a superfluity of red tape and court etiquette to be observed before we can enter his august presence. Signor Barattoni drew up a peti-

tion to the Holy Father to grant the party an audience. This petition was signed by the whole party, and was written in Italian, as follows: —

Santita: Noi qui sottoscritti Americani dei Stati Uniti, venuti in questa stagione a visitare per la prima volta l'Alma Citta' di Roma, nonostante che non possiamo chiamarci figliuoli della Santita vostra pure nutriamo la speranza che nella bonta' del vostro magnanimo cuore vorrete concederce l'alto onore d'ossequiarvi prima della nostra obligata partenza la quale avra' luogo nella sera de Giovedi prossimo. Speranzosi di tal previlegio ci firmiamo, Della Santita' Vostra Umitissimi.

Translated into English it would read, —

Holy Father: We, the undersigned, Americans of the United States, have come at this season to visit for the first time, the historical city of Rome; and, although we cannot call ourselves children of Your Holiness, we cherish the hope that in the goodness of your magnanimous heart you will grant us the high honor to allow us to present to you our respects before our forced departure, which will take place on the evening of Thursday next. Hoping that such privilege will be granted, we subscribe ourselves of Your Holiness the most humble petitioners.

On Monday the conductor had the petition forwarded directly to the Pope, through influential friends of his, and Monday evening the welcome intelligence was received that His Holiness would grant us an

audience on Tuesday at 12.30 P. M. Then we were informed as to costumes and court customs. The ladies were to wear black dresses and white kids, with black veils on their heads; the gentlemen, full-dress suits, white ties and kids — gloves to be taken off before our presentation to the Pope. Those who were not supplied with court suits must buy them or hire them (as many did) at a few dollars' expense.

Our guide had forgotten to inform us of another little bit of the papal court etiquette, till but a short time before the hour named for the reception; viz., that we must kneel to the Pope when he entered the room, and kneel in turn and kiss his hand when he came to us individually and offered it. This announcement fell like a bomb-shell in the party; for while there was great anxiety, or curiosity, to see the great head of the Romish Church, there was a lively discussion, especially among the numerous ministers of the party, about the propriety and principle of getting down on their knees to the Pope of Rome. In vain did our conductor assure them it was but a form of the court, and of no significance in regard to our particular views of theology and religion. "How can we," said they, "stand up before our people at home, after having bowed the knee to this modern Baal?" And so, quite a number, after having hired their court costume, at considerable expense, declined, for consistency and conscience' sake, to use it for a papal visit.

We could not look upon it as did some of our good friends; nevertheless, we respected their conscience. Our idea was, when we go to court, be it Roman or any other, we ought to conform to the rules of that court; or, in other words, "when you are with the Romans do as the Romans do" — so far as *custom* and *court etiquette* are concerned.

They tell a story, that once, when a number of persons were given an audience by Pius IX., some failed to kneel when he entered the room, but remained standing. Observing this, the Pope remarked, ironically, "Ah, I see we have a new addition to the statues of the Vatican Museum."

Therefore, the sensible advice was given that all those who were not prepared to conform to the rules of etiquette of the court of the Vatican should refrain from going; and when those determined to go entered the carriages at the hotel door, it was found that they numbered just fifty, including Signor Barattoni. We drove down the Via Condotti, over the ancient bridge of St. Angelo, and on through the Piazza in front of St. Peter's, around the church, into an inner court of the Vatican. Alighting from our carriages, we entered the immense building, and were conducted up so many flights of marble stairs that it makes our back ache even to remember them. At last we entered a long, narrow hall, richly frescoed and adorned, where fifty red chairs were ranged on either side,

with a sort of raised dais on one end, on which was a bust of some dead Pope upon a costly pedestal, with a sort of throne-like chair in front of it. Here we sat down to wait, with fast-beating hearts, the entrance of the great head of the Catholic Church, who we expected would shortly honor us with his presence. It was just 12.20 when we arrived — ten minutes ahead of the appointed time. We waited ten minutes, and we waited fifty-five other minutes, and still no Pope came. To be sure, there was a finely carved ceiling in blue and gold, and there were large pictures on the walls to look at, and the handsome throne-chair; but we wanted to see the Pope. At 1.25 we were requested to leave the Throne-Room, and, passing on through two others, were ushered into a square apartment called the Room of the Tapestries, from the elegant specimens of this work hung upon the walls on three sides. Fifteen minutes later the Holy Father appeared. We all knelt, but he motioned us to rise. If we had felt any trepidation before, we were put entirely at our ease the moment we saw the pleasant face of Leo XIII., and felt the kindly influence of his presence. How did the Pope look? Well, he is a benign old man, with a fair, serene, gentle face, and certainly not unpleasing. He had on a white silk skull-cap, and was dressed like a venerable baby, all in white. He wore a long robe, which came down to his feet, made of the softest and

most beautiful white woollen stuff which you can imagine. There was a short cape about his shoulders, trimmed with white silk, and a sash of white watered silk ribbon confining the robe at the waist, and white kid slippers. Around his neck was a gold chain, attached to which was a cross, and his ring, on this occasion, was a cameo, bearing the image of the Virgin. He appeared quite pleased to see so many Americans in one party, and commencing at the left of our semi-circle he offered his hand to each one and passed slowly around the room, stopping with every three or four to talk a moment or two, Signor Barattoni acting as interpreter, the conversation between them being in Italian. He spent some twenty minutes with us, and, when about to leave the room, stopped near the door and expressed good wishes for the party through the remainder of the tour, and throughout their lives; and said he hoped they would remember with pleasure, Italy, Rome, and their visit to the Vatican. Then while we knelt he blessed us and our families, and our audience was at an end.

Rome is the great winter watering-place of the world. The Romans still live on strangers, as they did in the flourishing days of the empire, when the Roman legions were sent out to plunder and returned laden with spoils; when the emperors were purveyors for the people, who fared sumptuously, passed their days in the baths and the amphitheatres, and

kept their slaves at work. Probably the most important interests in Rome to-day are those which cater to the luxurious demands of travelling foreigners. In this connection one naturally thinks first of the church. For centuries this immense establishment has drawn a princely revenue from every country in Christendom. Many of the prominent families still living here, and many more which have disappeared, were enriched out of the contributions of the faithful of other lands, collected by the church. From the thirteenth to the sixteenth century the Popes practised the most extravagant nepotism, and their relatives piled up vast estates. They built palaces and villas, established galleries of painting and sculpture, kept crowds of lackeys and retainers, and, becoming more and more licentious and extravagant, "made Rome howl," because of their bad behavior.

But that sort of thing has passed away. The Popes have been wiser stewards in these latter days. The late incumbent, who was so long in office, was generally esteemed a man of true piety.

But we were saying that Rome still lives on strangers. If one goes to the Pincio any pleasant afternoon, and sees the throng of elegant establishments which crowd that famous resort, circling about in endless procession over the handsome avenue that commands a superb view of the city, a little sagacity will show him that a great majority of these well-dressed pleas-

ure-seekers are aliens. They swarm here from England, France, Germany, and America, like pilgrims to a popular shrine. In the galleries and museums they are in the majority. They sustain the great hotels, the banking-houses, the shops, and the cabs. They divide up the ruins into days of pleasuring. The Romans are bright enough to know where their daily bread comes from. Whether they are artists, mechanics, or beggars, they are polite — that comes natural to them — and as for honest and fair dealing, well, they take what they can get and get as much as they can.

It is very interesting to traverse the historical city of Rome with an archæologist, and learn by what process the patient delver in the dust and débris of the past brings to the modern mind so much accurate information upon the life and history of remote centuries. We cannot be too thankful for the patient labors of these men who are opening up churches and temples, and cities buried by volcanoes and earthquakes, and others covered by the dust and decay of countless centuries. Much history we find written with a threefold instrument: the sculptor's marble, the engraver's brass, and the historian's pen. In the Roman Forum are two marble balustrades, sculptured on both sides. On the inner sides of each are the animals — a pig, a sheep, and a bull — offered in the sacrifice of expiation, called the *Suovetaurilia*. On the outer side, towards

the Capitol, is an *alto-relief* commemorating the great act of charity by Trajan, in the establishment of a number of orphan asylums throughout the Roman dominions; and on the side towards the Palatine, the burning of the public records of the arrears of taxes. It was customary to stamp on coins any marked achievement in the year they were coined, with the date, name, and likeness of the emperor on the other side. Thus these coins and marbles become pictorial histories of each emperor's reign, and go to confirm the historian's record.

Mr. Wood made this remark to our party, which excited no little surprise, because it was so different from our earlier impressions. He said: "We find that well authenticated traditions, handed down through a long succession of generations, though often improbable, and sometimes incredible, prove almost invariably true." One of the most remarkable confirmations is the discovery of St. Clement's House. He took us into St. Clement's Church, which tradition always said was built upon the site of St. Clement's House — the St. Clement who was a cotemporary and co-laborer with Paul at Rome, and whom he mentions in his letter to the Philippians.

Until recently this Basilica was believed to be that which, according to the testimony of St. Jerome, preserved *the memory* of St. Clement; that memory, according to tradition, being the house in which he

had lived, and wherein he had ministered to his Christian brethren. Of a church dedicated to St. Clement there is a continuous series of records, from the end of the fourth century to our own day, and as the records from the twelfth century distinctly apply to this Basilica, it was supposed, in the absence of any other church bearing the same dedication, that those of the earlier centuries did so equally. In the year 1857, however, Father Mullooly, the learned Prior of the Irish Dominicans, to which order the church belongs, commenced excavations, and discovered an earlier Basilica, of which no record remained, exactly beneath what, by comparison, must now be called the modern church. At some period, anterior to the twelfth century, it was abandoned — filled up, as the chambers of Nero's Golden House were — and turned into a substructure for the church above. It is probable that the necessity for this arose through the ruin and devastation caused throughout this region by the soldiers of Robert Guiscard, when he entered Rome by the Lateran Gate, in 1084, on behalf of Gregory VII., and that, as the building of the upper was contemporaneous with the abandonment of the lower church, the memory of the one became merged in the other.

The columns dividing the aisles from the nave are still standing in their places, the intercolumniations being filled in with a rude wall of foundation for the church

above. The walls are seen to have been covered throughout with paintings in fresco; some irreparably damaged, and scarcely recognizable, others in a most remarkable state of preservation. They are of the eighth and ninth centuries, and include the Crucifixion, with the Virgin and St. John standing by the cross, — the earliest example in Rome of this well-known subject; the Ascension, sometimes called by Romanists (in preparation for their dogma of 1870), "the Assumption of the Virgin," because the figure of the Virgin is elevated above the other apostles, though she is evidently intent on watching the retreating figure of her divine Son; the Story of St. Alexis and St. Clement; the Funeral of St. Cyril with Pope Nicholas I. (858–67) walking in the procession; the Descent into Hades; the Marriage of Cana; the Virgin with the infant Saviour on her lap; St. Clement officiating at the altar, (a most simple and touching scene, a little table with the bread and cup, but ill-according with the show and glare of the Romish ritual); and among several others, St. Cyril baptizing by *immersion*. The eyes of our *Baptist* friends sparkled as they gazed upon this picture; regarding it as an evidence that the custom of the eighth and ninth centuries favored their mode of administering the ordinance.

The mosaic pavement is in many places entire, and the foundations of the marble choir and ambones re-

moved into the upper church at the time it was built, are distinctly recognizable. But in addition to these discoveries, most wonderful of all, it was found that the Basilica, which shows the construction of the fourth century, was built upon the walls of an edifice of the first century, which further explorations have proved to be the remains of St. Clement's house!

Of this several rooms have been excavated. A vestibulum leading into a chamber with a vaulted ceiling, adorned with beautiful stucco ornaments, and, through this, another chamber, beyond which is a staircase communicating with the south aisle of the Basilica. Beyond these, towards the west, a triple arch, divided by columns, opens upon a kind of corridor, from whence a door leads into a large room, which, towards the end of the third century, as shown by the construction, was converted into a Mithraic temple! There can be little doubt that this was the *Memoria* mentioned by St. Jerome; the Oratory, wherein he, and whomsoever among the apostles may have been in Rome, ministered to the first Christian converts, and that it was converted to the service of the Persian deity, when in all probability the property was confiscated during the fearful persecution in the time of Diocletian.

Father Mullooly deserves great credit for the part he has taken in these important discoveries. He is a public-spirited, liberal-minded man, carrying on this

enterprise almost single-handed and alone, receiving but little aid or encouragement from the Church. The Romish hierarchy trusts more to blind, unreasoning faith, and the "traditions of men," than to historical research and archæological discovery; and the way they have treated Father Mullooly in this matter shows that they fear the developments of science and discovery will not favor the practice and ideas of the modern Romish Church. Our party took up a generous collection to help along this brave man, in his search for light in the bowels of the buried city.

It is well known that ancient Rome lies buried, in some places, twenty to thirty feet below the modern city. Mr. Wood thinks it probable that Rome at one time contained 5,000,000 inhabitants — it is absolutely certain it had a population of two and a half millions; but afterwards, when overrun by the northern hordes and barbarians, and laid low by fire and pillage, it was reduced to about 15,000 people — almost depopulated. Thus by a dozen successive sieges and conflagrations, and the natural accumulation and decay of centuries, the corpse of old Rome has been buried for ages beyond the sight of man. The great aqueducts of Rome are monuments of the wealth and wonders of the ancient city. Here is one, the Aqua Marcia, constructed 146 years B. C., which stretched its arches of masonry away out to the Sabine Hills, a distance of fifty-six miles; while the Aqua Claudia,

put up by the Emperor Claudius A. D. 50, was over fifty-eight miles in length. The water in Rome to-day is esteemed by tourists the best in Europe, can be drank freely, and, except, of course, in very hot weather, with safety. For six or eight miles, stretched over the Campagna, do the ruined arches mark the course of these great public works of the Roman emperors, and that the water-supply was an all-important one, is seen in the fact, that good authorities state that when all the aqueducts were in operation in Rome (in the imperial epoch), the supply must have been fifty million cubic feet in twenty-four hours, or ten times the actual supply of London for the same time. Rome is, to-day, a city of fountains; you find them at every turn, and in every square, and there are said to be, in modern Rome, over six hundred, while ancient Rome boasted of thirteen thousand.

The Column of Trajan, erected by the Senate and the people, A. D. 114, is the most stupendous monument of ancient Rome. Its height from the ground to the summit of the statue, is one hundred and thirty-two feet; it is adorned with a spiral band of *bas-reliefs*, the subjects of which are Trajan's Victories over the Dacians; they are of surprising execution; there are twenty-five hundred figures of men, besides a great number of horses, of arms, of machines for war, trophies, &c. It is of the Doric order, and formed of thirty-two great masses of marble, eight of which form the pedestal,

one the base; twenty-one enormous circular blocks, one upon the other, form the shaft; one the capital, and one the pedestal which supports the statue. It was formerly crowned by a statue of Trajan, holding a gilt globe, which latter is still preserved in the Hall of Bronzes, in the Capitol. This statue had fallen from its pedestal long before Sixtus V., 1585, replaced it by the existing figure of St. Peter. At the foot of the column was a sepulchral chamber, intended to receive the imperial ashes, which were, however, preserved in a golden urn, upon an altar in front of it:

"And apostolic statues climb
To crush the imperial urn, whose ashes slept sublime."

It was while walking in this forum that Gregory the Great, in 590, observing one of the marble groups which told of a good and great action of Trajan, lamented bitterly that the soul of so noble a man should be lost, and prayed earnestly for the salvation of the heathen emperor. He was told that the soul of Trajan should be saved, but that to insure this he must either himself undergo the pains of purgation for three days, or suffer earthly pain and sickness for the rest of his life. He chose the latter, and was never after in health. This incident is narrated by his three biographers, John and Paul Diaconus, and John of Salisbury. The forum of Trajan was partly uncovered by Pope Paul III. in the sixteenth century, but excavated,

in its present form, by the French in 1812. There is much still buried under the streets and neighboring houses. In the area before the column stands a grove of stone, consisting of the broken and unequal shafts of a vanished temple, still keeping a majestic order, and apparently incapable of further demolition.

The Castle of St. Angelo — originally the Mausoleum of Hadrian; the Pantheon, and the tomb of Cecilia Metella, are the best-preserved monuments of ancient Rome; and this is mainly due to the circular form which is common to them all. This form presents no salient point, either to the elements or to the hand of violence, and offers no sharp corners for the teeth of time to nibble upon. This Castle was entirely faced with massive blocks of the purest Parian marble. On the angles of the basement were groups of men and horses in bronze, of admirable workmanship, and a range of marble statues ornamented the cornice. The summit was crowned by a colossal marble statue of the founder, the head of which is now in the Vatican Museum. The gates were of gilt-bronze, with gilded peacocks on the pilasters, two of which are also in the Vatican. Of this magnificent decoration nothing now remains. Of the ancient work all that is visible from the outside is a portion of the circular wall of the mole, formed of great blocks of peperino, on which the outer casing of the marble was placed. The rest, both above and below, is covered by the

works of fortification constructed at various periods. The statues on the summit perished when the place was attacked by the Goths under Vitiges, in 537; they were flung down by the besieged upon their assailants.

The castle has for many centuries been also used as a state prison. A cell is shown in which it is said that Beatrice Cenci was confined. Here, in her prison cell, the night before her execution, Guido painted that sad but beautiful face of the unfortunate girl, who, as many believe, suffered torture and death, innocent of the crime of which she was accused.

The most familiar view of Rome embraces the castle and bridge of St. Angelo, and the Church of St. Peter's. Many times had we seen them in engravings and photographs, and it was with a feeling, half recognition and half surprise, that we beheld the real group in the clear air of an Italian sky. The combination is so happy and picturesque, that they appear to have arranged themselves for the especial benefit of artists, and to be good-naturedly standing, like models, to be sketched.

Of all places in the world, Rome, the city of the Pope, seems to me the one in which a Protestant would be least likely to turn Catholic. The thing which strikes one most forcibly here is the prevalence of priests and monks. We have seen enough of them anywhere in Italy, but here almost every other person is an ecclesiastic of some sort.

Well, things change, even here at Rome; and to-day the children of Mr. Van Meter's mission sing the hymns of Moody and Sankey under the very walls of the Vatican, so close to the ears of the Pope, that he cannot help hearing them if he would.

On our last evening in Rome, presents, in the form of two beautiful bronze vases, and a handsome cameo ring bearing the head of Minerva, were given, by our party, to Signor Barattoni, our conductor. In a few fitting words, the presentation speech was made by Miss M. E. Austin, of New Bedford.

Inscribed on the vases was the following:—

"Presented to Mr. C. A. Barattoni, by the Italian Division of Dr. Tourjée's American Party, in token of their esteem and appreciation of the many kindnesses shown them during their summer over the ocean.

"Rome, August 15, 1878."

On the ring was the following inscription:—

"Presented to Mr. C. A. Barattoni by his American admirers and friends.

"Rome, August 15, 1878."

CHAPTER XII.

THE FIRST DIVISION.—ITALY CONTINUED.

Naples—Its Matchless Bay—The Museum—Celebrated Paintings and Groups of Statuary—"The Roman Charity"—Pompeii, the Buried City—A Perfect Picture of Roman Life Eighteen Centuries Ago—Vesuvius—Ascent of the Cone—Descent into the Crater—The View from the Summit of Vesuvius—Italian Guides and Beggars—Pisa—The Leaning Tower—The Cathedral—The Campo Santo—The Baptistry—"Genoa, the Superb"—Its Palaces and Churches—A Moonlight Sail on the Mediterranean—Turin—An Exciting Incident—Encounter of a Brave American Girl with Italian Pickpockets.

ROME was the extreme southern point in our Italian journey, as laid out in our itinerary; but a few of us were not satisfied to return without seeing Naples and her matchless bay, the buried city of Pompeii, and without climbing and gazing into the fiery crater of Vesuvius. Some twelve or fifteen of us left Rome at ten P.M., and arrived in Naples at six A.M. the following morning. We drove to the Hotel Royal, where we breakfasted, and then took carriages for a drive through the town. We rode through the principal streets of the city, visited the Museum and some of the finest churches, which were crowded by a gay throng, celebrating the fête of the "Assumption of

the Virgin." Naples is so unlike Rome we do not need the help of time to grasp and hold the spirit of the place. The veil of the past is not here to be lifted slowly and with reverent hands. A single look from a favorable position puts the traveller in possession of what is most striking and characteristic. At one touch the gates of the mind are opened, and the glorious pageant enters. Rome is like a fresco, in which only a measured portion can be painted each day; but Naples is a sun-picture, taken in an instant. It is a curious fact that in Naples itself there are few objects of interest or curiosity. In architecture there is very little to attract attention. There is not a church or a palace, or a public edifice of any kind that specially holds the attention of the traveller. Why this city, more than double the size of any other in Italy, should languish in architectural poverty, is a mystery not easily explained. All her art treasures of any consequence are to be found in the Museum; and the great attraction of this collection is not in its pictures or marble statues, which seem but crumbs fallen from the table of Rome and Florence, but in its unique relics from Herculaneum and Pompeii.

The beauty of Naples and its environs can as little be described as exaggerated. The extreme points of the two projecting arms which enclose the bay on the north-west and south-east, are about twenty miles apart. They are similar in their shape and character,

but by no means identical. The southern promontory stretches farther out to sea; on the other hand, the balance is restored by the island of Ischia on the north, which is much larger than its southern sister, Capri. The curve of the gulf lying between them is not regular, but the line of the coast makes nearly a right angle at Naples and also at Castellmare, the intervening space being nearly straight. Vesuvius occupies a point about half-way between the projecting points. The whole space is crowded with human life, and comprises within itself nearly every form of beauty into which earth and water can be moulded. On one side, from a liquid plain of the most dazzling blue, a range of mountains, the peaks of which are for many months covered with snow, rises in the air. Forests of oak and chestnut encircle them midway. Between them and the sea there is hardly a terrace of level land, and the cliffs that line that tideless shore are often crowned and draped with luxurious vegetation. In another direction, the primitive features are less grand; but the action of volcanic agencies has given great variety of surface within a small compass. Numberless points are crowned with villas, monasteries, and houses, linked together by a glowing succession of orange groves, vineyards, orchards, and gardens. Over all the unrivalled scene, Vesuvius towers and reigns, forming the point of convergence in which all the lines of beauty and grandeur meet.

We have seen no other mountain that so impresses the mind as this. Although only four thousand feet high, it produces all the effect of a much greater elevation, because its whole bulk, from the level of the sea to its summit, is seen at a glance. Besides the peculiar interest which attaches to it as a volcano, it is remarkable for its flowing and graceful outline, and the symmetrical regularity of its shape. A painter could nowhere find a better model from which to draw an ideal mountain. But when to this merely lineal beauty we add the mysterious and awful power of which its smoke and fire are symbols, and those fearful energies of destruction which the imagination magnifies at will, it becomes a feature in the landscape, which, considering its position and proximities, has no parallel on the globe. It would seem as if volcanic agency were necessary to crown the earth with its most impressive loveliness and grandeur, just as a human face never reveals all its beauty till passion burns in the eye and trembles on the lip. The action of fire alone heaves up those sheer walls and notched battlements of rock, and sets the mountain lakes in those deep and wooded sockets, by which the most expressive landscapes are formed, and through which great effects are produced, without the aid of great space. Water shapes and smooths the earth into something like a Grecian regularity of outline, but fire sharpens and points it after Gothic types. Naples is not only stretched along a

winding coast, but scattered over terraces and spurs of a range of semi-circular hills, and is brought into immediate proximity with commanding heights and a grand expanse of water. Thus, when it is seen from the sea — which is the finest point of view — the magnificent lines and sweeps of the landscape fairly eat up the city itself, and its white buildings look like rows of China cups and saucers ranged along the shelves of a crescent-shaped closet. But though it is easy to tell what Naples suggests, it is not easy to tell what it is. What words can analyze and take to pieces the parts and details of this matchless panorama, or unravel that magic web of beauty into which palaces, villas, forests, gardens, vineyards, the mountains and the sea, are woven?

What pen can paint the soft curves, the gentle undulations, the flowing outlines, the craggy steeps, and the far-seen heights, which, in their combination, are so full of grace, and, at the same time, expression. Words here are imperfect instruments, and must yield their place to the pencil and the graver. But no canvas can reproduce the light and color which play round this enchanting region. No skill can catch the changing hues of the distant mountains, the star-points of the playing waves, the films of purple and green which spread themselves over the calm waters, the sunsets of gold and orange, and the aerial veils of rose and amethyst which drop upon the hills from the

skies morning and evening. "See Naples and die," is the proud boast of the Neapolitans; and it is not so egotistical. The man who dies without seeing it, in one of its most favorable aspects, loses no ordinary pleasure. There is a combination of scenery here to be found nowhere else, though particular portions of it may be seen in every country. But here is a beautiful bay, islands, cities, villages, palaces, vineyards, plains, mountains, and volcanoes, gathered into one "*coup d'œil*." There is the grandeur of the past, and the beauty of the present; ruined temples, and perfect ones; living cities and buried cities, and, over all, a sky that would make any country, however rugged, lovely.

The Museum of Naples comprises an extensive library, a picture gallery, a large collection of works in marble and bronze, a wilderness of vases; and all the spoils of Herculaneum and Pompeii are contained in a building of vast extent, originally designed for a training school for cavalry.

Among the famous paintings, or frescoes, brought here from Pompeii, are two well-known subjects, which have often been engraved; the "Sacrifice of Iphigenia" — in which Agamemnon is pictured with his face covered, and Iphigenia is grasped by two priests in a very unceremonious manner, — and "Medea" meditating the murder of her children. Both of these pictures have much merit in design and

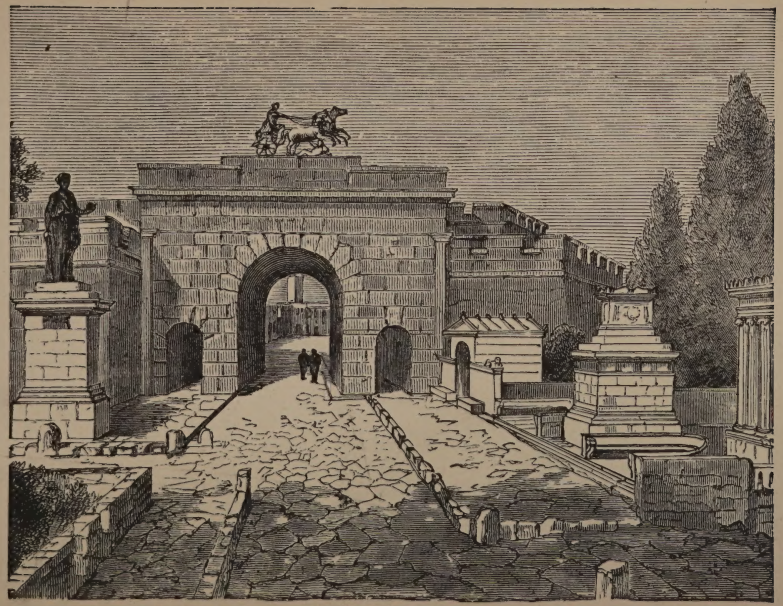
execution. The general character of these paintings, and of those which are left on the walls of Pompeii, is light, airy, and sportive. Among the well-known statues, is the colossal Farnese Hercules, a giant in strength as well as size, judging from the superabundance of muscle everywhere visible. When this statue was found, it had no legs, but they were restored by Michael Angelo. Afterwards the legs were found, some fifty miles from the spot where the body was discovered. When compared with the fine work done by that great sculptor of the Middle Ages, the superiority of ancient over modern genius was quickly seen. The contrast was very great, and the result was, the legs of Michael Angelo soon walked away, nevermore to return.

The celebrated group of the Farnese Bull, which stands in the same hall, is a noble work, full of dramatic effect. This group was found in the Baths of Caracalla at Rome, much injured, and restored by Bianchi, a Milanese sculpture. Amphion and Zethes, obeying their mother Antiope, bind Dirce to the horns of a bull. There are four figures of life-size, besides the bull, some dogs, and a child. This is a picture, or a drama; the sculptor has told a story in marble, exciting no less interest and pathos than a living tragedy.

One of the rooms in the museum is dedicated to the patient labors of the scholars, who occupy them-

selves with unrolling and deciphering the rolls of Egyptian papyri which have been discovered at Herculaneum and Pompeii. Some large cases contain a quantity of the rolls as they are found, looking like small cylinders of charred wood. Infinite patience is requisite in the process of unrolling them. Some of those which have been most successfully unrolled, are ranged round the room in glass cases. In another room are the books which have been translated and published. It is a melancholy fact to learn that, after all the expense of time and money given to this pursuit of knowledge, nothing of the least value has been brought to light.

The king's palace is a large structure, though not so remarkable in its exterior beauty as in its fine situation by the sea. The interior is beautiful, containing some rare works of art, and paintings by some of the great artists. Among so many beautiful things, we will mention but one, — a cradle; it is made of tortoise-shell, mother-of-pearl, gold, and jewels, so elaborately worked that it defies description; it is lined with white satin; two cherubs, standing upon a ground covered with delicate flowers and ferns, hold the cradle upon their shoulders, while a beautiful guardian angel poises over the head, with arms outstretched as if to ward off all evil; the cherubs, groundwork, and angel, are of a light-colored wood, finely wrought. We must mention one painting, which is called "The



THE HERCULANEUM GATE, POMPEII, AS IT WAS.

Roman Charity," and represents a young woman feeding her father from her breast, through the prison bars, behind which he had been placed to die of starvation. How beautiful the look of filial love that beams in her face, and the expression of alarm lest she should be detected by the guard. One can almost see the tears run down her cheeks; and yet upon her face there seems to shine a look of joy, as she

> "Offers to old age the flood,
> The milk of his own gift — it is her sire
> To whom she renders back the debt of blood,
> Born with her birth. No; he shall not expire,
> While in those warm and lovely veins the fire
> Of health and holy feeling can provide
> Great nature's Nile."

Shakespeare makes Malcolm say of the Thane of Cawdor, that "nothing in his life became him like leaving it." Of Pompeii it may be said, that nothing in its history is equal in interest to its last scene. The fate of the gay Campanian city has been curious. Some cities have secured enduring fame by their commercial opulence, like Tyre; by their art-wonders, like Athens; by their world-wide power, like Rome; or their gigantic ruins, like Thebes. Of others, scarcely less famous for their wealth and empire, the site is almost forgotten; their very names have perished from the memory of men. But this third-rate provincial town — the "Newport" or "Long Branch" of the Ro-

man patricians — owes its celebrity to its destruction. Had it not been overwhelmed by the ashes of Vesuvius, the student and the antiquary would never have been drawn to it as to a shrine worthy of a pilgrim's homage. As a graceful writer has justly remarked, the terrible mountain, whilst it destroyed, has also saved Pompeii; and, in so doing, has saved for us an ever-vivid illustration of ancient Roman life. The year-long labors of the most assiduous German commentators could never have thrown such an amount of light upon the manners and customs of the Romans, upon the works of the great Latin authors, as has been accomplished by the spade and pick-axe of the excavators of Pompeii. They show us the theatre, the forum, and the temple; the baker's shop, and the gladiator's training-school; the lady's boudoir, and the wealthy patrician's tablinum, just as they were when the life and motion of the bright city were suddenly arrested, and its annals abruptly closed.

The buried city lies about thirteen miles south from Naples, and is now approached by a railway. The situation of Pompeii must have been beautiful. The city stands on a gentle eminence, surrounded by a valley, which is here and there ridged by lava streams, the product of some eruption of Vesuvius long anterior to the earliest historical period. Its outlook is fine beyond description. The loveliest of seas spreads its ample bosom in full view of its inhabitants, its cooling

breezes sweeping over the town without any intervening object to break their power. Vesuvius is about five miles distant, and, after a sleep of many centuries, its sides were covered with gardens and vineyards, its broken summit crowned with forests of oak and chestnut. It was then an object of beauty and grandeur, and a bounteous source of corn and wine; not, as now, a mere shape of awful and unmeasured terror, ever watched with uneasy glances, like a sleeping lion or a rising thunder-cloud. A navigable river — the Sarnus — flowed through the city in a clear and rapid current. Blessed with these natural advantages, living in a delicious climate, the inhabitants of Pompeii might well have felt that the lines had fallen to them in pleasant places. From the height of the still-covered part one looks over the whole district exhumed, with its narrow streets and roofless houses, and over it all still hangs the smoke of Vesuvius. It makes a century seem a very short period of time, and man a mere creature of a day. This city is a perfect picture of a Roman city two thousand years ago. The streets, pavements, temples, images, theatres, dwellings, columns, household gods, baths, arches, fountains, forums, shops of various trades, musical instruments, weapons of war, implements of labor, marble and bronze statues, mosaics, frescos and drawings, dining-rooms, bed-rooms and kitchens, with their appropriate furniture; food for the hungry and medicine for the sick; glassware,

vases, and pottery; gems, medals, and coins; and fruits, flowers, and shrubs, are all seen as they were on the terrible night when the city was doomed to a sudden destruction. The streets are narrow, some not being more than eight feet across, but they are straight and regular. The pavement is composed of large flat stones, or blocks of lava, and the deep ruts cut in them by the Roman chariots are clearly seen. At the crossings are large stepping-stones for the use of pedestrians, so as to keep their feet from the mud. Everything in the streets was silent and death-like. There were no human beings in the houses, no promenaders in the streets, — all were deserted. They are built of stone and brick, plastered on the outside with mortar. An open court is in the centre, and the different rooms are arranged around in the Oriental style. The roofs are nearly all destroyed, having been crushed down by the weight of ashes. In the dining-rooms the tables are of stone, and many are covered with petrified wood. Beds and couches are in the sleeping-rooms. In one of the kitchens was found a fowl, put in the skillet, and a stew-pan containing a small pig for roasting, all prepared eighteen hundred years ago. Many beautiful mosaics were found on the floors, and elegant frescos on the walls, and they look as bright and fresh as if they had only been finished a few years. In the "House of Vestals," upon the door-sill, is the word "*Salve*," "welcome." A mosaic, with

the inscription, "*Cave Canem*," "beware of the dog," is near the threshold of the "House of the Tragic Poet." In the streets are many shops which still have the signs over the doorways. In one there is some marble, partly sculptured, with the artist's tools lying around; in another, medicines and surgical instruments; in a third, a marble counter, with liquor-jars behind it, and the stains made by the wet glasses on the counter prove that this was a drinking-saloon. Then there is an eating-house. Meats and delicacies are on the counter; fire-places to keep the soups and messes warm are still in the room. The same building contains a grist-mill and a bakery. In the baker's shop a batch of loaves was found which had been in the oven since the 24th of August, A. D. 79. These loaves are still to be seen in the museum by all tourists. Lovers of "stale bread" could here gratify their utmost wish. The mill was turned by horse-power. The various temples that have been found contain idols made of marble, silver and gold. The Temple of Isis is eighty-four feet long and seventy-five broad. The ashes of victims were found on its altars. The skeleton of a priest, sitting at a table, on which was spread a meal, is here; while near the door was another priest, holding in his skeleton hand a hatchet, with which he had tried to cut his way out of the temple. Over six hundred human skeletons have already been exhumed, but, fortunately, most of the inhabitants managed to

escape, having heeded the warning of the burning mountain. Only the bones remain of the victims, the flesh having mostly perished; but now and then a little tuft of mouldy hair has been found clinging to the skull. The positions of the bodies, in every possible form of contortion, all indicate a violent death, one of suffering and agony. A miser was found grasping a bag of gold in his bony hand. In one room, a family-group embracing each other in death; in another, the bones of dancing-girls, mingled with the broken instruments of music, can be seen. In another place, the skeleton of a cook at his place near the stove in the kitchen. One house contained bones scattered about, bearing marks of being gnawed, while near by lay the skeleton of a dog, showing that the brute had survived and eaten his master. Here is a company of young and old fleeing to the sea; there the remains of a mother vainly trying to shelter her three little children from the fiery storm. Outside one of the gates, in his sentry-box, stands a Roman soldier, in complete armor, with the key of the city-gate in his hand. After standing faithfully at his post for seventeen centuries, he was discovered "clad in rusty armor, the helmet on his empty skull, and the spear in his bony fingers." In the city prison, not far distant, were found the prisoners, with their "feet made fast in the stocks."

The ruins of Pompeii, as the old lady said about the ruins of the Colosseum, are very much out of repair.

The walls of the buildings are mostly standing, but the roofs and doors, which were constructed of wood, are gone, having rotted away in their long exposure to the moisture. It looks somewhat like a square in a modern city which has been partially destroyed by a conflagration. All the excavated rubbish has been removed, and there is nothing to prove that it had been so long buried under a shroud of earth. When we reach the end of the excavated portion, and are stopped by a sheer wall of gray ashes, some eighteen feet high, with trees and vines growing up it, we begin to comprehend the unique character of the place. As is well known, the utmost wrath of the volcano was not let loose upon Pompeii. It was not destroyed by streams of lava, but by a tempest of ashes, cinders, and scoriæ, mixed, as is supposed, with liquid mud which penetrated and flowed into all the lower parts of the houses in a way that dry ashes could not have done.

Pompeii was violently shaken by an earthquake sixteen years before the eruption of Vesuvius. Several temples, theatres, tombs, and houses, together with the colonnade of the Forum were overthrown. Nearly every family went from the place; and it was some time before they returned. The Senate hesitated about rebuilding the city, but finally decided to do so. The work was in progress when all at once came the terrible eruption of 79. The cities of Pompeii and

Herculaneum were wiped out in a single day, and a large region of country was depopulated. The Emperor Titus entertained the idea of cleaning and restoring the city, and sent two Senators to examine the ground; but the magnitude of the work frightened the government, and the restoration was never undertaken. In time Pompeii became almost forgotten, and its site was lost. For more than a dozen centuries the locality where Pompeii had stood was unknown.

In 1748, under the reign of Charles III. of Spain, when the discovery of Herculaneum had attracted the attention of the world to that locality, some vine-dressers struck upon some old walls, and unearthed a few statues. The king ordered some excavations to be made in the vicinity; but it was not until eight years later that any one supposed they were exhuming Pompeii. Since that time the work of excavation has gone on with a great many intervals of inactivity. Whenever the government makes an appropriation, or some crowned head or other wealthy personage makes an addition to the Pompeian fund, the work is prosecuted; but as soon as the money is expended the work stops. It is now more than a hundred years since the excavations began, and yet only a third part of the city has been uncovered. It is difficult to convey the picture of antique life here presented to us; the narrow, solidly-paved streets, deeply worn by

chariot wheels, with broad stepping-stones; the Forum surrounded by temples; the houses showing very clearly all their internal arrangements, and even their ornamentation; the stores and shops, with their fixtures and conveniences; and the street of tombs, appearing comparatively fresh and well preserved by the side of similar streets leading out of Rome. These things *are* comparatively new. They have been hermetically sealed up for seventeen hundred years, and have hardly been exposed to wind and weather longer than Faneuil Hall or the Old South.

The houses reveal to us pleasing pictures of antique life. The garden in the centre, surrounded by a colonnade, with an open top — what could be more delightful for such a climate as this? The rooms were small, but large enough, for the people lived in the open air, or at the thermæ, which were at once baths and gymnasiums.

In the autumn of 1876, new excavations were commenced in Pompeii, and judge of the astonishment of the excavators, when, while digging for unknown treasures, they came to a second city beneath the one known to the reader. It had been buried there perhaps centuries before new Pompeii was built, under lava and sulphurous matter, and the architects, probably not knowing of the fact, erected their houses on top of those of their forefathers. It almost seems that art, in the first-buried city, was far more advanced than in

the latter. Marvels of art and architecture have been found, and when we enter one of those splendid edifices, and admire its paintings and statuary, we are struck with admiration for the great accomplishments of men who lived centuries before the birth of Christ.

Herculaneum, properly speaking, was destroyed by liquid mud, rather than by burning lava. Since the destruction of the city, there have been six different overflows of lava, so that for all practical purposes the site is covered with this solid material. One great difficulty of the excavations exists in the fact that whilst Pompeii is covered with ashes, Herculaneum is buried beneath a weight of solid lava, which, if not exposed to the air, requires two or three years to cool off, and then it is almost as hard as flagstone. It is easily seen that under such difficulties the excavations but slowly progressed; the more so, as the digging has to be done very carefully, so as not to mar the relics for which the excavations are carried on.

In 1863, under a mass of ruins, the excavators discovered an empty space at whose bottom some bones were discernible. They immediately summoned M. Fiorelli to the spot, who conceived a felicitous idea. He caused some liquid plaster to be poured into the hole, and the same operation was renewed at other points where similar bones were thought to be visible. When the crust of pumice-stone and hard ashes which enveloped these objects as in a shroud had

been carefully removed, before the eye were revealed the moulded forms of four human beings, just as they met death on that terrible day. It was a most thrilling sight to look upon those forms, restored, after a sleep of two thousand years, with such skill and perfection as even to be recognized by their friends, were they now living. The flesh and clothing having been dissipated by time, nothing is left in the mould but the skeleton; and thus a perfect statue of these persons is obtained, showing their very form, features, and drapery, as death met them, almost as perfect as though moulded by the sculptor's chisel. One of these bodies is that of a woman, near whom ninety-one pieces of money, two silver vases, some keys, and jewels were discovered. She was making her escape with these treasures when overtaken by death in the narrow street. You may see her still, stretched upon her left side; you may distinguish her head-dress, the texture of her clothes, two rings of silver which she wears on her finger; one of her hands is broken — observe the cellular structure of the bone; the left arm is raised and crooked; the delicate hand is clenched, so that the nails, you can see, have entered the flesh; all the body appears swollen and contracted; the legs alone, very slender, remain extended; you perceive that she struggled in a prolonged agony; her attitude is that of suffering, not of death. Behind her have fallen a woman and a young

girl; the elder — her mother, perhaps — was of humble birth, to judge from the size of her ears; she wore on her finger only a ring of iron; her left leg raised and stretched, shows that she too has suffered, though less than the noble lady; the poor lose less in dying! Near her, as if on the same bed, lies her daughter; one is at the head, the other is at the foot, their legs being crossed.

This young girl, almost a child, produces a strange impression on the spectator. You can clearly discern the texture, the folds of her clothing, the linen which covered her arm down to the wrist — some rents here and there exposing the skin — and the embroidery of the small shoes which encased her feet; above all, you see her last hour, her supreme moment, as if one had been present at it, under the wrath of Vesuvius. She had raised her robe over her head in terror; she fell, while running, with her face against the ground, and being unable to rise, had supported on one arm her young and feeble head. One hand is open, as if she had held something — perhaps the veil which covered her.

The finger-bones pierce through the plaster; she did not endure any long pain, yet upon her it is most pitiful to look; she was not fifteen years old. The fourth body is that of a man of gigantic stature. He has flung himself on his back to die bravely; his arms and legs are straight and immovable. His clothes are

very sharply defined, the tunic which once was new and brilliant, the sandals laced to the feet, with the irons that fastened the wooden soles still plainly discernible. On the bone of one finger he wears a ring of iron; his mouth open, and some teeth are wanting; his nose and cheek-bones are boldly marked; the eyes and hair have disappeared, but the moustache remains. There is a martial and resolute air in this fine corpse.

At Herculaneum similar discoveries and casts have been taken. As soon as the experienced eye of any worker recognizes the indications of a mould being formed in the lava, labor near that point is stopped, and tamping irons are cautiously inserted to make two or three rents in the cavity. Then the liquid plaster is poured in, and after being left sufficiently long to harden, the lava is taken away, and the cast is removed. In this way some curious facts have been brought to light. Two skeletons were found in close embrace, the teeth perfect, indicating youth in its prime, — skeletons of a young man and maid. They had fallen together in their flight, and death had wedded them. There was a mother with her three children, hand in hand, who tried vainly to outrun death. Perhaps the mother, singly, might have done it; but she could not leave her children. Plenty of food for sad thought is furnished in remembering that at Herculaneum and Pompeii, as before remarked, six hundred skeletons have already been exhumed! — many in such positions

and circumstances as to suggest very touching episodes accompanying the final catastrophe. The skeleton of a dove was found in a niche overlooking the garden of a house. She had kept to her post, notwithstanding the shower of hot, death-dealing lava. She sat on her nest through all the storm, shielding the egg which was taken from beneath her.

Their feasting halls show too plainly the epicurean and gluttonous habits of the people. Here were seen the circular tables of fir-wood or maple, or occasionally of citron-wood, plated with silver, and supported on legs of ivory. They were covered by draperies of wool or silk, embroidered or striped with gold or purple; and around them were arranged the *triclinia* (three couches) for the accommodation of the guests, who did not *sit* at table, but reclined. Three commonly rested on each couch. They lay with the upper part of the body resting on the left arm, the head a little raised, the back supported by a cushion, and the limbs either slightly bent or stretched out at full length. The feet of the first came behind the back of the second, and the feet of the latter behind the back of the third. A cushion was placed between each guest. In front of the couches, which occupied three sides of the room, the guide called our attention to a marble spout, or drain, in which each guest, after tickling his throat with a feather, could throw the contents of his stomach, and then return with renewed

appetite to the banquet. Many of these halls had their rooms for retching, called the *Vomitorium;* but here the lazy gourmands could fill and unload their stomachs without rising from their couches. Many moralists are of opinion that Pompeii, like Sodom and Gomorrah, was destroyed because of its wickedness.

The discoveries in that city are, many of them, of a character not to be described in public prints, especially by the aid of the engraver's art, at the present day. Some of the ear-drops and breast-pins worn by women were curious to behold. Lamps were fashioned in form quite as obscene as they were fantastic; and the same may be said of the chandeliers, and of many of the utensils used in ordinary life. Curiously engraved seals are found that would hardly be suitable to impress to-day on the back of a letter. The frescos, paintings, mosaics, and sculptures, and even jewelry, discovered in some of the houses, show a terrible depravity in morals. Many are so indecent the public are not allowed to look at them. The foulest epigrams of Martial, the grossest descriptions in Petronius and Apuleius, are illustrated to the eye in the remains of these cities, in sculptured and pictorial representations which cannot be described, hardly alluded to. The husband and father in Pompeii saw daily, before his own eyes and the eyes of his wife and daughters, subjects delineated which no man should look upon a

second time. Whether we regard such things as cause or effect, they are equally mournful to contemplate.

What must have been the tone of conversation and sentiment, and the standard of morals in a community where such gross indecencies were tolerated, not to say favored? There is much in the character and history of the Roman people which we may justly admire — their energy, their courage, their political wisdom; but we are not called upon to overlook moral distinctions, and insist that the influences which formed their civilization were as efficacious in training the individual to excellence, as in making the nation powerful.

No other mountain in the world is so well known as Vesuvius. That Medusa of beauty and terror combined, is sure to excite the deepest curiosity to look down into the chasm from which the cloud of smoke ascends, and which has so often vomited forth destruction and death.

In summer, the night is the usual time taken to ascend the mountain, on account of the intense heat; moreover, the pyrotechnic display of the crater, belching forth its flood of light and fire, receives additional effect from the surrounding darkness. We leave Naples at ten o'clock, and ride in a carriage with three horses abreast, a gayly decorated team, to the Observatory, which stands in a commanding position on a sharp point some distance below the foot of the cone. Our course is first along the shore of the bay

as far as Resina, on the site of Herculaneum. This road, for four or five miles, was a fairy scene. They were celebrating the "Assumption of the Virgin." The street and buildings, public and private, were arched and trimmed with lights in every possible form, position, and color; and as we looked down upon it, at midnight, from the Hermitage, it appeared like a fiery serpent crawling through the city; or as if a river of burning lava from Vesuvius was about to overwhelm the town. After getting extra horses at Resina, for the trail from the Hermitage to the cone, also guides (there were about six guides to each tourist) and canes, we turn towards the mountain, and steadily ascend between vineyards and lava streams, by a road of endless twistings and turnings. This slope, from the bay to the foot of the cone, looks smooth and beautiful from below; but as we go up, we pass through scenes of terrible desolation, where the molten torrents have heaped themselves up in a thousand monstrous shapes before they cooled, and became black, crumbling stone. Frequently these masses look like huge piles of charred and half-burned human bodies, presenting every variety of form, and reminding one of a picture of the "Last Judgment," by Rubens, but without his glowing color. Arms, legs, torsos, and protuding entrails are repeated in a horrible phantasmagoria, the more impressive because of the spirit of destruction which broods over this

mountain-side, now and then presenting pictures most suggestive of infinite wrath. The Hermitage is about twenty-two hundred feet above the bay, commanding an extensive view of the city, the bay, and the islands. From this point, we take saddle-horses and proceed some two miles farther, with an ascent of seven hundred feet, to the foot of the cone. This part of the route is through fields of lava, even rougher and wilder and more desolate than the road below. Masses of lava of various shades of brown and gray, according to the dates of their deposit, are piled upon and tumbled over each other, cleft into seams, and twisted into uncouth shapes, — the whole scene resembling a field of battle covered with the wrecks and fragments of a deadly fight. The only sound heard was the roaring and murmuring of the mountain, — a heavy, sullen sound, like the plunge of a large body into the sea, or the roar of distant artillery, — recurring at brief and regular intervals; as if the fire-king were warning rash intruders against the peril of approach. We shall not forget that ride to the cone. Each horse had a rider on his back, and one or two guides and beggars hold of his tail, and beating the poor animals with their canes at every step over a road where to have been thrown would be like falling upon a sharp-toothed harrow. We had not been in the saddle for several years, and yet the guides, with their clubs and yells, drove our poor beasts at a perfect

breakneck speed over the roughest and crookedest trail we ever saw on mountain or plain. We would much prefer to have been on Tam O'Shanter's mare, pursued in her mad flight by the witches.

The cone itself rises fifteen hundred feet more, a mass of volcanic sand and ashes, like fine gravel. This is the only fatiguing part of the whole ascent. It has to be done on foot; no horse or mule can climb its steep sides; but the traveller can receive various kinds of assistance from the omnipresent and super-serviceable guides.

You can be carried up in a rude chair, fastened on poles, which stout mountaineers take on their shoulders. Or you can have an assistant with a strap, pulling before, while another pushes behind. The walker sinks into the yielding sand, and getting no foothold slips back two-thirds of the step. The cone rises at an angle of forty-five degrees, and, at every step, you sink, and slip, and slide in the light, yielding ashes. With not a little experience in climbing mountains, and as a pedestrian, nothing we have ever known bears any comparison to this. It is like the walking we sometimes dream of, when the feet are shod with lead, or are glued to the ground, and we struggle and strain but never get on.

We were determined not to accept help either from "puller" or "pusher," unless obliged to do so. Our

good friend, the Doctor,* struggled bravely for a season, but looking back we saw that he was captured by a trio of camp followers, one pulling, and the other two pushing in the rear. A big stout fellow held his halter at our nose till we had nearly reached the crater, imploring us, with all the eloquence he possessed, to take his help, assuring us we would never reach the summit alone, and that he should charge just as much as if he assisted only on the last half or quarter of the distance. It took not a little of our strength and patience to battle with and ward off the annoying guide; and it was not till we, with a sober and earnest face, asked him how much he would give *us* to help *him* up the mountain, that he, in anger and supreme disgust, turned and left us. After an hour's hard climbing, with much puffing and blowing, and many rests, we reached the summit, and looked down from the rim of the crater into the horrible chasm, which might well be the workshop of Vulcan. The crater is an irregular cavity, three or four hundred feet deep, and four or five hundred feet in diameter. The floor and side walls are incrusted with sulphur and various salts, presenting many colors, a mixture of dirty white and yellow predominating, though green, red, blue, and all the intervening shades are mixed in. In the deepest part of the crater, at one

* Dr. Z. Freeman, of Cincinnati, to whom the Italian Section is indebted for many acts of professional skill and kindness.

side, a small cone has been puffed up. This is thirty or forty feet high, open at the top, and from this opening the greater part of the smoke, fire, and lava ascends. Here is the central point of activity, and the flames constantly roll up with an eruption more or less violent every few seconds, which throws up red-hot stones and lava. These eruptions produce a rumbling noise and a trembling sensation, quite apparent on the rim of the crater, accompanied by a crashing and hissing sound, very like that made by a large wave breaking upon a shingly shore. While we stood there looking at it, these red-hot masses were thrown in the air to a height of two or three hundred feet, and the heavy thump with which they fell upon its ashy sides had a sound of death in it. Every eruption was followed by a higher burst of flame and a larger volume of smoke. Here is a grander show of fireworks and pyrotechnic display than America has shown on her Fourth of Julys for a hundred years. In a party of travellers there are always those who want to dive the deepest and stay under the water the longest — who are never happy unless they are doing something rash and fool-hardy — having a perfect fascination for the blood-curdling business, by constantly courting danger and death. And so there was nothing to do but we must follow our guides down into the crater. We were assured there was no possible danger; that no person had ever received the slightest harm, save the

crazy Frenchman, who immortalized his name, by throwing himself into the fiery gulf. This courageous fellow acquired a good deal of fame by his enterprise; but it is said his body was never recovered! As a work of *cremation*, it was pronounced a success.

We followed the party till we found ourself sinking nearly to the knees in the hot, steaming ashes, when we turned about, and beat a hasty retreat, concluding "distance lent enchantment to the view." No sooner had we gained the rim of the crater than voices came up, as if from the lower world, summoning us to follow on, as we were to return by a different route from the one ascended, through an orifice created by the ocean of lava that has here made its escape. These guides, who would sell their lives for a franc (and cheat you at that), will walk right into these fiery regions, where are falling thick and fast the storm of red-hot shot and shell. The reckless fellows will stand where these balls of fire are dropping around them, and with one eye on them, will dodge about from place to place, to escape being hit, with the utmost *sang froid*. Taking a penny from your pocket, they will imbed it in the liquid lava, and return the picture to you, neatly framed in the lately glowing gilt. This you take home with you as a *souvenir* of Vesuvius.

A view of the Bay of Naples, from the top of Vesuvius, is probably the most charming picture upon

earth. We beheld it in the first blush of morning. Gold and blue, that brilliant gold of the sun, a flood of heavenly sunbeams, and a splendid azure blue is lying upon the sea at our feet. That is a sky so magnificent, so many colored as no other country has ever seen. Yonder lies Capri, there Procida, and at a little distance, Ischia, all floating upon the water, like so many boats, adorned with many-colored flags, full of splendor and charm. This wreath of villages and cities, washed by the Bay of Naples, glistens like marble, and yonder where the sea pierces so deep in the land, is Naples. That charming city is surrounded by landscapes of the brightest hues; blue, green, life, joy! The Neapolitans, proud of this gem, call her "a piece of Paradise lost upon the earth." But the view about and near us was of a very different type. It was one of the most solemn and awful desolation — the sublime architecture of ruin — peaks, dells, and plains of funereal lava, the beds of extinct fire-torrents, the surface everywhere tossed and broken, as if a stormy sea had been arrested in a moment and turned into a solid mass. It was the most striking embodiment of death, brought into immediate contrast with the most intense and fiery life.

Of all the works of God upon which we have ever looked, including Niagara, the Alps, Yosemite, and the ocean, by far the most thrilling and impressive was the fiery cone of Vesuvius. After the great eruption of

1872, when over two hundred people lost their lives, the volcano was very quiet until about three years ago, when another period of activity began, which has continued to the present time.

A railroad to the summit of Vesuvius has been projected. Fourteen miles of it will use the ordinary engine. The steepest part of the road — three miles — will have the train drawn over it by a wire rope. The plan is to have the whole road covered with a vaulted roof of lava to a distance of about one hundred feet from the crater, which will, at the same time, divide the streaming lava into two tributaries, running on either side of the road, which is built of lava also, and is elevated.

Descending the mountain is a very different experience from going up, both in the matter of time and toil. The first few steps are a little trying to the nerves, but you soon gain confidence, and then let yourself out. All you need is to stand erect, tip back your head, and start off, putting one foot before the other, in a dignified sort of way. It took us a full hour to climb the cone. We took giant strides, and made the descent in eight minutes, making the dust and ashes fly, like a herd of buffaloes scampering over the prairie.

When we reached the Hermitage, we thought we would settle with our guides, as we were short of time to reach the morning train for Rome. The proprietor

of the hotel told us the amount of our lawful bill; "though," said he, "they will ask you more, but don't pay it." Who ever heard of a traveller getting away from an Italian brigand, or *guide*, without being robbed? We tendered them the legal fee, and after a deal of haggling, they refused to touch it; and bawling out again and again, "You settle p'lice; you settle p'lice." We were short of time to reach the station, and if they followed us there, we were sure to be detained for examination by the police, and it would be all the same to us, whether justly or unjustly, for by that means we would lose the train, and fail to connect with our friends at Rome for the journey to Pisa. And so we paid their full claim, and were glad to get out of their clutches alive.

It would be impossible to give an adequate picture of the incidents of our drives through and about Naples. The long city front presented a thousand curious pictures of Naples life. Women, old and young, weaving nets — the occupation of a great many — and making macaroni, which was hanging in the open air to dry, and gradually acquiring color from the absorption of dust. Beggars, showing every sort of deformity and mutilation, beset us, and beseech us, and follow our carriage in troops, especially when the rising ground made it easy for them to keep up. Among these were old men and women, and whole flocks of boys, who had various contrivances for

attracting attention and exciting interest. One ran along by the carriage, turning an occasional summersault; a dozen played tunes with their mouths and noses, making a strident noise through lips and nostrils. Not the least annoying were pedlers of minerals from the mountain, who begged us to buy, and refused to be put off by a dozen denials. This gauntlet of beggars takes away half the pleasure of any excursion in this beautiful country. As we drive along the street, we passed a group of women and children. One of the women was examining the head of a companion, and occasionally bringing her thumb-nails together with a *crack* that meant business. On our way to Pompeii we saw a good deal of this hunting going on, and much combination of rags. The sun was warm, and it would have seemed so much better if these people had been naked, — in fact, the children were half naked, and many of the older people had but little more drapery than our first parents, — their naked arms, legs, and shoulders looking like ripe oranges. Why take the trouble to collect a covering of rags, which only attract the dust? Glimpses into court-yards displayed trees loaded with oranges. Existence here is easy. Wants are few. These lazzaroni bask in the sun, and never show energy, except in begging. Some of the young beggars grin between their whining petitions, and dodge the coachman's whip with the most playful humor.

We were, of course, delighted with Naples and its vicinity ("where only man is vile"), but were glad to get back to Rome, whose sights and sounds had become so familiar to us. Its remarkable aqueducts seemed to be striding out upon the Campagna to welcome us to home and friends. Rome is cleaner than the city by the bay, and its population seems to be of a distinctly superior type. The importunities of beggars and cabmen are here reduced to the Italian minimum. One may walk the streets of Rome with comparative freedom from annoyance. He need not be on constant guard against pickpockets, which cannot be said of Naples. There are not the same easy opportunities here as at Naples for the artistic "study of the partially nude," but one may walk abroad with less danger of soiling his boots.

The stranger may see all there is of special interest in Pisa in a few hours. Here are those four buildings, "so fortunate in their solitude and their society" — the Cathedral, the Campo Santo, the Baptistry, and the Leaning Tower. They are quite near each other, covering but a few acres of ground, and are all embraced in one glance of the eye.

Every person knows something of the Leaning Tower; he remembers how it looks, or how it did look, pictured in his geography in school-days, in company with the Wall of China, the Great Tun of Heidelberg, and the Natural Bridge of Virginia.

There are other things about it, which no person, now living, knows. Is its leaning position the result of accident or design? We will not condense the arguments that have been advanced on both sides of this question. The fact that Italy abounds in odd and grotesque specimens of architecture, and that in other parts of Italy there are several more leaning towers — and the fact that the upper gallery, which is smaller than the others, shows a very perceptible inclination back towards the perpendicular, as if in some degree to counterbalance the deviation of the other part, leads us to believe that, notwithstanding the soft and spongy nature of the soil, its inclination is the result of design, and not of accident. It is seven hundred years old, is built of marble, eight stories high; it inclines fourteen feet from the perpendicular, is fifty feet in diameter, and one hundred and eighty feet high. Instead of an old, black, crumbling fabric, as we supposed, it is a light, airy, graceful structure, of white marble, and each of its eight stories is encircled by fluted columns, with Corinthian capitals, that were beautiful when they were new. This singular structure is simply a *campanile*, or bell-tower, appurtenant to the Cathedral, as is the frequent custom in Italy; and in its top hangs an ancient chime of bells. We ascended by the same stairs which were trodden so often by Galileo in going up to make his astronomical observations (Pisa was the birth-place of the great

astronomer); in climbing spirally around the hollow cylinder in the dark, it was easy to tell on which side of the tower we were, from the proportionate steepness of the staircase. One does not feel altogether safe at the summit, as he looks down from the high side; but when he crawls down to the lower side and cranes his neck out far enough to see the base of the tower, his nerves are apt to tremble, and he takes care not to "bear down," and tries to "feel very small," lest his added weight should cause the lofty tower to totter and tumble to the ground. The eye takes in a fine view from the top, embracing the vast plain as far as Leghorn on one side, with its gardens and grain-fields spread out like a map. The blue summits of the Apennines shut in the view to the east. To the west we could see the distant Mediterranean, whitened with the sails of commerce, its broad expanse of water stretching away to the horizon —

"To where the blue of heaven on bluer waves shut down!"

It would have been a thrilling sight to see any ocean, when one has rambled thousands of miles among the mountains and vales of the inland, but to behold this sea, of all others, was glorious indeed! — this sea, whose waves wash the feet of Naples, Constantinople, and Alexandria, and break on the hoary shores where Troy, and Tyre, and Carthage have mouldered away; whose breast has been furrowed

by the keels of a hundred nations through more than forty centuries — from the first rude voyage of Jason and his Argonauts, to the thunders of Navarino, that heralded the second birth of Greece.

The Cathedral is one of those buildings, so common in Italy, rich with the spoils of centuries, which would justify, and indeed requires, in order to be comprehended, a study of many days. The façade, of five stories, is rich and imposing, and the stately bronze doors are of admirable workmanship. The dome is finely frescoed, and the works of art that adorn the walls are numerous and interesting. In the nave hangs a chandelier, once beautiful, but now black and time-worn, and suspended from the centre of the dome above by a black, dirty rope.

This chandelier suggested to Galileo the idea of the pendulum, which has been applied to so much advantage to the world, and given such an extension to the field of science and mechanics. The pulpit is of an ancient order, and is a superb structure of richly carved marble; and the whole church is wealthy with paintings, mosaics, and sculpture. It is in the form of a Latin cross, and is bedecked with ornaments magnificent and costly. Candles burn on the altars, and music echoes along the deserted aisles.

The Campo Santo, on the north side of the cathedral, was, until a comparatively recent date, the cemetery of the city. The space enclosed within its marble

galleries is filled to the depth of eight or ten feet with earth from the Holy Land. The vessels which carried the knights of Tuscany to Palestine, in the days of the great Saladin, were filled at Joppa, on returning, with this earth as ballast, and, on arriving at Pisa, it was deposited in the cemetery. It was long supposed to have some peculiar power of rapidly decomposing the bodies which were deposited in it. The dust of a German emperor, among others, rests in this consecrated ground. The frescos on the walls of the Campo Santo rank high in the history of art, and are now much studied and deservedly valued.

The Baptistry is a circular building of white marble, about a hundred feet in diameter. It is older than the Leaning Tower, having been built in the eleventh century. It is raised in the form of an immense dome, and rises to a height of a hundred and seventy-nine feet. The great ornament of the interior is the pulpit, by Nicolo da Pisa. It is hexagonal in form, supported by seven columns, — one at each angle, and one in the centre. The central column rests upon the back of a man in a crouching posture, with an eagle in his right hand. The columns at the angles are supported by animals, — lions, tigers, and griffins. The capitals of the columns are highly carved, with a very sharp and delicate chisel. Over the columns is a cornice which runs round the pulpit, and at each angle above are three small columns,

between which are panels, decorated with *bas-reliefs* admirably executed. One, especially, representing the Last Judgment, is a miracle of patience and skill. The baptismal font is of purest Parian marble. It is in the middle, and is large enough for a dozen persons to occupy at one time; indicating that immersion was the form of baptism here practised.

But the most remarkable thing about this building is its wonderful musical echo. Our guide stationed himself at the side of the font and sang a few notes. After a moment's pause, they were repeated aloft in the dome, but with a sound of divine sweetness — as clear and pure as the clang of a crystal bell. Another pause, and we heard them again, higher, fainter, and sweeter, followed by a dying note, as if they were fading far away into heaven. It seemed as if an angel lingered in the temple, echoing with his melodious lips the common harmonies of earth. Even thus does the music of good deeds, hardly noted in our grosser atmosphere, awake a divine echo in the far world of spirit.

On our way from Pisa to Genoa we skirt the shores of the Mediterranean for many miles, welcoming the cool, sweet breath of its western breeze. We pass through eighty-two tunnels, aggregating about twenty-five miles, the longest being from five to seven miles. The scenery, for much of the way, is of the most ravishing beauty — the sea on one side and the olive-clad

hills on the other. The hills are often crowned by towns or castles, and the valleys are highly cultivated. The curving coast offers many opportunities for prospect and retrospect.

Genoa still merits its old title, "The Superb." It is difficult to imagine a city more picturesquely situated. The site is an amphitheatre, looking to the south and west, and the houses rise tier on tier against the faces of the hills, the summits of which are crowned by castles and forts. The harbor is a semi-circular bay, two and a half miles in diameter, into which project two long moles, one from each side, adding to its security. The buildings are generally of marble, very high and imposing. A succession of streets of fair width form a sort of boulevard around the oldest part of the city, and on these are the palaces and finest buildings. The other streets are very narrow, some of them mere cracks between the lofty walls. The architecture of the palaces is striking and grandiose. As at Florence, these buildings are significant of the stormy days of the republic, when a nobleman's palace needed to be half castle. We are impressed here by the great number of them, by the rugged strength of their façades, and by the grace and richness of their pillared courts. These magnificent dwellings attest the former importance of the city, and the wealth and pride of the citizens. Some of them have fine gardens, running up the faces of the hills on ter-

races, and enriched by fountains, temples, and arcades. Nearly all have galleries of good pictures, among which are found some of the best examples of the great masters. Among them may be mentioned the Royal Palace, the Brignole, the Balbi, the Marcello Durazzo, the Pallavicini, and the Municipio, or Town Hall, the latter containing numerous reminiscences of Columbus. The guide was delighted to show us "ze letter written by Christopher Colombo! — write it himself! — write it wis his own hand!" also the aforesaid gentleman "*on a bust!*" The Palazzo Doria and the Villa Rosazza have delightful gardens, in which millions must have been expended. Many of the churches are sumptuous edifices, with fine sculptures and paintings. Among the best are San Lorenzo (the cathedral), San Ambrogio, San Maria di Carignano, and the Annunziata. On an eminence commanding charming views, is the public garden, called Acqua Sola, which presents a lively scene in the afternoon. A long, high wall, with arcades, separates a part of the harbor from the houses of the city. The top of it, forty feet wide, smoothly paved with marble, is a pleasant promenade in the morning and evening. It is also used as a skating-rink with rolling skates. Genoa has a double line of fortifications: the first, a strong wall, enclosing the city itself, the second making a wide sweep and extending over the high surrounding hills, the tops of which are provided with

castles and entrenchments. This outer line, built two hundred and fifty years ago, has been recently strengthened, though for what purpose it is hard to see, as the natural approaches to Genoa by land are very difficult. Genoa is at present a flourishing city, the most important, commercially, of all Italy. Its foreign commerce is nearly as much as that of Boston, and it has a large coastwise trade. Its harbor presents a busy scene, the shipping being crowded into a comparatively small compass, and the loading and unloading are done by lighters.

One of the most interesting things for a traveller to see at Genoa, is the Campo Santo, or cemetery, a short distance outside the walls. Of course it is too artificial, like all Italian cemeteries, but it is the best of its kind. A quadrangle is enclosed by graceful arcades, very rich in mortuary sculpture. Some of the hundreds of angels and allegorical figures are very effective, to say nothing about the portrait busts, of which there are a great number. With such an opportunity, the sculptors of Genoa, a very clever school, ought to develop a high order of talent. But, after all, how much more satisfying are the rural cemeteries which have not been converted into marble-yards.

One American invention, the horse railroad, has recently been adopted in Genoa, and very American cars run along by the palaces of the Doges, and the

handsome monument of Columbus. The great discoverer was almost a Genoese, having been born near here, at Cogoleto, within the province; and his memory is held in high esteem by his countrymen of to-day.

While in Genoa, we took a sail one evening in the harbor. The rowers stood round the wharves in little armies, waiting to earn a franc. The night was lovely, the stars were bright, and the moon hung like a beacon-light over the walls and marble palaces of the city. The streets and palaces were brilliantly illuminated, and rising tier on tier to the lofty hills encircling the city, the whole town glowed and blazed like a coronet of diamonds. It was a dream of our life to sail on the Mediterranean and up the castellated Rhine. And here, on that sweet summer night, tossed on the gently swelling waves, under the soft radiance of the shining stars, we found the romance and fruition of that dream.

Although Turin is the third city in Italy, in size (it has a population of 212,000), there is but little of interest to detain the traveller. It has some fine bridges, that on the Dora forming a single arch; large squares and broad streets, laid out at right angles; the monuments and palaces in the new town; and its delightful promenades bordered by villas.

A little incident occurred at this place, which, at one time, threatened a sensation. One evening as we were strolling along the street, near our hotel, we

observed an excited crowd a few rods distant. We hurried to the spot, not thinking in the least that one of our number was a party to the agitated throng. Miss W.,* one of our young ladies, had had her pocket picked, and discovering the thief in the act, she seized him by the collar and charged him pantomimically (not being able to speak the Italian tongue), with the theft. He stoutly denied taking the purse, and again and again asserted his innocence. Our conductor, who could "wrestle with the vernacular," was called in to help one of his party out of trouble. He gave his countryman a friendly hearing and accepted his version of the affair. "He is a citizen, and he would not rob a lady," — oh, no, of course not! But our "unbelieving friend" had great faith in her *eyes* — she *believed them*, even against the word of the accused and his dozen confederates, with the good opinion of our conductor thrown in. "I saw him snatch it from my pocket, and one of them now has it," again reiterated the brave lady. This was translated by our conductor to the thieves, and fearing that one of their number would soon be *in durance vile*, the purse was soon passed into the hands of its owner, though not by the one who filched it from her pocket. So much for the brave girl who *had faith in her eyes*. May her faith be increased.

* Miss I. D. S. Willis, Hannibal, Mo., who remains abroad two years, for lingual accomplishments.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FIRST DIVISION—THROUGH FRANCE, ENGLAND, ETC.

From Turin to Paris — London Again — Oxford and its Colleges — The Students — The Martyr's Memorial — Wesley and Wickliffe — The Bodleian Library — Stratford-on-Avon — Shakespeare's Birthplace — Interesting Relics — Anne Hathaway's Cottage — To Ireland, via Birmingham and Holyhead — Dublin and its Sights — Irish Jaunting-Cars — Departure for Home.

In our long twenty-two hours ride from Turin to Paris, we felt the discomforts of the European cars, and the lack of the comfortable American sleeping-car. There was much fun and merriment in the "happy families" before we adjusted our extemporized couches, and various conditions of rest for the night. Things were "stirred up" generally, and the frisky fleas of Italy and France were doubly lively; they hopped and skipped about like the waltzing water-bugs, without the least regard to the comfort of weary and sleepy passengers. Some took their traps and made couches upon the floor; others partially reclined upon the seats, pillowing their heads upon their neighbors' shoulders; while others sat bolt upright, and slept as best they could, That was a memorable night, when we reclined or sat, leaned or lounged

about, in helter-skelter fashion, like a palpitating mass of hog's-head cheese, or like poultry going to market promiscuously in a bag.

Of our arrival in Paris, — of our sight-seeing and rambles in that gayest and most beautiful capital in all the world, — witnessing its follies and its beauties, by daylight and gas-light; of our visit to the Exposition, the manufactory of the Gobelin tapestries, the porcelain works at Sèvres, St. Cloud, Versailles, its old palace of Louis XIV., with its artistic decorations and stately courts, its incomparable park, with its parterres and avenues, its gardens and groves, its lakes, basins, and fountains, — adorned with Tritons, nymphs, Apollos, Neptunes, syrens, dolphins, and dragons, — all the divinities of fable, the Dancing Faun, the intoxicated Bacchus, the superb Juno, and the tearful Latona, all spouting high in air the snowy waters; of all these, is it not written by the *other scribes* in The Book of The Chronicles of The Tourjée-ans? And as we have occupied so much space on other fields of description, we will not take that which properly belongs to others.

After reaching London, we visited several places which our limited first visit did not permit us to see: among them were the Kensington Museum, the Albert Memorial and Royal Albert Hall, and the National Gallery. We had our choice, here, of returning via Glasgow, as we came, or of going by Windsor, Ox-

ford, Warwick, and Stratford; and then crossing the Irish Sea to Dublin, and joining the other portion of the party on the steamer at Londonderry. Of course the most of us chose the latter route, and Rev. Perry Marshall was chosen as our conductor and manager, and right well and satisfactorily did he fill the place. Our time did not allow us to stop and examine old Windsor Castle and its most attractive surroundings; but we were offered a fine view of it from the train, a mile and a half away. Between Windsor and Oxford, we had pointed out to us the home and estate of Lord Beaconsfield, the Prime Minister.

It was vacation season when we visited Oxford, and we missed the nearly three thousand students who are receiving the drill and discipline which few institutions of the world offer. The absence of the students gave all the better opportunity to see and examine the workshop where such scholarship is turned out, as we see in Gladstone, Goldwin Smith, French, Stanley, Froude, Kingsley, Ruskin, Lord Derby, and Tennyson.

The stone of which the Oxford College buildings are constructed is, unfortunately, a very soft one, and the present ragged, scarred, and peeled condition of those beautiful structures, can hardly be imagined. Some of them are completely honey-combed. In many instances they are rebuilding, or rather making over the edifice, stone for stone, in exactly the old style and pattern.

One is tempted to lay irreverent hands upon the smooth-worn monster brass nose of the gate of Brasenose College. It is said, however, that the name of the college has nothing to do with "Brass"; but was derived from "Brasin-hous," the ancient name of "Brew-house." Bishop Heber and Rev. F. W. Robertson were students of this college; also Rev. Henry Carpenter, the successor of Starr King, and present pastor of Hollis Street Church, Boston.

Taken as a whole, there is nothing in Oxford that quite equals Christ College, at the termination of High Street, for the number of members upon its foundation, its great names, its courts, and its famous "Hall," one hundred and fifteen feet by forty. This college, built by Cardinal Wolsey on the scale of his own magnificence, is *par eminence*, the nobleman's college. These tufted gentlemen occupy, at meal-time, a raised platform by themselves; and a fee is required to see this superb feasting-hall.

To spend a summer afternoon sauntering along the broad walk of Christ College, looking out upon the great smooth meadows and shining Cherwell on one side, and beautiful Merton College, with its masses of splendid trees and gardens on the other, with now and then the deep tones of the big bell in "Tom Tower" filling the air with solemn sound, Oxford would seem to be a place in which to forget the present, to lose the future, and to walk and muse life

away in the dim cloisters of the past. Our first impression of Oxford still remains, that it is the palace of the scholar, — his paradise of literary rest, his final reward, — rather than a place to *make* vigorous scholars and workingmen.

Some one has classified the students of Oxford into 1, the reading men; 2, the idle slow men; 3, the good kind of fellows; 4, the idle fast or do-nothing men; 5, the regular fast man. Nevertheless, we can but acknowledge the superior thoroughness of English scholarship; its richer culture and more permanent and substantial depth. What it does it does well. Those who are scholars are genuine ones. They are inspired with a true love of sound learning which never leaves them.

But we must speak of a spot consecrated by something far dearer and nobler than scholastic learning, valuable as that is to society; viz., "The Martyrs' Memorial," erected on the spot where the three chief martyrs of the Reformation, Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley, suffered. This beautiful monument marks, as it were, the spiritual centre of England. It is such spots as these — the "Martyrs' Tree" at Brentwood, the place where Hooper was burned at Gloucester, and Smithfield Market — which make England holy ground.

We visited Lincoln College, where John Wesley was educated. In an entrance hall is an old oaken

pulpit, in which this renowned founder of the Methodists preached his first sermon. It has not been used for a long time. It is not in the chapel, yet stands where it generally stood in old times, reminding us of the period when the chapel or church was for "services" before altars; preaching was only occasional, the pulpit being brought in when it was wanted. The pulpit has not been "wanted" for some time, in one sense; but it may be doubted if the Oxonians of to-day can hear from any other pulpit discourse more impressive than that which may still strike an attentive ear from that silent pulpit in the hall. Lincoln College was founded expressly to wage war against the ideas of Wickliffe. Its chief literary treasure now is the manuscript of Wickliffe's Bible; its chief fame is to have produced the great man of whom the "morning star" was forerunner — John Wesley. We visited the famous Bodleian Library, which has over three hundred thousand printed volumes, besides thirty thousand choice manuscripts. We saw here the book of "Enoch," brought by Bruce from Abyssinia, a hundred years ago; also the lantern used by Guy Fawkes in his attempt to blow up the Parliament Buildings. In this library we saw the "History of Troy," — the first book printed in the English language, about 1472, — and the first English Bible, printed by Miles Coverdale, in 1535. We visited the "Theatre," or hall, where all the honorary degrees of the Univer-

sity are conferred, prize poems read, etc. In this hall Bishop Heber, at his graduation, recited his "Palestine." At Oxford there are twenty-one colleges and four halls. Cardinal Wolsey was once purser of Magdalen College; and from the tower overlooking the square a Latin anthem is sung on the first day of May, at five o'clock in the morning, in lieu of the mass that used to be sung in papal times.

After leaving the literary and classic old town of Oxford, we proceeded to that most interesting spot to all who speak the English tongue, the birth-place of the Bard of Avon. We have no special sympathy with the gushing, sentimental traveller who bottles up his emotions and exclamations like soda-water, and is ever ready to uncork and let them "fizz" on every suitable occasion. But we must confess that we felt a strange thrill at our heart as we rode into the quaint old town where the one Shakespeare of the world lived, and loved, and died. We proceeded first to the house in Henley Street, where Shakespeare was born, and where he lived much of his life. The house where he died is no longer standing. The one where he was born is a rather large, old-fashioned stone house, with two gables fronting the street, two stories high, and with a pointed roof. Over the front door is a pointed portico, and the whole exterior of the house indicates a certain amount of both taste and prosperity in the Shakespeare family. But inside it is plain and rough-

ly finished, — a house that seemed utterly lacking in comfort. In the room where the immortal dramatist was born, the poet Wordsworth once tried to make some verses. The rough draft of them has been preserved with great care, and is framed under glass. First were the three following lines : —

> "The house of Shakespeare's birth we here may see ;
> That of his death we find without a trace.
> Vain the inquiry, for immortal he " —

Here came a pause. Evidently this beginning was not satisfactory to the poet, for he drew his pen through it to cross it out; and then, taking a fresh start, proceeded thus : —

> "Of mighty Shakespeare's birth the room we see;
> That where he died, in vain to find we try.
> Useless the search, for all immortal he,
> And those that are immortal never die."

The kind old ladies who now have charge of the house, and with so much pride and courtesy show it to the visitor, are quite epigrammatic in their remarks, worthy the literary lord whose domain they guard. As one of them took us into the room of which we are speaking, in a thin, cracked voice, she said : "There 's not much to *see* here, but a great deal to *feel*." "Walter Scott wrote his name here, and many *less famous*, that fall with the whitewash." To our "un-

believing friend" who "doubted" about any such man as Shakespeare having ever lived, intimating that Bacon wrote his plays: "Why could n't *Shakespeare* be born as well as any *other man?*" emphatically exclaimed the oracular old lady. One side of the chimney-piece here is called "The Actor's Pillar," so thickly is it covered with the names of actors, Edmund Kean's signature being among them, and still clearly legible. As before stated, on one of the window-panes Walter Scott cut his name with his diamond ring (this was in obedience to a request, as there was then no autograph-book in the house), and all the panes are scratched with signatures, making you think of Douglas Jerrold's remark on bad Shakespearian commentators, that they resemble persons who write on glass with diamonds, and obscure the light with a multitude of scratches. One room, called the Museum, is devoted to Shakespearian curiosities, or relics, one of which is a school-boy's desk ("illustrated with *cuts*"), in which the illustrious scholar studied and *whittled* when a schoolboy. Boys were then, very evidently, as is the present custom, in the habit of using their jackknives on their benches. You can sit in his antique study-chair, if you like, and think unutterable things. There is certainly no word that can even remotely suggest the feeling with which you are there overwhelmed. Here, too, is his writing-desk, a battered old affair, which, in its first estate, was a very

humble and homely article of furniture; but how it made one's heart beat to sit down before it, and think what words had been written there, — words which must endure till this round world itself shall pass away! In a glass case is seen the seal-ring which Shakespeare wore; also the one worn by Dr. Hall, who married his favorite daughter. Here was a cast of the great dramatist's face, taken after his death, and here was a portrait of him, taken when he was between thirty-eight and forty. It is poor and crude enough as a work of art, and faulty in execution; but the artist had, somehow, managed to prison something of the wonderful soul of his subject. The brow is the kingliest ever known, and something strong and resolute, and yet very calm, looks out of those painted eyes. The portrait is kept under lock and key, every night, in an iron safe. It is much too valuable to be trusted without the greatest precautions. At the back of the cottage, now isolated from all contiguous structures, is a pleasant garden, and, at one side, is a cosey, luxurious little cabin — the home of order and of pious decorum — for the ladies who are custodians of the Shakespeare house. If you are a favored visitor, you may receive, from this garden, at parting, all the flowers, prettily affixed to a sheet of purple-edged paper, that poor *Ophelia* names, in the scene of her madness: "There 's rosemary, that 's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember; and there is pansies, that 's

for thoughts; there 's fennel for you, and columbines; there 's rue for you; there 's a daisy. I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died." The minute knowledge that Shakespeare had of plants and flowers, and the loving appreciation with which he describes pastoral scenery, are explained to the rambler in Stratford by all that he sees and hears. There is a walk across the fields to Shottery, Anne Hathaway's cottage, which the poet must often have taken in the days of his courtship, whereon the feet of the traveller are buried in wild flowers and furrow-weeds. The high road to that hamlet, also, passes through rich meadows, and lands teeming with grain, flecked everywhere with those brilliant scarlet poppies, which are so radiant and bewitching in the English landscape. To have grown up amid such surroundings, and, above all, to have experienced amidst them the passion of love, must have been, with Shakespeare, the intuitive acquirement of most ample and most specific knowledge of their manifold beauties. It would be hard to find a sweeter rustic retreat than is Anne Hathaway's cottage, even now. The tall trees embower it; and over its porches, and along its picturesque, irregular front, and on its thatched roof, the woodbine and the ivy climb; and there are the wild roses and the maiden's blush. For the young poet's wooing no place could be fitter than this! They show you, in that cottage, an old settle by the fireside,

whereon the lovers may have sat together. In the rude little chamber next the roof, an antique carved bedstead, which Anne Hathaway once owned, and on which Shakespeare is believed to have slept when he was first married. People say he could n't have loved her very much, because he only left her his second-best bed in his will. He must have loved her in the days when he went to woo her in that humblest of all humble cottages. It is the poorest little place, — scarcely more than a cabin, — with thatched roof, the roughest walls; and, inside, rough stone floors, and jagged-looking beams overhead.

This, as we know, continued to be Anne's home for many years of her married life; the husband being absent in London, and sometimes coming down to visit her at Shottery. "He was wont," says Aubrey, "to go to his native county once a year." The last surviving descendant of the Hathaway family — Mrs. Taylor — lives in the house now, and welcomes with homely hospitality the wanderers from all lands who seek, in a sympathy and reverence most honorable to human nature, the shrine of Shakespeare's love.

On that delicious summer evening, which is forever memorable in our life, the golden glory of the westering sun burns on the gray spire of Stratford Church, and on the ancient graveyard below, wherein the mossy stones lean this way and that, in sweet and orderly confusion, and on the peaceful avenue of lin-

dens, and on the burnished waters of silver Avon. The tall, arched, many-colored windows of the church glint in the evening light. A cool and fragrant wind is stirring the branches and the grass. The small birds, calling to their mates, or sporting in the wanton pleasure of their airy life, are circling over the church roof, or hiding in little crevices of its walls. On the vacant meadows across the river stretch away the long and level shadows of the pompous elms. Here and there, upon the river's brink, are pairs of what seem lovers, strolling by the reedy marge, or sitting upon the low tombs, in the quiet evening. The funeral train of Shakespeare, on that dark day when it moved from New Place to Stratford Church, had but a little way to go. The river, surely, must have seemed to hush its murmurs, the trees to droop their branches, the sunshine to grow dim, as that sad procession passed! His grave is under the gray pavement of the chancel, within the rail, and his wife and his two daughters are buried at his side. There, "after life's fitful fever, he sleeps well." It is a fine old church, as are most of the English country churches, its oldest portion dating as far back as 1140; and not the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey, where sleep so many of the illustrious, is so interesting to us as this rustic church, where rests the mightiest dead of all.

The pilgrim who reads, upon the gravestone itself, those rugged lines of grievous entreaty and awful

imprecation which guard the poet's rest, feels no doubt that he is listening to his living voice, for he has now seen the enchanting beauty of the place, and he has now felt what passionate affection it is able to inspire. Feeling, and not manner, would naturally have commanded that sudden, agonized supplication and threat. Nor does such a pilgrim doubt, when gazing on the painted bust, above the grave, that was made by Gerard Johnson, the stone-cutter, that he beholds the authentic face of Shakespeare. It is not the heavy face that the portraits represent it. There is a rapt, transfigured quality in it which these do not convey. It is thoughtful, austere, and yet benign. Shakespeare was a hazel-eyed man, with auburn hair, and the colors that he wore were scarlet and black. Being painted, and also being set up at a considerable height on the church wall, the bust does not disclose what is sufficiently perceptible in a cast from it, — that it is, in fact, the literal copy of a cast from the dead face. One of the cheeks is a little swollen, and the tongue is very slightly protruded, and is caught between the lips.

It need not be said that the old theory, that the poet was not a gentleman of great consideration in his own time and place, falls utterly and forever from the mind when you stand at his grave. No man could have a more honorable or sacred spot of sepulture; and while it illustrates the profound esteem of the

community in which he lived, it testifies to the high religious character by which that esteem was confirmed. "I commend my soul into the hands of God, my Creator, hoping and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ, my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting." So wrote Shakespeare, in his last will, bowing in humblest reverence the mightiest mind — as vast and limitless in the power to comprehend as to express — that ever wore the garments of mortality.

After leaving the church, we strolled along the shores of the Avon, past the Memorial Building which is being erected to his memory on the banks of the river. On our return we paid our respects to the Red Horse Inn, where Washington Irving stayed when in Stratford.

They keep the room very much as it was when he left it; for they are proud of his gentle genius and grateful for his commemorative words. In a corner stands the old-fashioned arm-chair in which he sat on that night of memory and of musing, which he has described in the "Sketch-Book." A brass plate bearing his name is affixed to it; and the visitor observes, in token of its age and service, that the hair-cloth of its seat is considerably torn and frayed. Every American pilgrim sits in this chair, and reads the memorials of Irving that are hung upon the walls; and it is no small comfort there to reflect that our own

illustrious countryman — whose name will be remembered with honor as long as true literature is prized among men — was the first, in modern days, to discover the beauties and to interpret the poetry of the birth-place of Shakespeare.

As we strive, after many days, to call back, and to fix in words the impressions of that sublime experience, the same awe falls upon us now as fell upon us then.

Nothing else upon earth, — no natural scene, no relic of the past, no pageantry of the present, — can vie with the shrine of Shakespeare, in power to impress, to humble, and to exalt the devout spirit that has been nurtured at the fountain of his transcendent genius.

But little more of our story remains to be told. We left Stratford in the early evening via Birmingham and Holyhead, crossing St. George's Channel, and reached Dublin the following morning.

Most of us charter the jaunting-car for our drive through the streets of Dublin. The carriages of every country are peculiar; but the Irish jaunting-car is the most peculiar, the drollest, craziest piece of locomotive furniture ever invented. It is eminently Irish, every fragment of it, — smacks of the brogue, — and it seems a ridiculous "bull" to get into it at all. It is a shaky, oblong box, mounted upon two rickety wheels, about three feet apart, unfolding in the middle lengthwise, into two seats that hang over outside the wheels,

where you sit in pairs, back to back, with your rollicking driver in front, flogging his raw-boned horse to the top of his speed, turning sharp corners, plunging through the crowded streets of the city, and rattling over the rough roads in the country, at the same headlong pace. And then the politeness with which your Jehu touches his hat and hopes "your honor is satisfied with the dhrivin', sure," and will "bestow a small thrifle to spend in dhrinkin' your health," is quite inimitable. The Blarney Stone none of us kissed, as several, it would seem, had done so already, and there was no room for the "blarney" of others.

We visited the various objects and points of interest about the city, — Nelson's monument, the birthplaces of Wellington and Tom Moore, the home of O'Connell, Trinity College, and Dublin Castle

We went into St. Patrick's Cathedral, at one end of whose aisle is a little old crypt, all that remains of that portion of the church which is said to have been built in A. D. 540.

We were in Ireland just long enough to ascertain that it is inhabited by real genuine Pats and Bridgets, — the land of potatoes, whiskey, and rebellions. It is not strange that this people, which has produced so many patriots and orators, should chafe under the rule of a foreign yoke. It is a beautiful island, — the northern portion often reminding us of the hills and mountains of Scotland. The climate here is

so moist that every stone fence, rock, and cliff, is clad in some kind of verdure. Here in early autumn, when the American landscape is often faded and brown, it was fresh and velvety, — the old trees circled round with the leafy ivy, and the hedges in their light-green livery of spring.

Leaving Dublin towards evening, we reached Londonderry at a late hour of the night. Early in the morning, we boarded a small steamer, and, after a pleasant two-hours' sail down Lough Foyle, we joined our friends on the "Anchoria," off Moville. A few of the division remained behind, — at London, Paris, and Italy, — some to visit the Holy Land, others for study and general sight-seeing in Europe.

A European tour, to most of us, is an event in our lives. But how different the result to different tastes and minds. To some, it is a kind of inspiration, or new birth; a sort of education obtained in no other way. To most persons, it broadens the mind, enlarges the sympathies, and enables them to break away from the petty narrowness and dull routine of their every-day life. And yet it is marvellous how little some persons add to their intellectual stock-in-trade by a foreign tour. They can say they have been to Europe, and that is all they have to show for it.

"Some minds improve by travel; others, rather
Resemble copper wire, or brass,
Which gets the narrower by going farther."

Emerson uttered the truth in a nutshell, when he said, "One finds in Europe what he brings to it," or words to that effect. The capacity to see and grow does not depend upon what we usually mean by *education*. We have seen travellers, who, with great opportunities for culture, by travel and otherwise, have only succeeded in narrowing their views, and intensifying their egotism. And their wives, — well, what they have obtained by foreign travel, they have bought at the shops.

On the other hand, how many people we have met who are making the most of all they saw in the Old World, and by whose experience American society will be made the richer and sweeter. And even those people who get little but from the shops, take home something that will bear fruit.

We look back upon our tour, and its experiences, as upon a pleasant dream. The sights we have seen, the emotions we have felt (not to be expressed), and the delightful acquaintances we have formed, will make us richer and happier all our life-time. Many of the best little things of the trip, — the bright sayings and doings, — cannot be reproduced in a book; they are preserved and stored away in memory.

Our travels in the British Isles, in Germany, up the castellated Rhine, scaling the glorious Alps, in vine-clad France and its gay capital, leave bright and happy pictures in memory's gallery; and the recollec-

tions of Loved Italia, its art, its antiquities, and scenery, The Fortunate Seventy can sincerely say, are not less beautiful and golden than its glowing sunset skies.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SECOND DIVISION.

Notes of the Tour through Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and France — Interesting Incident at Zurich — Congratulatory Resolutions passed at Paris.

The second division of the Tourjée party was made up at the Inns of Court Hotel, in London, and Mr. F. Felix Limozin was assigned by Messrs. Cook & Son as our courier and conductor for the continental journey. After our sojourn in London, we left, all in joyous spirits, on the evening of Monday, July 15th. We took the Flushing route from Holborn Station at 8.40 P. M., arriving at Sheerness about ten o'clock in the evening. Here we went on board the steamer "Princess Elizabeth," which took us across the North Sea, arriving at Flushing at an early morning hour. From thence we took a train almost immediately for Antwerp.

Arriving at Antwerp we were at once quartered at the Hôtel de la Paix, and in a very brief time every member of the party was settled in his or her cozy room, and ready for "doing" the city. In a body our division visited the famous Museum of Paintings, the

Cathedral of Notre Dame, and the Zoölogical Gardens. There were very many amateurs and connoisseurs of the fine arts in our party, and it was with admiration and delight that they lingered around the productions of the old Flemish masters. Greatly admired were such works as "Christ between the Two Thieves," "Adoration of the Magi," the "Crucifixion," and the "Descent from the Cross," by Rubens; "The Entombment," by Van Dyck; and "The Entombment," by Quentin Matsys. The story of Matsys, as a matter of course, was learned by heart, and a visit was made to the famous well. The next morning drives were taken in and around the city, and visits were thus paid to the wharves, the Exchange, and to other points of interest.

On the morning of July 18th, we took a train at 9.15 A. M., and arrived at Brussels about one hour later. In that city we took up our abode at the Hôtel de la Poste. The ladies of the party quickly found their way to the lace manufactories and sales depots. Other points of interest were by no means passed by, however. Visits were made to the Ducal Palace, the Cathedral of Ste. Gudule, the Botanical Gardens, the Picture Gallery, the Palace of the Nation, &c.

July 19. It was an early breakfast that the American party took this morning, for we were to leave for Cologne by a train starting at six o'clock. Early starts were enjoyed by us all, as the morning air was so

fresh and invigorating. Closely ensconced in the now familiar and oftentimes luxurious railway coaches, we hurriedly passed through Verviers, Aix-la-Chapelle, &c., and arrived at Cologne about half-past eleven o'clock. The custom-house officials allowed all our luggage to pass without examination. At Cologne we were registered at the Hôtel de Hollande. Of course every member of our party visited the famous Cathedral, and some the Museum and Art Gallery. In the evening, quite a delegation attended Gilmore's Band Concert, and after the regular programme, in honor of the Americans present, "The Star-Spangled Banner" and several other American national airs were played.

July 20. This morning we took the steamer "Kaiser Wilhelm," at 9 o'clock, for a journey up the Rhine, and the trip was one which we shall ever remember with unalloyed pleasure.

Of the three hundred passengers on board, it would be safe to conclude that nine-tenths of the number were either Americans or English.

"A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,"

was called forth as we passed Bingen, and other legendary and historic incidents were recalled as we sped by the ivy-clad ruins of many an old castle. Arriving at Biebrich about 7 o'clock in the evening, we at once took the coaches for Wiesbaden.

July 21. Some of our party attended service at

the Lutheran Church; others visited the Greek Church, while many strolled about the town or remained at the Hôtel du Rhin.

July 22. We left Weisbaden this morning by rail at 10 A. M., and took our dinner at the Hôtel du Nord, in Frankfort-on-the-Main. Our stay being short, hasty visits were made, by the aid of carriages, to the Museum, Goethe's House, the Ariadneum, the monument to Goethe (erected in 1844), &c. The Romer was also visited. This building, historically, was the most interesting edifice seen in Frankfort. The Romerberg, directly in front, is the great market-place of the city, and down to the end of the last century no Jew was permitted to enter its confines. Leaving by the afternoon train, we arrived in Heidelberg about 7 o'clock in the evening, and took up our temporary residence at the Hôtel de l'Europe.

July 23. The various places of interest in Heidelberg were visited, and very many of the party will remember with pleasure the "ivy gathering" around the old Schloss.

July 24. This date found us in Baden-Baden, enjoying rambles about this gay and brilliant watering-place, together with visits to the old castle and drives in the edge of the Black Forest; whilst our base of operations was the excellent Hôtel de Hollande. Our stay in Baden-Baden was one of unalloyed pleasure.

July 25. We took an early train for the long ride to Schaffhausen. For the first time since leaving Scotland we were obliged to travel in a rain-storm, and the Hôtel Schweizerhoff, at the Falls of the Rhine, was reached under depressing atmospheric influences. It was cold and stormy, but, notwithstanding these adverse circumstances, our party was in the best of spirits, and bent upon enjoying their opportunities for sight-seeing to the full.

July 26. We left our hotel at 11.30, and arrived at the Hôtel Belle-Vue in Zurich in the early afternoon. Rides were taken in and around the city, and the various places of interest were visited. Our stay in Zurich was made exceedingly pleasant. We observed on our arrival at the Hôtel Belle-Vue a portrait of General Grant in the reception-room, and this circumstance called forth many pleasant expressions. The next morning, the ladies of our division prepared a handsome wreath for the brow of the General, and after the portrait had been thus adorned, the party united in giving expression to their patriotism in "Columbia's the Gem of the Ocean," and in three rousing cheers for the American warrior and ex-President. Further cheers were given for the Republic of Switzerland, and for the Hôtel Belle-Vue.

July 27. We took the two o'clock train for Lucerne. On the way we were met by a *courier* from the Hôtel Schwanen, bearing letters and papers for

members of the American party, and also with the assignments of our rooms, so that no delay ensued when we reached Lucerne. The highly-prized messages from home were distributed through the train by our efficient conductor, Mr. Limozin. In the afternoon we visited the Lion of Lucerne, the Glacial Garden, and attended the grand organ concert given for our benefit at the Stiftskirche. The inscription which is cast upon the large bell of this church is worth transcribing. It is as follows: "Vivos voco, mortuos plango, fulgura prango" (I call the living, bewail the dead, disperse the storms).

Sunday, July 28. Religious services were held by the American party in one of the parlors of the hotel.

July 29. We left Lucerne at eleven o'clock, A. M., by steamer for Vitznau, and from thence went by the mountain railway up the Rigi, arriving at the Rigi-Kulm Hôtel about half-past three in the afternoon.

July 30. The morning found the mountain-top covered by clouds, and Old Sol did not put in an appearance. The Alpine horn was prompt, the people were prompt, but the sun hid his face, and our disappointment was complete. We commenced the descent at seven o'clock, and by steamer from Vitznau returned to Lucerne, where we changed to another boat bound for Alpnach, where we arrived shortly

after noon. At Alpnach we found coaches in waiting, and soon we were on our way over the Brunig Pass to Brienz. We stopped at Sarnen for lunch, and then continued our journey in a rain-storm. While on the road we met the fourth division, headed by Mr. Bruce. A few hasty recognitions and salutations were all that time and the inclement weather would permit. We arrived at Brienz at six o'clock in the evening, and we immediately took the steamer for the foot of the Giessbach Falls, where we arrived soon after.

July 31. We took the steamer to Bönigen, and from thence proceeded by rail to Interlaken, where we found pleasant quarters at the "Hôtel Victoria." Here Dr. Tourjée's division, which had established itself at the neighboring Hôtel Ritschard, was met, and a pleasant evening was passed in comparing notes of travel.

August 1. This day was spent at Interlaken and in its vicinity, nearly every member of the party making the pleasant excursion to Grindelwald.

August 2. We left Interlaken at 12.30, P. M., by train to Lake Thun, which we crossed by steamer, and then proceeded by rail to Bern. The bears and the mechanical clock received due attention; and a few of our number attended the Swiss Congress, which chanced to be in session. At the time of our visit, the question under consideration was the proposition to make further appropriations for the completion of

the St. Gothard Tunnel. Our headquarters were at the Hôtel Belle-Vue. In the evening, an organ concert was given at the cathedral.

August 3. We left Bern at two o'clock, P. M., and arrived at the quaint old town of Fribourg in due season, and proceeded to the beautifully located Hôtel Zähringen.

Sunday, August 4. A delightfully pleasant day, and many an American might have been seen strolling about at leisure in and around the city. Religious services were held in the parlors of our hotel during the afternoon, Rev. John W. Ray, of Lake City, Minnesota, officiating. A concert was given on the magnificent organ at the cathedral in the evening.

August 5. Leaving Fribourg at half-past seven o'clock in the morning, we reached Lausanne about half-past ten. A short stay only was made at this place, and at three o'clock we took a steamer for Geneva, where we arrived about six o'clock in the evening. But for the incessant rain, this part of the journey would have been delightful. At Geneva, our headquarters were established at the Hôtel du Lac.

August 6. The day was accompanied by rain, but the sights of Geneva and its neighborhood were generally inspected, and in the evening an organ concert at the cathedral was the centre of attraction.

August 7. At half-past three o'clock, P. M., we

took our farewell of the City of Watches, and the long night-ride to Paris was before us.

August 8. We reached Paris about seven o'clock, A. M., and within an hour were comfortably quartered in the Hôtel Bedford. This and the subsequent days of our stay in Paris were well occupied in a grand round of sight-seeing. The Exposition, of course, came in for a good share of attention; and so did the Louvre, the Cathedral of Notre Dame, the Hôtel des Invalides, the Pantheon, the Palace of the Luxembourg, &c., whilst many of the party also visited Versailles, St. Cloud, and other places in the vicinity of the beautiful city.

On the evening of Monday, August 12th, a meeting of the members of the division was held in the private dining-rooms of the Hôtel Bedford, Rev. John W. Ray, of Minnesota, acting as chairman, and Mr. E. Emory Johnson, of Connecticut, as secretary. On motion of Mr. Johnson, resolutions were passed congratulating Dr. Tourjée upon the success of the excursion, and commending Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son, Messrs. Cook, Son & Jenkins, and the conductor of the party, Mr. Limozin, for the admirable manner in which its details had been carried out.

August 13. To-day our party bade adieu to Paris, and at nine o'clock we were again on the rail bound for London via Dieppe and Newhaven. Reaching Dieppe about two in the afternoon we at once took

the steamer "Paris" for Newhaven. The Channel was very rough, and nearly every individual on board was a sufferer from that fearful affliction, "*mal de mer*." Reaching Newhaven about nine o'clock in the evening, in a severe rain-storm, we immediately took a train for London, reaching the Midland Grand Hotel about one o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, August 14.

CHAPTER XV.

THE THIRD DIVISION.

Notes of the Journey from London over the Continent, and back to England — Interesting Celebrations at Brussels — Gilmore's Band at Cologne — Saluting the Sirens of the Rhine — Glorious Scenes on the Rigi, &c.

THE Third Division of the Tourjée party, or the "Second Swiss," as it was termed by Messrs. Cook & Son, came into separate existence on the afternoon of July 17. It was the last division to leave London, and was to move to Paris via Belgium, the Rhine, and Switzerland, thus following the steps of the First and Second Sections, but reversing the order of march pursued by the Fourth and Fifth. Mr. Giustiniani was assigned as our conductor, and led us forth from London by an evening train on the date named. At 10.40 we reached Sheerness, and went on board the Flushing steamer for the passage across the North Sea. The waters off Queenboro' Pier, on that particular night, must have been charged anew with phosphorescent life, for as the paddle-wheels surged us out to sea, the whole mass of wave and foam seemed blazing and quivering with pallid fire. The night was

fascinatingly clear and still, and many of the party lingered till long into the small hours of the night, watching the light-ships, — mile-stones on the sea, — and the silent vessels as they crossed the moon's wake.

Next morning found us at the mouth of the Schelde, where the red roofs of Flushing made us a Dutch welcome, and the wind-mills, with stately grace, made their rotary salaams after their own fashion. We landed at Flushing, and at once took the cars for Antwerp, having an amusing view of this section of Holland, — a quaint land, where, in the rural communities, the old national oddities have not worn off, as they have in the great cities.

The weather was warm, but clear and dry, and we considered it even cool, when we read of the frightful heated term then being endured by our friends in the United States. We spent the 18th and part of the 19th in Antwerp, and what was not seen by some one of the party could not have been worth looking for. Across the record of our visit to Antwerp might well be inscribed the one word — *Rubens*.

Friday night found us in Brussels, where we remained until Monday morning, thus fortunately including in our visit the day on which two important anniversaries were celebrated, — the one being the King's birthday, and the other the annual commemoration of the shedding of blood by the holy wafers,

when cut by the knives of the Jews, in the by-gone days of ecclesiastical miracles. The day was Sunday, and most of the party attended High Mass at the Church of Ste. Gudule, having the opportunity of seeing his Belgic Majesty, King Leopold II., on his natal day, in addition to the pageantry of the service. During the afternoon bands paraded the gayly-decorated streets, and parties of bare-legged girls danced and postured with rude grace in front of the processions, much to the astonishment of the Americans. Many members of the division spent the latter part of day driving in the Bois de Chambre, which is a charming and indispensable addition to this little Paris, and returned to stroll, until late, in the crowded streets, which blazed with illuminations and fireworks.

Monday we travelled direct to Cologne, having an extremely warm and dusty ride, but were not too much fatigued to do justice to the city and its sights on our arrival, or to gather in our store of hearty enthusiasm for the morrow, when we saw the swift Rhine and the shadowy outlines of the Drachenfels rising afar. In addition to the marvellous cathedral, and the famous Golgotha, where the remains of the eleven thousand virgins are still preserved, Cologne, the night we were there, presented an additional attraction; viz., Gilmore, the great American musical leader, and his band. Many of the party flocked to pay their respects to him, while a minority of the division spent the evening on

the bridge of boats, charmed by distant music and the swift swirling waters of the river.

Perhaps most of the members of the division had looked forward to Tuesday, July 23d, with more eager expectation than to any other one day of their excursion; and certainly if they enjoyed the Rhine as it should be enjoyed, they were not disappointed. The weather, doubtful at sunrise, turned out warm, and a silvery haze gave a peculiar softness to the landscape. Each in turn of the objects of interest passed, was identified, and invariably sketched, by some one of the many "artists" on board. As we passed the Lurlei, the echoes of the grim rocks were awakened by Mendelssohn's well-known song, until the fabled siren, and all her train, seemed to answer the notes sounded in her praise. The singing was under the direction of Mr. Carl Zerrahn, whose tuneful forces included some members of our own party, together with a few of the other passengers. The song ceased, and the rain descended; and so did the ladies — to the cabin — to return only at evening, when the last hour of the sail passed in the twilight.

From Biebrich the party drove to Wiesbaden. The charms of this famous German watering-place were scanned on the succeeding morning, and the party then pushed on to Frankfort-on-the-Main. After viewing the interesting sights of this old town, we continued our trip to Heidelberg in the "first-class"

railway carriges we invariably occupied. These frequent journeys by rail, so dreaded by some, were greatly enjoyed by the younger members of the party, who quickly crystalized into congenial little parties of six or eight. We spent Thursday, July 25th, in enjoying Heidelberg. The castle was, of course, the chief attraction, and no part of it from deepest dungeon or vaulted passage, to highest tower or crumbling battlement, was unexplored.

Friday we again advanced, this time to Baden-Baden, a spot made memorable, not only by visits to its various objects of interest, including the Trinkhalle, the Conversationshaus, and the ancient Schloss, but also by a parliamentary debate upon the question of visiting Strassburg. There was a division of opinion as to the advisability of breaking the journey to Schaffhausen, but Strassburg finally carried the day. To Strassburg we accordingly went, and after viewing the famous cathedral, the wonderful clock, and, of course, the storks' nests, we sped on to Schaffhausen.

No day in the entire trip was sweeter, and fuller of quiet enjoyment, than the Sabbath at the Falls of the Rhine. Rev. Mr. Coster of our party, officiated during the Episcopal morning service, while the afternoon found the fields, woods, and pleasant country roads, full of stragglers from the hotel, exploring the falls, climbing the hills from which the first faint glimpses of the Alps were gained, or burdening them-

selves with mellow-tinted wheat, blazing poppies, and the other gay blossoms which enriched the landscape with their bright coloring.

Monday morning we crossed the Rhine, and travelled down to Zurich. The little row-boats were one of the special delights here, as at Lucerne, Ouchy, and Geneva, and toward evening, when most of the party had made their sight-seeing round of the town, the lake was thickly studded by the little craft manned by real Yankee crews. Some of the young ladies of the party, here displayed a proficiency in handling the oars, which was quite noteworthy. If Zurich pleased us, Lucerne fairly bewitched us. We remained here from Tuesday afternoon till Friday noon, deducting the time taken by our trip to the Rigi. The first event was the arrival of the Fourth Division, from Giessbach, bringing news of the First and Second, and a glowing account of the territory which they had already traversed. Both at Zurich and at Lucerne, most of the members of our division took long steamer trips on the lake. At Lucerne, the organ concerts drew large and appreciative audiences. Thursday morning, at breakfast, the members of the Fourth Division made an early appearance, having come down from the Rigi, *en route* to Zurich. They reported a magnificent sunrise, and promised us a good day. At noon, we set sail for Vitznau, whence the railway begins its ascent. Our eyes were anxiously fixed on

Mont Pilatus, and great was the relief when his cloud-drapery was pronounced to be highly favorable for really fine weather. He kept his word well, until just as we neared the Rigi-Kulm, when, from an apparently perfectly clear sky, a thin and chilling cloud completely blotted out the lower world. This vexatious curtain remained lowered until five o'clock, P. M., when it vanished as suddenly as it had appeared. Meanwhile, the agile members of the party had not been idle. Most of them could show bewildering bunches of the Alpen-rose and forget-me-nots, while one enthusiastic botanist produced specimens of fifty-five undeniably distinct species of flowers, which he had gathered on the precipitous declivities on the north side of the peak, within an area of an acre. The sunset was nearly perfect, and next morning, after a night of sleep, such as one only gets in such a pure, cool atmosphere, we were on hand to see a sunrise of unrivalled clearness. Nothing could have been desired to make this scene more delightful.

From the Rigi, we returned to Lucerne, but resumed our journey at noon, and landing at Alpnach, took carriages for Brienz, through the Brunig Pass. During this long but glorious ride, we were constantly favored with views so bewitching, that we were thankful that we had not seen them earlier in our trip, for they would have dwarfed everything else. Early in this drive, we met the carriages containing the Fifth

Division. As we embarked at Brienz on the steamer, a heavy shower broke upon us, and consequently our reception at Giessbach was decidedly moist, though by nine o'clock, when the cataract was illuminated, the rain had ceased falling. The next day opened badly, for a fine, penetrating drizzle rendered an exploration of the fall a matter of doubtful prudence; but it began to clear soon after we started on our way to Interlaken, and on our arrival at that Saratoga of Switzerland, we had a clearing sky to welcome us. Just before sunset, the clouds which had veiled the fair Jungfrau's face were tossed aside, and with a rosy blush she disclosed her loveliest charms.

Saturday evening there was a "hop" at our hotel, the Victoria; and on the succeeding day excursions were made to Lauterbrunnen and Grindelwald. Most of the party chartered conveyances of some sort for these trips, but seven of the excursionists, including three ladies, chose to walk out to the Fall of the Staubbach, at Lauterbrunnen, and back, a distance of fifteen miles, thus experiencing some of the pleasures of pedestrian exercise among the mountains.

From Interlaken we proceeded to Bern; and from thence, on the morning of August 6th, we went to Fribourg, though not until many of the gentlemen had attended a morning sitting of the Swiss Federal Council, which assembles at the common-sense hour of eight o'clock, A. M. The same evening we were

favored with a free concert on the celebrated Fribourg organ, this entertainment having been provided by special arrangement. Our stay in Fribourg was not marked by any great event beside the concert, but the quiet little city was thoroughly explored, and no one complained of being dull while in its picturesque precincts.

Wednesday morning we were off again, this time by rail to Lausanne and the fair Ouchy; and thence by boat down the lake to Geneva. The weather was perfect, and the trip was much enjoyed. As we neared Geneva, a sharp look-out was kept for Mont Blanc, but in vain, as it was not then to be seen. Thursday evening we attended our second complimentary organ concert, and had an evening of pleasure not to be forgotten. As we returned from the concert to the Hôtel de la Metropole, on the Grand Quay, we found the streets crowded with people either walking or sitting at the refreshment tables, while music of various kinds echoed through the brilliantly lighted streets. But the view from our windows, overlooking the Jardin Anglais and the harbor, was simply superb, for both garden and inner basin were all ablaze with colored lights, and throngs of people passed back and forth near the music-stands. Fête nights like this, occur frequently during the season. Although the weather had been fine during our whole visit, yet provoking clouds kept close dôwn

over Mont Blanc till Friday morning; but patient waiters in this case were duly rewarded, for as soon as the feeble light of day rendered objects visible, the bristling line of the Mont Blanc peaks became clearly discernible, resembling tongues of flame quivering over the edge of the horizon.

The journey to Paris was truly a novelty. It was our first night-trip in the cars, and although unattended by any serious inconveniences, it was nevertheless to be remembered not altogether with pleasure. We reached Paris in the morning and proceeded to the Hôtel Bedford. Probably no two members of our party had the same experience during the time of our stay in that fascinating city; and no account could be given of the movements of any one, which would represent, or begin to illustrate, the movements of all. All Paris was traversed and explored. Our forces were increased by the Second Division, which had arrived before us, and the excusions about the city, to Versailles, &c., were enjoyed by goodly numbers from each body.

At length the time came for our departure from the gay city, but our numbers were depleted to some extent, as some were to remain a longer time. Taking the route via Rouen, Dieppe, and Newhaven, we returned to London, reaching the British metropolis on the night of August 15th.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FOURTH DIVISION.

Notes of the Continental Journey — Amusing Incidents — Grand Illumination by the Students at Heidelberg — Two Days on the Rhine — Visits to Coblenz and Ehrenbreitstein — The Return to England, &c.

On our arrival at London, the Fourth Section became a tangible entity, and, as such, we were domiciled at the *Terminus*, with all London, the Thames and its bridges between us and the other sections. This remoteness may have had its advantages, but they were evidently in seclusion, or delusion. Brief was our stay at the hotel, where we enjoyed the fewest meals in the greatest time of any place on the tour, and where the mien of the waiters reminded one of the address on the princely dog's collar: —

> "I am his highness' dog at Kew;
> Pray, tell me, sir, whose dog are you?"

So we packed our selected effects, turned our backs upon Parliament, Westminster, St. Paul's, and the new wonder, — the Needle, — and, led by our courteous conductor, Mr. Paul S. Sostino, —

> "We went to *saunter* Europe through,
> To gather culture rare and true."

Oh, that the tongue could utter the thoughts that arose, the emotions that throbbed among our party at the first gaze upon the Channel, whose fame is world-wide, and whose gentle power has brought, with no uncertain sound, true inwardness to the surface. Such a sea, even the oldest inhabitant could not recall its equal, — so calm, so "elegant," as the steamer glided over it, "that e'en Palinurus nodded at the helm." An hour ahead of time, we approached quaint old Dieppe by the sea, with its time-worn houses and castle, its jovial fishwomen, in their peculiar garb and natural volubility. Soon landing, and tickling the customs officer with the corner of a small hat-box for the entire party, we hastened to the train.

Paris reached, we were soon under the care of M. Reignard, of the celebrated family of wine-merchants, at his hotel, the "Bedford." Here we spent a week among the privileged of all Christendom, and other sections too numerous for mention, doing the Exposition, seeing the sights, and, like other victims, buying at Paris prices adapted to American purses.

We pause here only to heave a mental sigh over the pleasant days spent at Versailles, St. Cloud, Sèvres, and our afternoon fête with Mr. Thomas Cook, — and then face the vision that haunts us still, of that thirteen hours' ride, by "night service," to Geneva. But why prolong the ride? We reached the boundary, beheld the Jura Alps, washed our faces, greeted the bright

sun tipping the mountain-tops, combed our hair, drank in the inspiration of the morning, brushed our clothes, and hied to Geneva, feeling that, after all, our ride

> "Was but an awful instrument,
> In working out a pure intent."

Some one has said, that if you have a reputation for early rising, you may lie abed till noon; so it seemed with Mont Blanc, who appeared very late in the morning with his night-dress on. He may have been out of sorts, for all day he appeared cloudy and distant, so that no one could see him; but, next morning, he rose at four o'clock with a clear head, and a face wreathed in smiles of sunshine at our early welcome, apparently sharing the enthusiasm of one member of our party, who saw him to bed safely, walked the floor during the "wee hours" so as to be in at the waking, and aroused the establishment, from scullion to owner, with rappings at all doors, to "Get right up, and see the elegant sight!" As the grandeur of his coming filled our expectant moments, —

> "We felt like some watcher of the skies,
> When a new planet swims into his ken."

And when the mountain stood forth in all the glory of that morning sun, we saw that, truly —

> "Mont Blanc is Monarch of Mountains;
> They crowned him long ago
> On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
> With a diadem of snow."

It cost an effort to leave at Geneva the Fifth Division, which had so conscientiously and continually looked to us for example, enthusiasm, and enlightenment; but few and sad were our parting words, for we promptly responded to the unceasing injunction of the ever vigilant and attentive Sostino, — "Now, ladies and gentlemen, have your leetle baggages ready," and amid congratulations from earth, and weeping from the heavens, we steamed up the lake to Ouchy. An ascent by inclined railway brought us from Ouchy to Lausanne, whence we sped to quaint, picturesque Fribourg, with its great bridges, curious walls, towers, streets, and more curious population, definitely separated, street by street, into French and German, the whole impressing one that Fribourg was "von ov dot olden time." On listening to another of Dr. Tourjée's prearranged concerts on the grand organ of the great cathedral, a second "storm" burst upon us, drenching us with musical rain, whisking us with musical wind, and scaring us with musical thunder and lightning, while ever and anon the lurid flashes of the tallow dips, three in number, on the huge columns, fitly prepared us for the musical clearing off in sunshine and bird songs.

Old Bern was briefly honored by our presence; the bear-pits received our lavish bestowals of carrots; galleries, stores, houses, fountains, cathedral and clock demanded our admiring gaze, and our ears again

feasted upon another Tourjée Concert, until that same "storm" broke upon us, — all "Probs" to the contrary, — suggesting the expediency of a tonalic lightning-rod for future Musical Cyclones.

We got "our leetle baggages ready now," and flitted by rail and lake to beautiful Interlaken, where we were welcomed by the loveliest of the lovely, — the Jungfrau. A smiling Sabbath morning bade the hopes, joys, and spirits of all to rise, gaze, admire, and wonder, which we proceeded to do. Some went to the Staubbach and Lauterbrunnen, while others took carriages to the celebrated glaciers of the Grindelwald, arriving at the hotel in time to get, for each who so desired, a Pegasus to add new tortures to an already tortuous path to the glacier. We can see them now, each equestrienne bravely striving to encourage her lagging, stumbling beast, or maintaining her dignity by *mane* strength, if not kindly offering a ride to some weary one of the tramp retinue. We reached the glacier, we mounted it, we entered the grotto, and, with the aid of a fine old German gentleman, made the icy cavern ring with "Praise God" and "My Country, 'tis of Thee."

The "Italian" division was at Interlaken, and with its members we shared a grand re-union, tendered by mine host of the Victoria, in the spacious saloon, where with merry music and the dance, we whiled the few brief hours ere we parted.

O'er Lake Brienz we sweetly glide, to rest at Giessbach; to rest after climbing vertically, circumambiently, to the grand hotel fronting the falls, whose nightly illuminations have become one of *the* sights of Europe. Recrossing the lake on the morrow, we took our famous ride over the Brunig Pass to Alpnach, meeting on the way the second section. A pleasant ride on the Lake of the Four Cantons brought us to Lucerne, where we did ample justice to all lions, shops, and the organ. Another Tourjée concert at the cathedral, and another "storm!"

We ascended the Rigi by rail in time to behold a gorgeous sunset, — harbinger of a glorious dawn on the morrow. To describe an evening at that high altitude with such low temperature, causes a retrospective shiver while we write, and our ink freezes to our nibs. At an early hour we heard the expected horn, and obeyed with all the alacrity darkness would permit, despite the stubbornness of our clothes that would not go on right, and the hair-pins we could not find just where we put them the night before. Just as we were about to rush *en dishabille* to the summit to see the great sight, we looked at our watches to find ourselves an hour ahead of time, while the individual who blew that bogus horn lay giggling "in his little bed," at our sold condition. But when the genuine hornist sounded, we quickly scrambled to our places, where, with excited frigidity, we awaited the

glorious scene. With us was a band of Swiss students, bringing flags and songs to greet the awakening king. Slowly rolled away the curtain of night, disclosing the Bernese Alps, the Rossberg, and old Pilatus yet sleeping, clothed in garments of white. The grandeur and impressiveness of the scene can never be forgotten. As peak followed peak into the glowing brightness of the rising sun, then range after range brought its grand proportions into view, while the clouds merged into magnificent sun-bursts, the whole seemed to rise in adoration toward the King of kings and Lord of lords. It was Handel's great "Hallelujah Chorus," where the fugue, with part following part in increasing harmonious grandeur, proclaims, "And He shall reign forever, Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" Truly our hearts felt the "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," that welled forth on that morning.

From Lucerne to Zurich, thence to Schaffhausen, where we stared the falls out of countenance. Strassburg, its famous cathedral and clock, its storks, its marks of the fierce bombardment, all were viewed with a critic's eye, and paid for accordingly. Baden-Baden and its society, its attractiveness without and within, next claimed our attention. Of course our party partook of those delicious draughts of nectar pure at the Trinkhalle, but never mortal told of the change that came o'er the spirit of their dream as that

water gurgled down. The Cursaal, too, received our fair share of amazement. The benign German empress and beautiful princess called forth our admiration, heightened by a sincere respect, as they, with common worshippers, knelt down before one common altar at the English chapel.

Heidelberg next embraced our favored few. Here we found the city alive with preparations by the students for their anniversary; so to give character to the occasion, we mingled with the many who visited that castle of castles, where the exercises were held. Like other tourists we visited every accessible nook and corner from top-stone to dungeon, and unlike other tourists we received an informal ovation from the students, who, in the midst of their hilarity, recognizing the party as Americans, rose *en masse* and toasted the ladies, leaving their colors with us as mementoes. We were fortunate in being present at the grand annual illumination of the castle, a most magnificent pyrotechnic display from river, woods, and ivy-clad wall. Many events marked us for their own, especially one fearful to contemplate: three of our noblest women locked in a dark dungeon of the castle, and found only by chance, — a gentleman being drawn thither by the repentant groans issuing through the gratings.

Old Frankfort, with its fine buildings and beautiful drives, favorably impressed us; and feeling that the

impression would not grow on longer acquaintance we excused our brevity, graciously withdrew, and followed our "leetle baggages" to Wiesbaden. Here we enjoyed a rest, partook of the delicious waters until our facial expression hinted that

> "Each on honey-dew hath fed,
> And drunk the milk of Paradise."

We mingled with gay throngs, visited all the places of interest, and before leaving had the pleasure of seeing the grand military-pyrotechnic-musical spectacle of the battle of Wörth. From Wiesbaden, through a fine boulevard, we rode to Biebrich, where we took passage on a Rhine steamer.

Such a day! We are well aware that the Rhine has been fully "written up" by all the forty-two correspondents of the other divisions, who, on account of the inclemency of the weather, were compelled to stay in the cabin, with "nothing else to do." We were better employed in viewing its beauties. We were to remain one day at Coblenz, and therefore had two days on the Rhine, with ample opportunity to visit Stolzenfels, Ehrenbreitstein, Forts Alexander and Constantine, the Summer Palace of the Empress, together with all the objects of interest in and about Coblenz. We reached Coblenz after a most charming trip. Here we found a city having habitation and a name since 13 B. C. It is in the form of a triangle,

EHRENBREITSTEIN.

at the junction of the Rhine and the Moselle. Directly opposite, rising nearly four hundred feet above the river, stands that grim "Watch on the Rhine,"—

> "Ehrenbreitstein with her shattered wall,
> Black with the miner's blast upon her height,
> Yet shows of what she was when shot and ball
> Rebounding lightly on her strength did light."

We spent an afternoon in the fortress, where we were courteously received by a sergeant, and conducted through all parts accessible to visitors. It seems almost impregnable; indeed, has proved itself so, having been taken only twice since 1688, — once by stratagem, and once through fear of famine. It mounts over four hundred guns, and has ten years' subsistence for ten thousand men. Vast sums of money are yearly expended upon it, until it has become one of the strongest fortresses in the world. On our descent from the "bomb proof," the attendant carefully locked the great door, and proceeded to show us some other mysterious quarter, when our ears were startled by a piercing cry. On looking back, we discovered that one of the lady members of our party was a prisoner. To the rescue flew our gallant sergeant; open swung the great door, to the roof climbed he, and the captive was released. Stolzenfels and other points received due attention, and the regiments, bands, orchestras, and church services contributed much of interest, particularly a children's

morning Mass, in which we heard over six hundred young voices in full harmony.

Another beautiful day's journey on the Rhine brought us to Cologne in time to take a preliminary glance at the city, as well as a premonitory sniff at the seventy odd classified smells, leaving many others too odoriferous for mention. Cologne has a cathedral which has been six hundred years building, and — like a great many professing Christians — while pointing towards heaven, is mouldering at the base. It must be the effluvia that rots the stone, despite the location of the edifice amid a dozen manufactories, each the "only genuine gold medal, Widow Farina Cologne." The bones of St. Ursula, and her eleven thousand virginal host, drew well upon the credulity and sympathy of our party, while many admitted it "were better to shine in more substantial honors." Shaking the odor from our garments, we sped to Brussels, to spend a few remaining hours and francs in viewing and buying among all the curiosities and products of that beautiful city.

Antwerp was the last, though not the least, to be gladdened by our presence. Here we visited everything, and almost everybody, even to the quaintly-dressed dames with coal-scuttle bonnets and honest faces, and even to the canines, which at Brussels and at Antwerp made the market-places hideous by their yelps and angry howling, in a way comparable only to

the spasmodic sighs of our party on the day of its departure for Flushing, *en route* for England. That voyage! The realization of dreaded ills; the bounteous supper, that refused to stay when "put where it would do the most good!" Ah, well, —

"'Tis better to have supped and lost
Than never to have supped at all."

Safely landed on England's mighty strand, what was left of our feeble natures assured the inspectors of customs that we held nothing dutiable; we had *given up* all that we had of anything. Again, and for the last time, "our leetle baggages" and their owners were packed for London, and away we steamed, each eye on the alert for a final castle or cathedral, until London was reached, our cab entered, and we were wheeling to the "Midland Grand," where we hoped to find some —

"Eyes that would mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we came."

We refer not to the waiters or the porters, but to the returning hosts of the Tourjéean Party, in which we were at once absorbed, and as suddenly lost our aforetime entity.

At the hotel, previous to our departure for home, the Fourth Section unanimously passed resolutions recognizing the faithful and efficient services of Mr. Paulos S. Sostino, who had proved himself all that could be desired as a continental conductor.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE "CIRCASSIA" PARTY.

The Advance-Guard of the American Invaders — The Tour through Scotland, England, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and France — Another Section Visits Italy.

THE main body of Dr. Tourjée's excursion party sailed from America on the steamship "Devonia," June 29th, as already related. An advance party, of nearly fifty persons, left a week earlier, however, in the steamship "Circassia," and journeyed through Europe, independently of the others. The voyage across the ocean was pleasant, and it was enlivened by entertainments of various kinds, and by a mock court. Landing in Scotland, the party first visited Glasgow, stopping at the Cockburn Hotel. A tour was made through Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine, and the Trosachs, July 3d, and the travellers then paid their respects to Edinburgh, visiting the various places of interest in that charming city.

Leaving Edinburgh by a special train, the party proceeded to Melrose, where a halt was made for an inspection of the ruins of the famous old abbey, and also for a visit to Abbotsford. Resuming the railway journey, the party proceeded to London, where

it was divided into two sections, one for the Swiss tour, and the other for a more extended journey through Italy, as well as over the route pursued by the other.

The "Swiss" section left London Monday evening, July 8th, via Harwich, and went to Antwerp, where the following day was spent. Brussels and Cologne next claimed attention, and then came the passage of the Rhine, and visits, successively, to Wiesbaden, Frankfort-on-the-Main, and Heidelberg. In the latter city a Sabbath was passed. Baden-Baden was visited, and the party then proceeded to Switzerland via Schaffhausen and the Falls of the Rhine. Lucerne and the Rigi were the next objective points, and from Alpnach the travellers crossed the Brunig Pass to Brienz, and sailed across the Lake of Brienz to the Falls of the Giessbach.

Sunday, July 21st, was passed at Interlaken, and from that place the journey was continued to Thun and Bern. Fribourg, Lausanne, and Geneva were successively visited, and Sunday, July 28th, was passed in the latter city. On the following day the travellers took the long railway-ride to Paris, leaving Geneva in the afternoon, and reaching Paris early next morning.

After an extended round of sight-seeing in Paris, and an inspection of the Exposition, the division returned to London via Rouen, Dieppe, and Newhaven, to finish their round of visits to the objects of interest

in the British metropolis. Nearly all the members of this section returned to America a week earlier than the other party.

The "Italian" wing of the "Circassia" party travelled over the same route, through Belgium, Germany, and Switzerland, that has been described, except that a few of its members extended their journey to Chamouni, going up to Martigny from Lake Leman, and thence over the Tête Noire Pass. Proceeding to Geneva by diligence, these travellers joined the main body of the section, and the journey was then continued, in accordance with the previously arranged itinerary, to Italy, via the Mont Cenis Tunnel. The route through Italy was, in all important particulars, the same one that the "Italian" section of the "Devonia" party took a week later, one or two places, however, being visited in a different order. For example: Genoa was visited previous to Rome. Several days were passed in the "Eternal City" in the companionship of Mr. Shakespeare Wood, the distinguished archæologist. The art-galleries of Florence next claimed attention, and some of the party went to Naples. Returning northward, Venice, Milan, and Turin were, in turn, visited, and from the latter city the party journeyed by rail direct to Paris. A few days later, the travellers reached London, and, after a brief sojourn in that city, proceeded to Glasgow to take the steamer for New York.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Once More in London — Supplementary Tours by Members of the Party — Notes of a Visit to Sorrento and the Blue Grotto of Capri and of a Tour of Lakes Como and Lugano — A Pilgrimage to the Holy Land — Setting Sail for Home — Moville — The "Rolling Deep" — Entertainments on Shipboard — Benefit of the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society — Congratulatory Resolutions — Arrival at New York — The Custom-House Officers — Dr. Tourjée's Christmas Greeting.

THE preceding chapters have taken the various divisions of our party through their wanderings over the Continent, and back to London; whilst Mr. Lewis has chronicled some of his subsequent journeyings through Ireland. But little remains to be told of the experiences of the party as a whole, while in Europe, although many interesting pages might be furnished by individuals who remained abroad longer than the assigned period of the excursion, to indulge in further recreation and travel. Some, too, prolonged their visit for the purpose of extending their studies in the musical and other art schools of the Old World.

Mr. Charles Smith, of Boston, Mass., who extended his travels in Italy beyond the route pursued by the

First, or "Italian" Division, has furnished me with some interesting notes. In company with seventeen other members of that division, he proceeded to Naples, and, upon his return to the north of Italy, visited the Italian lakes. As Mr. Lewis has already given an account of a visit to Naples, Pompeii, and Vesuvius, I quote from Mr. Smith's notes only so far as they relate to a visit made to Sorrento, and the Isle of Capri, and to his subsequent journeyings about lakes Como and Lugano: —

August 16. Six of the party having left Naples on their return to Rome, the remaining twelve spend the day in a beautiful ride around the shores of the Bay of Naples. We go by rail (one hour, eighteen miles) to Castellamare, and from there to Sorrento, by carriages, along the shores of the bay (one and three-quarters hours, twelve miles). The ride was one of the most delightful of our whole trip. The road is circuitous, and winds around the mountains, and by a bridge crosses a deep gorge. On the left are mountains and valleys, with growing fruit, — olives, oranges, and lemons, — in every direction as far the eye can reach; on the right the beautiful Bay of Naples and the distant Mediterranean. At Sorrento, we take a sail-boat for the Isle of Capri, where we visit the Blue Grotto. This is a natural grotto which has an entrance at the water's edge, just large enough for a small boat to enter. As the little craft could take only four passengers at a time into the grotto, three trips had to be made. After an entrance is effected, the grotto enlarges. It extends several hundred feet, and is fifty feet in height. The boat excursion, to and

from the island, was exceedingly pleasant, and the scenery at all times very beautiful.

After a leisurely survey of Naples and disentombed Pompeii, and a visit to the crater of Mount Vesuvius, the party returned to Rome, and, via Pisa, Geneva, and Milan, proceeded to the lake district.

August 25. We arrived last evening at Como, which lies at the southern extremity of the lake of Como. The windows of our room at the hotel overlook the lake. The view is exquisitely lovely, combining as it does the lake and lofty mountains. Princes, nobles, and rich merchants have lined the green shores of the lake with picturesque villas. We see the beautiful greensward, the rose, the peach-blossom, the grape, and the pure white snow-field all in one view.

August 26. After a two hours' sail on Lake Como, we reach Bellaggio, which is situated on a promontory at the junction of the two arms of the lake. Awaiting the conclusion of a thunder-storm, we ascend the lofty height and enjoy the glorious scenes presented on either hand. Extended promenades and roads, in some places cut or tunnelled through the solid rock, wind around the cliffs. The views upon all sides are most enchanting.

August 27. We cross the lake to Menaggio, on the west bank of the lake, and from thence go by diligence to Porlezza, which lies at the upper extremity of the lake of Lugano, and at the base of a grand amphitheatre amid the hills. The opposite shore is very steep, and almost inaccessible rocks and wooded mountains rise from the very edge of the lake, while their picturesque forms are

reflected in the clear waters beneath. We go from Porlezza to Lugano by steamer. The little towns we pass, which are romantically situated amid forests of walnut and chestnut trees, are very interesting. The Lugano side of the lake is Swiss, and the opposite shore Italian.

August 28. An hour's sail brings us from Lugano to Porto in Italy. The scenery upon the lake is varied and magnificent. The inlets and bays present a succession of beautiful pictures. The stretches of rich green which line their shores, are walled by lofty mountains, and the contrast between cultivated and uncultivated nature may be traced on all sides. A ride of one and a half hours by diligence brings us from Porto to Varese, which is thirteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, and within full view of the high Alps, whose tops are clad with perpetual snow. Mont Rosa towers above all the other peaks, and hides Mont Blanc. The rising sun casts a roseate hue upon the line of peaks, forty miles away, and the view at sunset is also very beautiful.

Mr. Smith remained at Varese until September 6th, when he started on his return homeward, via Turin, Paris, and London.

A party was made up from the "Italian" Division for the tour of Palestine. The adventures of these travellers have been described in a series of very interesting letters, written by Mrs. C. F. Springer, of Anamosa, Iowa, and published in the "Anamosa Eureka." We quote below one of these communications, which describes a part of the journey to Jerusalem: —

TENTS, SEA OF GALILEE, PALESTINE, ASIA.

EDITORS EUREKA: — Our tarry at the Jordan was full of interest. Lot, lifting up his eyes, beheld all the plain, that it was well watered everywhere. (Gen. xiii. 10.)

After the forty years' wanderings, the Israelites "crossed over it on dry ground." (Joshua iii. 17.) This occurred in the time of harvest, the beginning of April, when the waters were at their highest, "for Jordan overfloweth all his banks all the time of harvest." (Joshua iii. 15.) Jacob, Gideon, Abner, David, and many others crossed this river, and here came the two holy men, one of whom was so soon to enter heaven. (2 Kings ii. 7.)

Elisha, returning from this wonderful farewell from his translated friend, taking the mantle which had fallen from his brother, smote the water and passed over on dry land. (2 Kings ii. 13, 14.)

In these waters Naaman was cured of his leprosy (2 Kings v.); but all these events seem small compared to the marvellous incidents recorded in the New Testament. The baptisms given in Matt. iii. 5, 6, are noteworthy, and, most sacred of all, is the memory of our Lord coming to this place to receive the holy rite of John. (Matt. iii. 13–17.)

At Easter, pilgrims numbering thousands, come here to bathe, attaching great religious significance to the act.

The length of the river in a straight line is not more than one hundred and twenty miles, but its meanderings are so great as to change sixty miles to two hundred between the Sea of Galilee and the Dead Sea, while its width is from eighty to one hundred and sixty feet. Ths banks are rich in varied foliage and birds, find pleasant homes in these beautiful trees.

The Jew, Christian, Ishmaelite, and Mohammedan alike

cherish the stream as a place of hallowed memories, and I "went down into and came up out of the Jordan" several times, making sure of a sufficiently complete bath to satisfy my most earnest Baptist friends, my *first step* being about two feet down, for the water is quite muddy and very unlike the clear water of the Dead Sea. Although I confess to a great fear of going *into* the water, my zeal was equal to the occasion. The gentlemen went in to bathe at the place where "the Israelites crossed," but a young lady from Pennsylvania and myself were satisfied with *any* locality of the sacred river, and ascending the banks I gathered some leaves from the water, while the friend remarked we were quite as likely to be in the *exact locality* where the Israelites crossed as our more confident friends.

An Arab tribe came with camels, &c., to cross the ford, before we left. One hour's ride brings us to the Valley of Achor (Joshua vii. 24–26), and crossing the Brook Cherith (1 Kings xvii. 1–7) where Elijah was fed by the ravens, we enter Riha, the town being a mere heap of rubbish and filth; but this is the site of the ancient Gilgal and of modern Jericho.

Here the twelve stones were set up (Joshua iv. 19, 20), and the people celebrated their first Passover in the Promised Land.

A little farther on we arrive at the Fountain of Elisha, where the brackish water was changed (2 Kings ii. 22), and encamp for the night, after thirty-six miles in the saddle. This fountain for three thousand five hundred years has flowed on, being carried in aqueducts over a vast extent of ground for irrigation in the days of the Romans. The water is very clear but warm, but we bade farewell to ice in Egypt, and only occasionally sigh for the cold wells of Iowa. In this once luxuriant plain grew the balsam trees, whose

fruit cured instantaneously nearly all wounds, and which Cleopatra transplanted to Heliopolis, Africa. We behold the ruins of ancient Jericho, and *this* is the plain to which Joshua sent the spies, while he and the children of Israel encamped below, and we are not slow to believe that perhaps some of these wonderful caves are the *very ones* where the spies hid themselves after leaving Rahab's house. "And lifting up his eyes he beheld them afar off," has a new significance, as we can see from one mountain summit to another so clearly. But trying to doze off in the cozy camp-bed, thinking of the "seven times around Jericho," I am reminded I am only dust, for the sand-flies prevent all sleep, being a much greater terror than fleas, and the morning finds me but slightly refreshed. At five o'clock, A. M., we have all finished breakfast, and are passing the ravines where the ravens fed Elijah (a full moon making the morning brighter), and having our last view of the plains of Jericho and Jordan. We are travelling over the *very road* of the lesson of the Good Samaritan (Luke x. 30–38), and the feet of our dear Lord trod this way from Jordan to Bethany, when he went to raise Lazarus. Nothing is improved here—all remains the same; and we find the bridle-path so narrow and steep, that a horse can scarcely stand; in fact, one gentleman and his horse fell this morning on one of the ledges of rock, but they were unhurt.

This road from Jericho to Jerusalem is considered the most dangerous in Syria, but a fear has not crossed my mind, though I was glad our guide required us to leave all gold watches, rings, or any ornaments of value, with our purses, in care of the very gentlemanly proprietor of the hotel at Jerusalem.

At Bethany we descend to Lazarus's tomb, hewn in a rock, while the place for the stone at the door remains the same.

One read here the beautiful lesson from John xi., and we then passed to the ruins of the (traditional) home of Martha and Mary, and also that of Simon the leper. Bethany is about two miles south-east of Jerusalem over the eastern slope of Mount Olivet, and this is the route Jesus passed oftentimes as he toiled all day and sometimes prayed all night, for those who rejected and despised him. Here occurred the touching scene when a woman broke an alabaster box of precious ointment to anoint the Saviour, and provoked the cupidity of Judas by the deed. It was from Bethany Jesus sent two to prepare for his entrance to Jerusalem (Luke xix. 29), and here he led out his disciples as he was about to return to the Father. (Luke xxiv. 50.) Though there is little here to detain the traveller in the surroundings of the crowd of Arabs crying "backsheesh," still, reflecting that from this slope of the Mount of Olives our Lord returned to the Holy Mountain, we can but feel that he who has "gone out as far as Bethany," has been as near heaven as he can well be on earth. On Mount Olivet we visited the Pater Noster Chapel, erected by the French Princess La Tour d'Auvergne, which is exceedingly beautiful. In the court of the Nunnery the Lord's Prayer is written on tablets in the wall, in thirty-two different languages. From the top of a Turkish minaret we had a fine view of the city, which looks better from the Bethany road than in any other direction.

The Mount of Evil Counsel is just in the rear, where "they took counsel against Jesus." We walked down the Mount of Olives, which is exceedingly steep and stony, and entered the Garden of Gethsemane, with its holy memories. Though we may not know surely the spot in this enclosure, yet *somewhere just here*, "being in an agony, he prayed more earnestly, and his sweat was it were great drops of

blood falling to the ground;" and our eyes fill with tears as we hear these words falling from the lips of the matchless Teacher.

Two of our party sang that sweetly pathetic hymn, "'Twas midnight and on Olive's brow," as we stood under one of the very ancient olive-trees. It is an ever-to-be-cherished hour, and though time and place make little change in heart or thought, yet Jordan and Gethsemane are refreshing places for devotion to the real God.

With a few leaves and flowers in our hands as precious souvenirs, we mount our horses and pass through the Valley of Jehosaphat (a fearfully rough way). At one of the steepest descents, some one remarked, "we are now prepared to ride *anywhere*." And surely in America we would consider such a road unsuitable to be used at all.

The tombs and sepulchres, hewn in solid rock, are very numerous here, and we stop first at the Pillar of Absalom (2 Samuel xviii. 18), ornamented with twenty-four columns of the Doric order. Quite an open space is seen where the Jews, to this day, throw in stones as they pass, in contempt for his unfilial conduct. Here, too, are the tombs of the Prophets and Judges, and a monument and tomb to Zacharias (Luke xi. 51).

We pause at the Virgin's Fountain, where Jewesses come to bathe each Friday, before going to the "Wailing Place." At Joab's Well, the three valleys unite, Jehosaphat on the north, Kedron on the south, Hinnon on the west. At the Pool of Siloam some one in our party tried to sing, "By cool Siloam's shady rill," but the heat was so great, the way so steep, that it was rather a failure.

We pass the Potter's Field (Matt. xxvii. 7), and Valley of Moloch (1 Kings xi. 7), where persons were gathering bits of pottery and grinding them with large stones for cement.

Just across the way, on a hill, is a row of buildings, built by the Rothschilds, for free use by Jews who desire to return to Jerusalem, and are unable to do so for want of homes.

We stop at the Upper Pool of Hezekiah, which is still older, and is really Gihon (1 Kings i. 33). The Lower Pool is close by our hotel, and was the one in which Bathsheba was bathing.

We reached Jerusalem after our twenty-eight miles for this day, very grateful for the journey, notwithstanding the fatigue.

A half-hour's rest on the divan in our room, and we hasten to the Jews' "Wailing Place," a small area on the west of the wall which forms the foundation of the Mosque of Omar inclosure, and the only portion visible (from the outside) of the original walls of Solomon's Temple. Here Jews of all ages, both men and women, gather every Friday to cry and lament over the destruction of the Temple. They were reading from Moses and the Prophets, one leading and the rest joining in the refrain, while they wept as if their hearts would break; and the stones are worn smooth with their kisses. There was not the slightest affectation, but the greatest sincerity, and to me it was a most affecting sight, the words constantly coming to mind, "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept when we remembered Zion." This is the season for their seven days' Feast of Tabernacles, and we were permitted to see the Tabernacle as they have it prepared for the last and great day of the feast. We went to two of their synagogues in the evening to see them dance before the Ark "as David did," two Pharisees seeming to make the greatest demonstrations, while all had copies of the "Law and Prophets" in their hands, which they often kissed, as they sang and danced.

The buildings have arched roofs, like all Oriental houses, and are beautifully decorated.

Several small parties remained in London to extend their acquaintance with the British metropolis, and to make excursions to Windsor Castle, Oxford, Stratford-on-Avon, the beautiful English lakes, and to other interesting places. The larger number, however, returned to New York in the fine steamer "Circassia," Capt. R. D. Munro, which sailed from Greenock August 17th, after having been kept back two days beyond her appointed time of departure, through the kindness of the Henderson Brothers, the agents of the Anchor Line. In this party were Dr. Tourjée, Mr. Carl Zerrahn, Mr. O. B. Bruce, and many of those who had contributed so much to the success of the entertainments given during the former voyage.

Our last day in London was made up pretty thoroughly of preparations for our departure, which was to follow in the evening. Messrs. Cook & Son, who had managed the details of the journey throughout, made excellent arrangements for our long ride from London. Those who wished could engage sleeping-berths in the Pullman cars, but the ordinary first-class cars were made very comfortable sleeping-places, inasmuch as only four passengers were permitted in the compartments usually assigned to six. Arriving at Greenock, we were soon transferred on a steam-

tender to the waiting vessel, which at once entered upon her long voyage across the Atlantic ocean. The scenery along the banks of the river Clyde, and the broad bay known as the Firth of Clyde, is varied and very charming, and if it did not seem to possess all the ravishing beauty it had when our eyes first rested upon it after a ten days' tossing on the great deep, with naught but the green waves to look upon, it could not fail to win enthusiastic admiration. The clouds were lowering, betokening a storm, with a possible roughness of the sea, but happily the storm did not come. Captain Munro sailed the "Circassia" quite near the Irish shore, as he was compelled to put in at Moville, and at Bengore Head treated us to an illustration of the remarkable echo given forth by its frowning wall of rocks. We also enjoyed a fine view of the Giant's Causeway, and of the beautiful scenery about the mouth of Lough Foyle, at the head of which Londonderry is situated. The ocean steamers do not go up to Londonderry, but are met opposite Moville by a steam-tug with passengers and freight. Moville is not the large and important place which it might be inferred to be from its frequent mention in the report of the movements of Atlantic steamers. In fact, it derives its prominence wholly from its situation near Londonderry. In itself it is only a little hamlet, like several others lying along the western shore of Lough Foyle.

Fairly out at sea, and we turn our attention to our steamer and our companions. The "Circassia" is the newest and handsomest addition to the Anchor line, and this chanced to be her fourth trip to America. Built upon the same model as the "Devonia," she possesses all the advantages of that excellent vessel, not excepting an elegant music-room, together with many minor improvements. Her commander, Captain R. D. Munro, is an experienced officer, who has won troops of friends while commanding other vessels of the same line, and his assistants were found to be courteous gentlemen as well as thorough seamen. Those members of our party who had gone over in the "Devonia" were greatly pleased to find that the kind-hearted Miss Cameron, the former excellent stewardess of that vessel, had been transferred to the "Circassia." The list of officers included in addition to Captain Munro, William Russell, first officer; George Smith, second officer; Thomas Hoskins, third officer; William Crockhart, fourth officer; W. J. Mitchell, surgeon; John Mathieson, purser; P. M'Farlane, chief engineer; and David Muir, chief steward. The stewardesses were Miss Cameron and Mrs. M'Master.

The homeward voyage, considered as a whole, was a very pleasant one, the last three days proving especially favorable; but on one day, at least (Monday, August 19th), when we were four or five hundred miles off the Irish coast, the passengers were brought

to a realizing sense that they were on the "rolling deep." The great steamer rolled and pitched amid the giant billows, and everything not held fast — passengers included — rolled and tumbled about in the most ludicrous way. In an unguarded moment, the voyager found himself thrown headlong to the opposite side of the deck, and, before he could attach himself securely to the rail, he would be shot like a rocket, down the changed incline in the opposite direction. Deck-chairs and their seasick occupants fared roughly in all this turbulence; and then, to enhance the discomfort of those who preferred the open air to the close cabins, big waves occasionally dashed completely over the hurricane-deck. All this happened without a downright storm, and it was happily of less than twenty-four hours' duration. With the exception of the day passed on the much dreaded "Banks," the sea was comparatively calm during the remainder of the voyage.

On the fourth day out, the first of a series of evening concerts was given, under Mr. Bruce's able and energetic management. The other passengers entered fully into the spirit of this and the subsequent affairs of the kind, and the five evenings thus occupied were seasons of much enjoyment. The singing by Miss Hattie A. Snell, of Lowell, was a feature of especial excellence, and among the other vocalists were Miss Charlotte H. Munger, of Worcester, Mass.,

Miss Emily K. Johnston, of Godfrey, Ill., Mrs. Sarah Lovell, of Montreal, Miss M'Ilwraith, of Hamilton, Canada, Miss Croall, of Haddington, Scotland, and Messrs. C. M. Lewis, of Boston, Angelo C. Scott, of Humboldt, Kan., H. H. McGranahan, of Jamestown, Pa., and W. C. Longmire, of Flatbush, N. Y. At the pianoforte, Mrs. O. B. Bruce, of Binghamton, N. Y., Mrs. Lovell, of Montreal, Miss Lulu Butler, of Knoxville, Tenn., and Miss Lillian M. Tucker, of Susquehanna, Pa., did most excellent service, and Mrs. Bruce also contributed several organ solos. To Mrs. Bruce also we were greatly indebted for most of the pianoforte accompaniments. There were readings and recitations by Mr. Bruce (who read his humorous "Song of Degrees", which had created so much amusement on the outward passage), Angelo C. Scott, of Humboldt, Kan., Thomas Carson, of New York, H. F. Mandell, of Newton, Mass., Mr. John K. Bucklyn, of Mystic Bridge, Conn., and Rev. C. H. Beale, of Centre Moriches, Long Island, N. Y. The two gentlemen last named contributed original poems, the former taking as his topic the incidents of the "Rolling Monday," and the latter the "Table d'Hôte." Rev. Mr. Beale also contributed a poem recounting some of the happy experiences of the tour through Europe.

On the evening of Saturday, August 24, the entertainment was devoted to the benefit of the Ship-

wrecked Mariners' Society. The following is Mr. Bruce's announcement of this entertainment, together with the programme, which will serve as a fair sample of the others : —

Grand Gala-Night for the Benefit of the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society.

THE
CIRCASSIAN
CACOPHONATIC
CACHINNATORS.
GALAXIAL
SCINTILLATISTS.
CLIMACTRIC RESONATIONS.
ECLIPSICAL CORRUSCATINGS.
HALLINUCIACIOUSNESS
EUPHONIZED.
ORTHOGRAPHICALITIES
PHANTOMOTIZED.
ELOCUTIONARIC
DEMONSTRATISTS.
CANTRATRIXIAL
GYMNASTICIZINGS.
HARPSICORDIAL
THRUMMINATATIONS.
BAVARIANONESE
SYMPHONOSIUM.
OCTOGENETIFIC
CHORUSBIFUNCTIONARIES.
DUO-MALEISSNUOUS
VOCOLAMBICS
UNPARALLELED SUCCESS.
UNPRECEDENTED
APPRECIATION.
EXERTIONS INITIATED
AT
8 BELLS THIS EVENING.

N. B. Opera Glasses To Let : Inquire at the Galley.

PROGRAMME.

1. Piano Solo, Fantasia on Irish airs, ... Pape.
   Miss Lillian M. Tucker.
2. Song, "The Maid of Normandy,"
   Mr. H. H. McGranahan.
3. Recitation, "Defence of the Irish Race," . . Shiel.
   Mr. Angelo C. Scott.
4. Song, "Waiting," . . . . . Millard.
   Miss Hattie J. Snell.
5. Vocal Trio, "The day is done," . . . . Abt.
   Mrs. Lovell, Miss Munger, and Miss Johnston.
6. Piano Solo, Fantasia on Scotch airs, . . . Sivari.
   Mrs. O. B. Bruce.
7. Comic Song, "Mousetraps,"
   Mr. W. C. Longmire.
8. Song, "Strangers yet," . . . . . Claribel.
   Miss Croall.
9. Vocal Duet, "Il Trovatore," . . . . . Verdi.
   Messrs. Scott and McGranahan.
10. Comic Scene, "The Spelling-Match."
11. Piano Solo, "Invitation to the Dance," . . . Weber.
    Miss Lulu Butler.
12. Song, "The Warrior Bold," . . . . . Adams.
    Mr. C. M. Lewis.
13. Recitation, "The Water-Mill,"
    Mr. Thomas Carson.
14. Song, "Don't be Sorrowful, Darling," . . . Millard.
    Miss Charlotte H. Munger.
15. Chorus, "Good-night, Farewell," . . . . Garrett.
16. "The Musician from Bavaria," conducted by Mr. Carl Zerrahn.
    Accompanist, Mrs. O. B. Bruce.

Mr. Lewis, Miss Munger, and Mr. Longmire were compelled to answer encores. The first-named gentleman responded with a fine rendering of "Nancy Lee," by Adams; Miss Munger with Apthorp's song, "The Owl and Pussy-Cat"; and Mr. Longmire with a

"Jubilee" ditty. After the eleventh number upon the programme, Mr. Bruce, in a few eloquent words, called attention to the objects of the entertainment, and to the claims of those who imperilled their lives on the sea. A contribution was then taken up, several young ladies acting as collectors, and a handsome sum of money was secured for the object named.

We were on the ocean two Sundays, and on each of those days religious services were held. On the 18th of August, these were conducted by Rev. S. H. Kellogg, of Alleghany City, Pa.; and, on the 25th, Rev. A. P. M'Diarmid, of Strathroy, Canada, officiated, assisted by Rev. P. M. Macdonald, of Boston. On the last occasion, the weather was warm and delightful, and the services were held under an awning on the hurricane-deck. In addition to the morning service, an afternoon service was held, under the direction of Rev. C. H. Beale, in which the steerage passengers and sailors were invited to unite. Morning services were held on other days of the voyage, under the direction of Rev. G. H. Scott, of Plymouth, N. H.; Rev. Mr. Beale, Rev. Dr. Loomis, of San Francisco, and Rev. Robert J. Coster, D. D., of Pittsburgh, Pa.

At the last evening meeting held on board the "Circassia," the following resolutions, prepared by a committee consisting of Rev. Robert J. Coster, D. D., of Pittsburgh; Mr. C. M. Lewis, of Boston; Mr. A. A. Sweet, of Hopkinton, Mass.; and Mr. E. Emory

Johnson, of East Haddam, Conn., were unanimously adopted: —

Resolved, That to Dr. Eben Tourjée, of Boston, belongs the honor of planning and organizing this, the largest excursion party which ever left America, and our congratulations and thanks are hereby extended to him for the complete success which has crowned his efforts, and that we have appreciated and thoroughly enjoyed the privileges afforded, and shall ever hold in fond remembrance the many associations which cluster around "The Tourjée Musical Party."

Resolved, That Prof. and Mrs. G. B. Bruce deserve, and we hereby tender to them, our sincere thanks for contributing, in many ways, to the enjoyment of the entire party; also we extend our thanks to Mr. Carl Zerrahn, to Misses Charlotte Munger, Charlotte Thompson, Hattie A. Snell, Emily K. Johnston, Isabella B. Tenney; to Mrs. Sarah Lovell, Mrs. W. A. Ingham, Mrs. Charles F. Springer, Messrs. C. M. Lewis, J. K. Bucklyn, A. F. Lewis, H. H. McGranahan, Angelo C. Scott, Rev. C. H. Beale, Rev. W. P. Tilden, and others, for their musical, poetical, and declamatory entertainments; also to the Rev. Messrs. R. J. Coster, A. B. Peabody, C. H. Beale, and other clergymen of the party, for conducting religious services.

Resolved, That after a delightful season of travel, carried out in accordance with Dr. Tourjée's excellent programme, we heartily indorse the excursion system of Messrs. Cook, Son & Jenkins, under which our movements were guided.

Resolved, That to Capt. Craig, and officers of the steamship "Devonia," and to Capt. R. D. Munro, and officers of the steamship "Circassia," we extend our thanks for their close attention in providing for our wants, as well as for the

uniform courtesy which we have received during our voyage to and from Europe.

An additional resolution of thanks, offered by Rev. Mr. Kellogg, of Alleghany City, Pa., was tendered to Capt. Munro, of the "Circassia," and his brother officers.

On the tenth morning after our departure from the Scottish coast, we awoke to a realizing sense that we were approaching American shores. Coney Island, with its white beach and long line of hotels, was in plain view upon our right, and, ahead of us, the green highlands of the New Jersey coast were gleaming in the eastern sun. The pilot had come on board sometime in the night, a circumstance that had been announced by a little uproariousness in the smoking-room on the part of the gentlemen who had ventured in a "pilot-pool." We were soon within the Narrows, and sailing up New York Bay. There was a very brief detention at the quarantine-station, the delay being no longer than was necessary to enable a port-physician to come on board and receive a clean bill of health, and then came the interviews of the custom-house officers. Each passenger arriving from Europe, by steamer, is required to make out a sworn statement in regard to the contents of his trunks and other pieces of luggage, and this proceeding is only preliminary to a personal examination of his effects when he lands at the pier. The honest traveller has little to

fear, however, although the investigation is made much more searching, as a general thing, than he has been accustomed to undergo in passing from one European country to another. The experience of the Tourjée party, in these particulars, while travelling abroad, was of a much pleasanter character than falls to the lot of ordinary tourists, inasmuch as the word of the conductor was generally sufficient to exempt the entire party from trouble, anxiety, or scarcely more than a moment's detention. To the credit of the American officials be it said, the duties which devolved upon them were performed very courteously, as well as with a good degree of thoroughness, and, it is presumed, Uncle Sam received all due enrichment from the returning travellers.

In the foregoing pages, the pleasant experiences of the Tourjée Excursion Party of 1878 have been sketched with considerable fullness. Much more might be said, but it is needless to rehearse anew the many happy incidents of the tour, or to speculate upon the rich results which must accrue to all intelligent minds from such an extended and well planned round of travel. That the excursion was successful in its every feature, — social, educational, and otherwise, — need not be told to those who were its fortunate participants; nor yet to those who, without such a pleasurable experience to look back upon, have attentively read these pages.

Our record would be incomplete without the following quotation from Dr. Tourjée's "Christmas Greeting" to the members of his party: —

It has occurred to me that it would not be out of place on my part, to address a few words of friendly greeting to those of our number who have been returned to their homes in safety, after having enjoyed, according to a very general expression, an excursion of much more than ordinary interest, — embracing the best opportunities for the broadening of their musical and literary culture, and opening fields for future thought which will yield a life-long revenue of pleasure.

The fact that not a single member of our party suffered any injury, but that even some who went out as invalids, came home greatly invigorated, and that a large majority received such an impulse to health as will prove of no little value to them in their educational work, should call forth our heartiest gratitude to the kind Providence that watched over us through all our journeyings, and shielded us from harm. It has been my privilege to receive personal visits from a large number who remained in Europe for some time after the main body returned; also numerous letters from other members of the party, and all have assured me of their entire satisfaction with the way in which the excursion in all its detail was executed.

. . . . . .

Meanwhile, allow me to tender to you this greeting, and to express my warmest thanks for the way in which you co-operated with me in my endeavors to make the undertaking a grand and complete success.

Since the above greeting was sent forth, and since a part of this book has been written, death has removed the most venerable of our number, Mr. Eben S. Ricker, of Locust Corner, Clermont County, Ohio. Mr. Ricker's death occurred Saturday, March 1, 1879. He will be kindly remembered by all who enjoyed his genial companionship during the excursion. Although advanced in years, and enfeebled, he enjoyed keenly the pleasures of travel, and the opportunities afforded of further enriching a well-stored mind. He died universally respected.

APPENDIX.

LIST OF MEMBERS OF THE TOURJÉE EXCURSION PARTY OF 1878.

THE "DEVONIA" PARTY.

A.

Allison, Miss Mary A. D., Manchester, N. H.
Allison, Mrs. Charles F., Sackville, N. B.
Andrews, Miss M. E., Cambridge, Mass.
Atkins, Miss H. A., Mariners' Harbor, Staten Island, N. Y.
Atkins, Mr. and Mrs. D. F., Long Island City, Long Island, N. Y.
Atwood, Mr. Oscar, Plattsburg, N. Y.
Austin, Miss Mary E., New Bedford, Mass.
Ayres, Miss Susie, Auburndale, Mass.

B.

Bacon, Mr. N. P., Worcester, Mass.
Bailey, Mrs. E. M., New York City.
Baldwin, Miss Belle, New York City.
Ball, Mrs. Amanda, Fall River, Mass.
Barnard, Miss Annie W., Lynn, Mass.
Barnard, Miss Lizzie F. S., Lynn, Mass.
Baker, Miss Hannah E., Mariners' Harbor, S. I., N. Y.
Baker, Mr. Charles F., Fitchburg, Mass.
Barrett, Mr. George R., New Ipswich, N. H.
Beale, Rev. C. H., Centre Moriches, Long Island, N. Y.
Bellows, Dr. A. F.,* Auburndale, Mass.
Bentley, Mr. Henry, New Brighton, Pa.

* Joined the party in Europe.

Bishop, Miss Agnes M., Bridgetown, N. S.
Bolles, Miss J. T., Washington, D. C.
Bolles, Mr. Frank, Washington, D. C.
Bonnelle, Mr. Frank J., Boston, Mass.
Boomer, Mrs. Elizabeth M., Fall River, Mass.
Bourne, Mr. Jacob F., Boston, Mass.
Bowen, Miss M. B., Union Female College, Oxford, Miss.
Brigham, Mr. Wilbur F., Hudson, Mass.
Briggs, Miss L. P., New Bedford, Mass.
Broad, Mr. J. Astor, Worcester, Mass.
Broughton, Mrs. Sarah H., Camden, Oneida County, N. Y.
Brown, Dr. J. A., Boston, Mass.
Brown, Miss Helen A., Jersey City Heights, N. J.
Brown, Mrs. Willard, Lowell, Mass.
Bruce, Prof. and Mrs. O. B., Binghamton, N. Y.
Bruce, Mrs. E. A., Boston Highlands, Mass.
Bryant, Miss Mary A., Columbia, Tenn.
Bucklyn, Mr. John K., Mystic Bridge, Conn.
Burton, Mr. Andrew N., Boston, Mass.
Butler, Miss Lula, Memphis, Tenn.

C.

Carle, Miss Etta S., East Troy, Wis.
Carrothers, Miss Kate, Oxford, Miss.
Chapman, Miss Margaret R., Beverly, Mass.
Chase, Rev. E. S., Cochituate, Mass.
Chesley, Mr. T. W., Bridgetown, N. S.
Clarke, Miss M. A., Fall River, Mass.
Clarke, Mr. Arthur E., Manchester, N. H.
Clark, Miss Julia C., Boston, Mass.
Clark, Miss Lizzie M., Phillipburg, N. J.
Coates, Miss Helen J., Freeport, Ill.
Colby, Mr. George W., Taunton, Mass.
Connelly, Miss Mary C., Corinth, Miss.
Coster, Rev. Robert J., D. D., Pittsburgh, Penn.
Crapster, Miss Mary F., Simpsonville, Ky.
Cushing, Miss Mary, Cleveland, Ohio.

D.

Denise, Mr. Ira C., Franklin, Warren County, Ohio.
Dix, Miss Evelyn, Boston, Mass.

Dix, Miss Florence, Boston, Mass.
Dix, Miss M. H., Washington, D. C.
Doane, Miss Cynthia, Mechanicsville, Bucks County, Pa.
Durfee, Miss Eliza, Fall River, Mass.

E.

Eastman, Miss Sophia E., South Hadley, Mass.
Edson, Prof. and Mrs. H. K., Denmark Academy, Denmark, Lee County, Iowa.
Ely, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph, Cleveland, Ohio.
Emerson, Mr. F. D., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Emery, Mrs. D. S., Boston, Mass.

F.

Fay, Miss Eliza A., Boston, Mass.
Fay, Mrs. George W., Marlboro', Mass.
Feagles, Miss Clara, Amity, Orange County, N. Y.
Field, Miss A. Louise, Taunton, Mass.
Fisk, Rev. N. B., Marlboro', Mass.
Fisher, Rev. George W., Peacedale, R. I
Folger, Miss Ellen A., Concord, N. H.
Foster, Miss Fannie E., Boston, Mass.
Fox, Mrs. John G., Carson City, Nevada.
Freedley, Miss S. Sophia, Norristown, Pa.
Freeman, Dr. Z., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Freeman, Mr. Leonard R., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Freeman, Mrs. E. R., Cincinnati, Ohio.

G.

Gardner, Miss Clara, Hastings, Minn.
Gardner, Mr. O. W., Boston, Mass.
Gates, Mr. E. P., Lake City, Minn.
Gates, Mrs. Helen L., Lake City, Minn.
Gilmore, Miss Helen, North Raynham, Mass.
Glenn, Miss L. G., Lebanon, Pa.
Gould, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H., Danvers, Mass.
Green, Mrs. Laura T., Milton Lower Mills, Mass.
Greve, Mr. C. M., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Griswold, Mrs. G. F., Janesville, Wis.
Gunckel, Mr. Ernest W., Middletown, Ohio.
Gyger, Miss Hannah, Bryn Mawr, Montgomery Co., Pa.

H.

Haines, Miss Dr. E., Newark, N. J.
Hanaford, Mrs. P. C., Chicago, Ill.
Harkness, Mrs. B. H., Humboldt, Humboldt Co., Iowa.
Harlow, Mr. Richard A., Springfield, Ill.
Haskell, Rev. N. A., Harvard, Mass.
Hawkes, Mrs. Ezra, Boston, Mass.
Hawley, Mrs. Thomas P., Carson City, Nevada.
Hobson, Mr. Harry M., Nashua, N. H.
Holcombe, Miss E. A., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Holden, Mr. and Mrs. Luther L., Boston, Mass.
Hollingshead, Miss Rebecca, Medford, Burlington Co., N. J.
Holyoke, Mrs. Mary B., Norwich, Conn.
Hubbard, Mrs. Fannie V., Brighton, Ill.
Hume, Mrs. Ellen, Brighton, Ill.

I.

Ingham, Mr. and Mrs. W. A., Cleveland, Ohio.
Inman, Miss Mary E., Burrillville, R. I.
Inman, Mr. Olney F., Burrillville, R. I.
Irwin, Mrs. M. E., Cincinnati, Ohio.

J.

Jefts, Miss Abbie F., Hudson, Mass.
Jefts, Mr. L. F., Hudson, Mass.
Jefts, Mrs. E. S., Hudson, Mass.
Johnson, Miss Vianna H., Concord, N. H.
Johnson, Mr. E. Emory, Moodus, Conn.
Johnston, Miss Emily K., Godfrey, Madison Co., Ill.
Joselyn, Mr. A. B., Jersey City Heights, N. J.
Judson, Dr. Edwin, Chicago, Ill.

K.

Kaley, Mr. Frank Elmer, Milford, N. H.
Kaufmann, Miss K. E., Cleveland, Ohio.
Kelley, Miss Susie, Woodland, Cal.
Kelley, Mrs. J. M., Woodland, Cal.
Kellogg, Miss Amelia, Chicago, Ill.
Kimball, Miss Mary E., Leominster, Mass.
Kimball, Rev. and Mrs. O. D., Leominster, Mass.

Knight, Miss Ellen F., Burrillville, R. I.
Koons, Miss Clara, Lambertville, N. J.

L.

Lane, Mrs. Zenas M., Rockland, Mass.
Lane, Mr. G. F., Birmingham, Huntingdon Co., Pa.
Leland, Miss Mary G., Fall River, Mass.
Leonard, Miss Anna E., Female Seminary, Oxford, Ohio.
Lethbridge, Miss Kate A., Boston Highlands, Mass.
Lewis, Mr. A. F., Fryeburg, Me.
Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. C. M., Boston, Mass.
Lovell, Mrs. Sarah, Montreal, P. Q.
Lyman, Miss Mary E., Middlefield, Conn.

M.

Macdonald, Rev. P. M., Boston, Mass.
Marble, Miss Elizabeth G., Arlington, Mass.
Marshall, Rev. Perry, Mendon, Vt.
McGranahan, Mr. H. H., Jamestown, Pa.
Mendall, Miss Mary S., New Bedford, Mass.
Miles, Mrs. T. C., Boston, Mass.
Millard, Miss B., Pana, Ill.
Millard, Miss E., Pana, Ill.
Mills, Miss Sarah M., Mary Institute, St. Louis, Mo.
Mitchell, Miss Cora, Providence, R. I.
Moody, Rev. R. B., Milford, N. H.
Moore, Mrs. J. G., Lisbon, N. H.
Morgan, Mrs. H. E., Milford, Mass.
Morse, Miss E. G., Hartford, Conn.
Morse, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E., Charlton, Mass.
Mowry, Miss Eliza A., North Scituate, R. I.
Munger, Miss Charlotte H., Worcester, Mass.

N.

Nelson, Miss Molly, Woodland, Cal.
Nutting, Mrs. H. T., Royalston, Mass.

P.

Page, Miss Sarah H., Cambridge, Mass.
Paige, Dr. Nomus, Taunton, Mass.

Paine, Miss M. Janet, Rockland, Mass.
Palmer, Dr. Joseph W., Fitchburg, Mass.
Patchin, Miss Charlotte E., Champaign, Ill.
Peabody, Rev. A. B., Stratham, N. H.
Perkins, Miss F. W., Middlefield, Conn.
Perry, Miss Caroline S., Boston, Mass.
Perry, Miss Martha A., Boston, Mass.
Pickard, Miss M. E., Sackville, N. B.
Pomeroy, Miss Mary A., Franklin, Vt.

R.

Ray, Rev. and Mrs. John W., Lake City, Minn.
Ricker, Mr. E. L., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Robbins, Mr. John, Boston, Mass.
Root, Mr. and Mrs. M. A., Bay City, Mich.
Rose, Mrs. A. F., Clyde, Ohio.
Rugg, Mr. Charles P., New Bedford, Mass.

S.

Safford, Mrs. A. E., Boston, Mass.
Scott, Mr. Angelo C., Humboldt, Kan.
Sessions, Miss E. K., Panama, N. Y.
Shattuck, Miss Hattie N., Warren, Pa.
Shaw, Miss Annie H., East Dennis, Mass.
Shaw, Mrs. Mary C., Paterson, N. J.
Shaw, Rev. Charles D., Paterson, N. J.
Shepherd, Miss B. B., Manchester, N. H.
Shick, Mr. Cyrus, Anna, Ill.
Shoemaker, Mrs. R. A., Belvidere, N. J.
Smith, Miss Sarah, Burlington, Iowa.
Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Charles, Boston, Mass.
Smith, Mrs. J. G., Boston, Mass.
Smith, Mr. W. E. C., Boston, Mass.
Smith, Rev. Henry R., Barre, Mass.
Snell, Miss Hattie A., Lowell, Mass.
Sortwell, Mrs. D. R., East Cambridge, Mass.
Spaulding, Miss I. R., Salem, Mass.
Springer, Mrs. Charles F., Anamosa, Iowa.
Squire, Mr. John Adams, Arlington, Mass.
Squire, Mrs. John P., Arlington, Mass.
Squire, Miss Kate I., Arlington, Mass.

Squire, Miss Nannie G., Arlington, Mass.
Steckel, Mr. Amos, Bloomfield, Iowa.
Steele, Mr. F. L., Winchester, Mass.
Stillman, Miss Phœbe A., Normal School, Oswego, N. Y.
Suck, Mr. Carl, Boston, Mass.
Sweet, Mr. and Mrs. Albert E., Burrillville, R. I.
Sweet, Mr. Alvan A., Hopkinton, Mass.

T.

Temple, Miss Anna G., Dubuque, Iowa.
Tenney, Miss Isabella B., Winchester, Mass.
Thompson, Miss Charlotte, New Milford, Conn.
Thorburn, Rev. J., Ottawa, P. O.
Tilden, Rev. W. P., Boston, Mass.
Tourjée, Miss Lizzie, Auburndale, Mass.
Tourjée, Mr. and Mrs. Eben, Auburndale, Mass.
Tourtelotte, Miss Mary A., West Medway, Mass.
Towne, Mr. E. B., Jr., North Raynham, Mass.
Towne, Mr. E. B., North Raynham, Mass.
Towne, Miss Etta B., North Raynham, Mass.

V.

Valentine, Mrs. M. P., Keosauqua, Iowa.
Virgin, Miss Ellen, Boston, Mass.

W.

Washburne, Miss Lulie M., Medford, Mass.
Washburne, Mr. Herbert F., Medford, Mass.
Watson, Rev. John P., Mashapaug, Conn.
Watts, Miss Annie, Dubuque, Iowa.
Weston, Miss E., Boston Highlands, Mass.
White, Miss B. M., Whitesboro', Oneida County, N. Y.
White, Miss Caroline, Mt. Carroll, Ill.
Wilcox, Miss Jessie, Boston, Mass.
Willis, Miss Irene D. S., Hannibal, Mo.
Wilson, Mrs. J. M., Worcester, Mass.
Woods, Miss Henrietta, Swampscott, Mass.

Y.

Young, Miss Mary, Boston, Mass.

Z.

Zerrahn, Mr. and Mrs. Carl, Boston, Mass.

THE "CIRCASSIA" PARTY.

B.

Bausman, Mr. J. W. B., Lancaster, Pa.
Benedict, Miss Mattie S., Boston, Mass.
Benedict, Rev. A. J., Gorham, N. H.
Bennett, Mr. Thomas E., Philadelphia, Pa.
Blackman, Miss Emily C., Montrose, Pa.
Brewer, Moses K., M. D., Baltic, Conn.
Brooks, Miss Mary O., Granville, Licking County, Ohio.
Bruneau, Mrs. A. B., Fall River, Mass.
Bull, Mr. S. A. Carlisle, Mass.
Burchard, Prof. O. R., Fredonia, N. Y.

C.

Carson, Miss Rachel, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Chapman, Miss Clara E., Boston Highlands.
Chapman, Miss Martha D., Boston Highlands.
Clothier, Miss Minnie T., Bergen, N. Y.
Cotting, Miss Elizabeth H., Boston Highlands, Mass.
Cotting, Mrs. B. E., Boston Highlands, Mass.
Cushing, Mrs. W. B., Fredonia, N. Y.

D.

Dunaway, Miss Mary E., Cincinnati, Ohio.

E.

Edge, Hon. J. P., Downington, Pa.

F.

Fullager, Miss Mary L., Dunkirk, N. Y.

G.

Grant, Mr. Wesley M., Boston, Mass.

H.

Holt, Mr. Fred P., Hartford, Conn.

I.

Ingalls, Mrs. S. T., San José, Cal.

King, Mr. Brinton, Chadd's Ford, Pa.

L.

Landrum, Mrs. J. S., Phelps, N. Y.
Lawrence, Mr. George O. C., Newton Centre, Mass.
Little, Mr. Charles O., Delaware, Ohio.

M.

Mann, Miss Mary A., Hartford, Conn.
Maple, Rev. J. C., Mexico, Mo.
McDonnell, Mr. G. D., Almonte, Ontario, Canada.
McKee, Miss A. E., Seven Mile, Butler County, Ohio.
McKinstry, Miss Annie, Fredonia, N. Y.
Metcalfe, Mr. Fred'k, Salem, Roanoke County, Pa.
Mitchell, Dr. Ellen E., Montrose, Pa.

O.

Odell, Miss Maria E., Eastport, Me.

P.

Page, Mr. A. Leroy, New Haven, Conn.
Phelps, Miss Eliza T., Andover, Conn.
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Platts, Miss Laura F., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Quale, Mr. R. J., Silver Creek, N. Y.

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Sheldon, Mr. George, Sherman, N. Y.
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Shepardson, Miss Mary E., Granville, Licking County, Ohio.
Shepardson, Rev. D., D. D., Granville, Licking County, Ohio.
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Trimble, Mr. William, Covington, Ky.

W.

Ward, Mr. Samuel L., Cambridgeport, Mass.
Warfel, Hon. J. B., Lancaster, Pa.
Warren, Miss Florence, Felton County, Del.
Whitney, Hon. M. B., Westfield, Mass.
Whitney, Miss Martha R., Lancaster, Mass.
Wickersham, Hon. J. P., Lancaster, Pa.
Wilson, Miss Josephine, Boston Highlands, Mass.
Wilson, Miss Rosalie, Boston Highlands, Mass.
Wise, Miss Margaret T., Boston, Mass.
Wood, Miss Caroline, Boston Highlands, Mass.
Wyman, Mr. and Mrs. Abner P., Arlington, Mass.

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APPENDIX No. 2.

THE EUROPEAN EXCURSION OF 1879.

Since the first edition of "A Summer Jaunt Through the Old World" was issued, a second excursion to Europe has been carried out under the same general management. In looking back upon its many happy experiences, there is an increased feeling of astonishment that so much can be accomplished — and so well accomplished — in the way of foreign travel and sight-seeing, within so short a time. An explanation is found in the fact that not only was the journey well planned, but its many details were admirably executed by Messrs. Henry Gaze & Son, of London, the well-known firm of tourists' agents, and its representatives, who co-operated to the fullest extent with the projector of these grand excursion enterprises, Dr. Eben Tourjée, to make the tour pleasant and profitable to its numerous participants.

The party crossed the ocean in two detachments. One, numbering ninety persons, left New York June 21, in the steamship Bolivia, of the Anchor Line, Captain Small, and the other and larger detachment went on the steamship Anchoria, of the same line, Captain Hedderwick, June 28. The Anchoria party filled that spacious vessel to the exclusion of all other passengers. The ocean voyage, in both instances, was made as pleasant as might be with the aid of concerts, readings and other amusements. In addition to these two large parties, individual members of the expedition went by other lines, or on earlier dates, and joined the excursionists on the other side of the Atlantic.

One section of the first party left the steamer on its arrival at Moville, July 1, for a tour through Ireland, joining the Anchoria party a week later in Scotland. Messrs. E. McQueen Gray and Henry Doré, representatives of Henry Gaze & Son, were met at Moville, and while the latter accompanied the "Irish Section," as it came to be known, as conductor, Mr. Gray continued on to Glasgow and London with the others.

The tour through Ireland was quite extensive, and much was seen and enjoyed in spite of continuous wet weather. After a night had been passed at Londonderry, a visit was paid to the Giant's Causeway. The first stage of the journey (from Londonderry to Portrush) was by railway, and the remainder by the peculiar Irish vehicle known as the jaunting car. After an inspection of the wonders of the Causeway, the travellers returned as they came, *via* Portrush and Coleraine, and, without stopping at Londonderry, pushed on to Enniskillen, an interesting old town on the shores of Lough Erne. From thence we journied to Dublin. Our time in this city was fully occupied in visits to St. Patrick's and Christ Church Cathedrals, Trinity College, Dublin Castle, the Church of St. Michan, &c., and in a drive through the spacious Phenix Park. On leaving Dublin, we continued on to Cork, where, after an excursion down the River Lea to Queenstown, we had a little celebration all on our own account, of the Anniversary of American Independence, a fact which was duly chronicled in the Cork newspapers. Before leaving this neighborhood we paid a visit to Blarney Castle. The Lakes of Killarney next claimed our attention, and visits to the Gap of Dunloe, Muckross Abbey, Ross Castle, Torc Cascade, and the many other picturesque and interesting places in that lovely region, together with boat excursions through the Lakes, filled up the time joyously until we were compelled to turn our faces northward. Once more to Dublin, and a journey thence to Belfast, completed our delightful and really comprehensive round of travel through the Emerald Isle, in the course of which we had seen much of the beauty, the proverbial hospitality, and, alas! the poverty of this favored, and yet unfortunate land. Much suggests itself to be said in all three connections, but I must desist, as it is my purpose to merely chronicle the movements of the several American travelling parties through Great Britain and elsewhere.

From Belfast we went by steamer to Glasgow, and after viewing the Cathedral, the Necropolis and the beautiful parks — some of the party extending their sight-seeing as far as the home of Burns at Ayr — we took the delightful trip *via* Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine and the Trosachs to Stirling and Edinburgh. A description of this route will be found in an early chapter of this volume. At Edinburgh we overtook the main body of excursionists, who had arrived at Glasgow in the steamship Anchoria two days before. Together we visited the Palace and Chapel of Holyrood, St. Giles' Church, Parliament House, Edinburgh Castle, Craigmillar Castle, and many other of the sights of this beautiful city and its no less beautiful

environs. Some also found time for visits to Melrose Abbey and Abbotsford, and to Roslin Castle and Chapel.

When we left Edinburgh for London, it was on a special train furnished by the Caledonian and the London & North Western Railway Companies. In this train we journied all the way to London, although we made a diversion from the main line in order to visit Kenilworth and its famous castle, and afterwards Stratford-on-Avon, the home and last resting place of Shakespeare.

At London there was, of course, the usual round of sight-seeing, and it was accomplished much more satisfactorily than in the year previous, for the reason that carriages were provided; and also intelligent guides, as well as a systematic programme, which enabled the visitors to make an economic use of the time at their disposal. Here, too, the party was divided into sections for the Continental journey — three being booked for the Italian tour, viz.: Nos. 1, 2 and 4 (No. 3 having entered upon the same round of travel a week previous), and a fourth, section 5, for the Swiss tour. The following-named conductors were assigned to the several travelling parties: No. 1, R. H. Crunden and B. Bernardo; No. 2, E. McQueen Gray and T. G. Mill; No. 3, Charles R. Seeber and William Garcia; No. 4, P. B. Abel and W. R. Tinney; No. 5, P. Sostino and Mr. Thorn.

A brief sketch of the movements of section 2, to which the writer found much pleasure in being attached, will serve to describe, so far as may be described with such brevity, the travels of all the sections booked for the tour through Italy, &c., except that section four visited the places mentioned in reversed order.

We left London by an evening train from the Liverpool street station, went by rail to Harwich, and thence across the North Sea to Rotterdam by night. A morning trip up the Schelde brought us fairly into the quaint land of windmills and canals, and to Rotterdam, one of its chief ports, with good appetites for breakfast. Our wants in this connection were admirably met at the Hotel Victoria, and we had several hours in which to visit the few sights of the city (including the Church of St. Lawrence and the statue and house of Erasmus) before our departure for the Hague. In the latter city, quarters were provided for us at the Hotel Bellevue, which is delightfully situated near the royal park. In the evening most of us went to Scheveningen, a celebrated sea-shore resort, a few miles distant; and on the following day we paid our respects to Paul Potter's famous Bull and the other fine pictures in the Rijks Museum, a collection by no means large, yet very interesting from

its possession of two of Rembrandt's greatest works (the "School of Anatomy" and "Presentation in the Temple"), the celebrated painting by Potter, and some of the noted productions of Jan Steen and other of the Dutch masters. From the Hague we proceeded to Haarlem, and there listened to a fine organ concert, given on the famous instrument in the Groote Kerk by Mr. John Bastiaans in honor of our coming. We next found ourselves in Amsterdam, and there employed our time in visits to the quaint sections of this old Dutch city, the Royal Palace, the magnificent collection of paintings belonging to the Rijks Museum, the Nieuwe Kerk, the Oude Kerk, the Zoological Gardens, and various other objects of interest.

Leaving Holland, we entered German territory and proceeded to Cologne, visiting there the great Cathedral, the famous Church of St. Ursula with its strange relics, and the other sights so often described by travellers. Then came a glorious day upon the Rhine. It was one of the red-letter days of the journey, and all too soon came the evening and the landing place at Biebrich. Wiesbaden and Frankfort-on-the-Main were in turn visited, after which we sojourned several days at Heidelberg. During this time every nook and corner of the old castle was explored. A pleasant drive was taken, also, to the "Schwalbennest" at Neckarsteinach, on the banks of the Neckar, about eight miles above Heidelberg. Proceeding to Stuttgart, the party made a round of the sights of that interesting city, and, incidental to our visit, a delightful evening was passed at the residence of the American consul, J. S. Potter, Esq., who, with the vice-consul, Richard M. Jackson, Esq., did much to make our stay in Stuttgart agreeable.

Onward to Munich we sped from the capital of Wurtemberg, halting *en route* at Ulm to visit the Cathedral and the Rathhaus, and to climb the cathedral spire, which affords so fine a view of the surrounding country and of the winding Danube, which at this point is neither "blue" nor yet particularly "beautiful." At the Bavarian capital a number of days were pleasantly spent in visiting the different galleries and museums, including the Glyptothek, the Old and New Pinakotheks, the Maximilianeum, the National Museum, &c., the Royal Palace, the colossal statue of Bavaria with its neighboring Hall of Fame, the Rathhaus with its recently completed picture of the Genius of Bavaria by Piloty, and other places of interest. The International Art Exhibition was also in progress.

From Munich we moved southward into Italy, taking the picturesque route through the Austrian Tyrol and over the Brenner Pass, *via* Kufstein, Innsbruck, Botzen, Trent and Ala. At Kuf-

stein we were met by Professor A. L. Fleury, of Innsbruck, who desired us to remain over at the latter place, but we were compelled to decline his kind invitation. We reached Verona late in the evening, and on the morrow drove to the tombs of the Scaligers, the Amphitheatre, the Church of St. Zeno Maggiore, and to the reputed tomb of Juliet. The next stage of our journey brought us to Venice, where a gondola trip from the railway station to our hotel introduced us at once to the strange scenes and customs of the famed City of the Sea. Our sojourn in Venice was one of uninterrupted pleasure. When not engaged in inspecting the Palace of the Doges, the Academia delle Belle Arti, St. Mark's, or any other of the many beautiful and interesting churches of the city, or in climbing to the top of the Campanile, the visitors floated about in gondolas, or loitered their time away in the great square of St. Mark's, and in the neighboring Giardino Reale, where a brilliant fair in aid of the sufferers by the recent inundations on the Po was in progress. Most of our sight-seeing excursions were made in gondolas, and on one occasion we visited the Armenian monastery on the Island of St. Lazzaro. From Venice we returned on our former route as far as Padua, and then proceeded *via* Rovigo, Ferrara and Bologna to Florence. In this beautiful city the famous collections of the Uffizi and Pitti palaces claimed the attention of the lovers of art; while the Cathedral, Baptistery and Campanile, the Church of Santa Croce with its frescoes by Giotti, and the tombs of Michael Angelo, Alfieri, Macchiavelli and other eminent Italians, the Church of St. Lorenzo and the tombs of the Medici, the house of Michael Angelo, the Protestant Cemetery, and the charming suburbs, were also visited.

From Florence we continued our journey southward *via* Arezzo, Cortona, the shores of the Lago Trasimeno, Chiusi, Orvieto and Orte, to Rome. Here we established ourselves at the palatial Hôtel Costanzi, and in a series of carriage-drives in and about the city, under the intelligent guidance of Mr. S. Russell Forbes, saw much of ancient and modern Rome. Pages would be required to simply give a catalogue of the places visited and of the objects seen. Mr. Forbes has long resided in Rome, is distinguished as an archæologist, and has made himself thoroughly familiar with the results of the recent excavations, so that his familiar "talks" at the hotel, and his explanations while visiting the many interesting sites of the ancient city, had practical value. After driving to the top of Monte Pincio and taking a survey of the city from that point, we descended through the Piazza del Popolo, and visited St. Peter's and the Vati-

can. The Colosseum and the Roman Forum, with the neighboring arches and ruined temples, occupied the time of another excursion; the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, St. John's Lateran, the Scala Santa, the Basilica of St. Clement, St. Peter in Vincoli, etc., a third; a ride over the Appian Way and a visit to the interior of the Catacombs of St. Calixtus and the Columbaria of the officers of Cæsar's household, a fourth; the Basilica of St. Paul outside the walls, the Ghetto, the Pantheon, etc., a fifth; the Baths of Caracalla, with a visit to the Capitoline Museum on the return, a sixth; the Palatine Hill, with the Palaces of the Cæsars, etc., a seventh; and there were other trips in which scores of places equally interesting to the stranger were seen. Several of the sections met in Rome, and on a Sabbath evening there were religious services in the large parlor of the Hôtel Costanzi in which a number of clergymen of our party took part.

Naples, with excursions therefrom to disentombed Pompeii, to the summit of Vesuvius, and by steamer to Sorrento and Capri, was the limit of our southernmost journey. Much should be written of these several excursions, and of Naples itself, but I must refrain. The members of the first section were treated to a concert given at the Villa Postiglione, Posillipo, by order of Signor A. G. Caprani, proprietor of the Hôtel Royal des Etrangers, at which they were staying, and Signor G. Postiglione. On the return from Naples, Rome was revisited with a further allowance of time for sight-seeing, and then our railway journey was continued along the western coast of Italy *via* Civita Vecchia, Orbetello, Grosseto, Montepescali and Cecina to Pisa. Here the Leaning Tower, Cathedral, Baptistery and Campo Santo were visited. Resuming our journey by rail we continued over the picturesque route along the shore, through Avenza, Spezia and Chiavari to Genoa. It may be added that this particular section of the *Strade Ferrate dell' Alta Italia* will be remembered by travellers quite as much on account of its many tunnels and galleries, within which the scenery was kept from view, as on account of the scenery itself, occasional glimpses of which may be had where the builders of the road could find no valid excuse for running the iron horse through the rocks. Genoa was seen and admired, and then an interesting visit was paid to Milan, where the great Cathedral was, of course, the chief centre of attraction.

From Milan to Arona by railway, and from thence by steamer over the beautiful Lago Maggiore to Stresa, one of the loveliest resorts upon its shores, was preliminary to our diligence ride over

the Simplon Pass. The road over the Simplon was constructed at the beginning of the present century by Napoleon, and remains, even in these days of wonders, a remarkable example of skill, energy and perseverance. It cost upwards of eighteen millions of francs, and in many places was built only by drilling through the solid rock. There are a number of tunnels and galleries, one of which, the Gallery of Gondo, is two hundred and forty-five yards in length. The scenery on some parts of the route is very wild and picturesque, and on both the Italian and Swiss sides of the mountains there are very extended views. The first part of our journey was performed at night, and we breakfasted at Domo d' Ossola. We then climbed the mountain, reaching the Hospice, which is at the summit of the Pass, six thousand five hundred and ninety-five feet above the sea-level, in the middle of the afternoon. A short distance below the summit, on the north side, a mountain torrent, flowing from a near glacier, dashes over a rock which is pierced by one of the galleries. Frequently damage has been caused to the road in this vicinity by avalanches.

We reached Brieg in the early evening, and the next day proceeded down the Rhone Valley to Vernayaz, where we stopped to visit the Gorge du Trient. Our subsequent journey among the Alps was more extended than the tour of 1878, and it was made to include Chamouni, which was then omitted. We crossed from the Rhone Valley to Chamouni by the wild Tête-Noire Pass, and were set down at the foot of that monarch of mountains, Mont Blanc. The weather was favorable to our visit during the greater part of our stay, and the clear atmosphere gave us unobstructed views of the summit. An ascent of the Montanvert, and an excursion across the *Mer de Glace* to the *Mauvais Pas* and the *Chapeau*, gave the visitors a taste of mountain-climbing, and also a comprehensive idea of one of the most famous glaciers in the Alps; and there was also an opportunity to watch a band of travellers on their morning descent from the summit of Mont Blanc. On leaving Chamouni, we went over the diligence route, down the valley of the Arve, to Geneva, and there studied the grandeur of Mont Blanc from a distant point of view. Geneva, with its charming lake prospect and mountain view is the most fascinating of all Swiss cities. An incident of our visit to this city was a fine organ concert, given by M. Antoine Haering on the splendid instrument in the Cathedral of St. Peter.

Most of the places visited on our subsequent tour through Switzerland are described in the account of the excursion made in the summer of 1878. We first took the delightful trip over the Lake of

Geneva (Lake Leman) to the Castle of Chillon; and then returning to Ouchy and Lausanne, proceeded by railway to Fribourg, over one of the most picturesque routes in Switzerland. This latter part of our journey was made especially pleasant by the fact that one of the prominent officials of the line accompanied us, and contributed in every practicable way to our comfort and enjoyment. At Fribourg we listened to another organ concert, which was given by M. Vogt on the celebrated instrument in the Cathedral. Berne was next visited, and from thence the party proceeded to Interlaken, from which point a delightful excursion was made to Lauterbrunnen and Grindelwald. The Falls of the Giessbach was the next objective point, and after clambering about those beautiful cascades and witnessing one of the nightly illuminations of the waters, we resumed our journey, crossing the Brunig Pass by carriage to Alpnacht-Gestad and the Lake of the Four Cantons, thence by steamer to Lucerne.

An ascent of the Righi, with a night's sojourn at the Righi-Kulm, and an excursion to Fluelen and Altorf, were among the delightful experiences of our visit to this section of Switzerland. At Lucerne, an organ concert, the fourth we had listened to during our tour, was given at the Hofkirche by M. Ambros Meyer. These concerts were arranged by Dr. Tourjée, and were given in each case at the hours most convenient to the visitors. Basle was the last Swiss city visited, and there time was had for a visit to the Münster with its interesting mediæval collection, the Münsterplatz with its beautiful outlook on the Rhine, the imposing monument of St. Jacob, &c.

A railway journey from Basle took us to Paris, and here several days were well occupied in a systematic round of sight-seeing, during which the prominent objects of interest in the city were visited. An excursion was also made to Versailles. As the tour was approaching its end, some of the divisions met in Paris and expressed their pleasure in regard to the manner in which it had been carried out, in resolutions complimentary to Dr. Tourjée, Henry Gaze & Son, and the representatives of that firm who had served in the capacity of conductors.

From Paris, the several parties returned to London *via* Dieppe and Newhaven, and in the British metropolis there were one or two additional days of sight-seeing; after which the different divisions (with the exception of those members who had already taken their departure, or who designed staying later) were reunited for the homeward journey to Glasgow and Greenock, from which latter

port they embarked on board the steamship Circassia, Captain Munro, for New York. The homeward voyage, like the outward trip, was enlivened by music, readings and various other entertainments.

The route already described was the one over which four of the divisions travelled. The fifth, or "Swiss section," accompanied the first as far as Heidelberg, from which point its route differed from the other. Proceeding southward, the party visited Baden-Baden, and afterwards Basle and Lucerne. After a visit to the summit of the Righi, and a steamer trip to Fluelen, diligences were taken up the St. Gotthard route to Andermatt; and from thence over the Furca Pass and down the Rhone Valley. Visits were paid to the Eggischhorn, Brieg and Vernayaz, and the Tête Noire Pass to Chamouni was then crossed. After enjoying the beautiful scenery about Mont Blanc, the division visited in succession Geneva, the Castle of Chillon, Lausanne, Fribourg, Berne, Interlaken, Lauterbrunnen, Grindelwald and the Falls of the Giessbach. Retracing its steps from the latter point through Interlaken and Thun, as far as Berne, the party proceeded thence to Neuchâtel, and from that city to Paris. The further journey was over the same route that has been outlined in connection with the travels of the other divisions.

In this brief recital of the travels of the excursionists of 1879, it has not been possible to do more than merely indicate where the travellers went. There has been no attempt to describe the places visited, or any of the incidents of the tour. Of these latter a whole volume might be written, and the present brief account may serve to awaken a long train of pleasant reminiscences on the part of those of my readers who have the tour to look back upon as a personal experience. A single incident was of a melancholy character. Mr. Frederick D. Brooks, of Haverhill, Mass., a member of the Fourth Section, died at Heidelberg. He had accompanied the division through France, Switzerland, Italy, the Tyrol, and thus far through Germany. He was deeply beloved and respected by his companions, and by a wide circle of friends in America. Since our return, death has robbed our band of another honored member, Rev. Horace Burchard, of Brattleboro', Vt.

LIST OF MEMBERS OF THE TOURJÉE EXCURSION PARTY OF 1879.

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Alcutt, Miss Ada E., Kansas City, Mo.; Alexander, Mrs. M. E., Boston, Mass.; Allan, Mrs. Susan M., Boston, Mass.; Anderson, Mr. Leroy H., Princeton, N. J.; Anderson, Mrs. Leroy H., Princeton, N. J.; Aptommas, Mr. T., Boston, Mass.; Aspinwall, Dr. C. L., Lynn, Mass.; Atkins, Mrs. Harriet J., Pottsville, Pa.; Avery, Rev. Frederick D., Columbia, Conn.

B.

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